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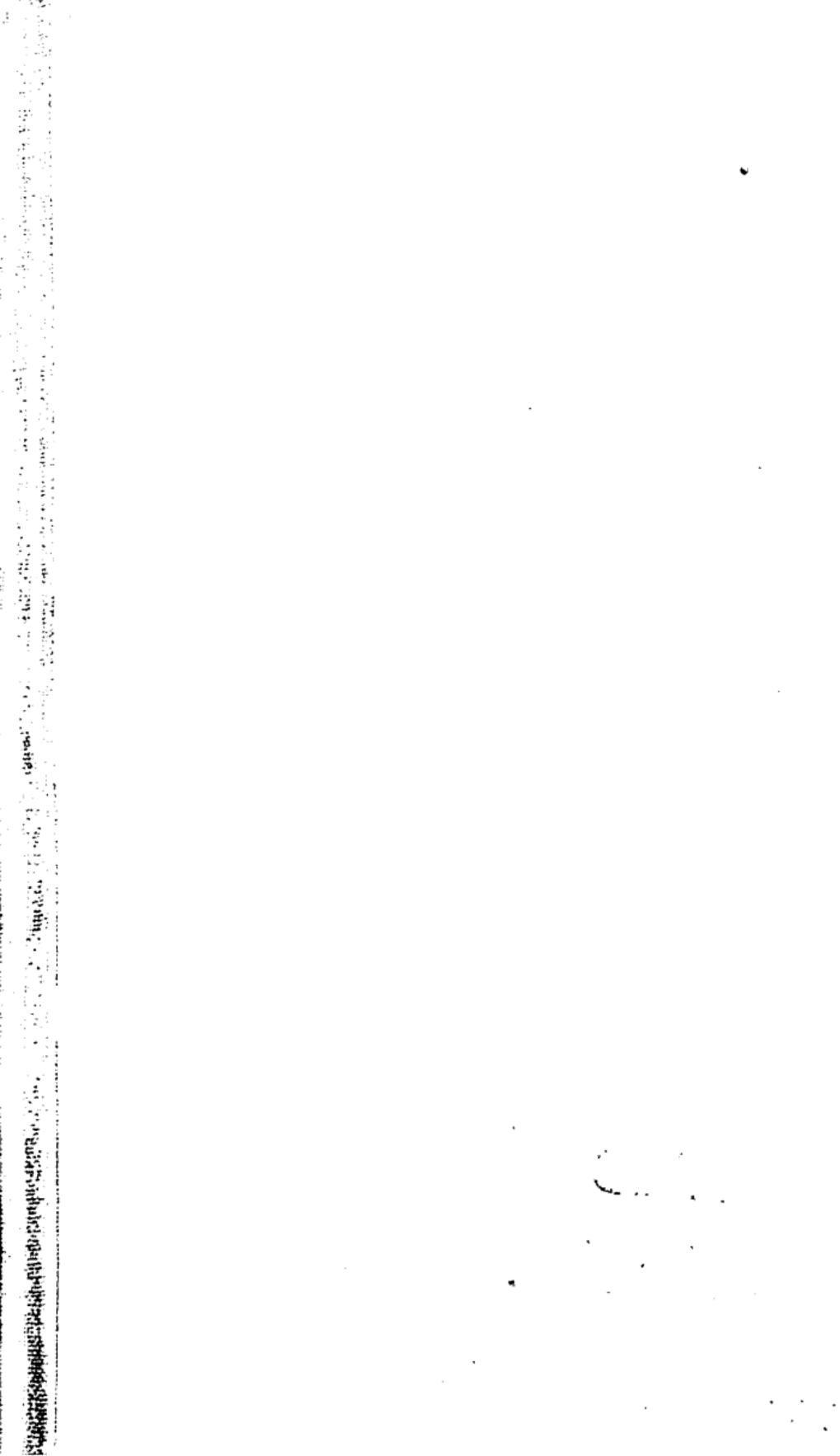
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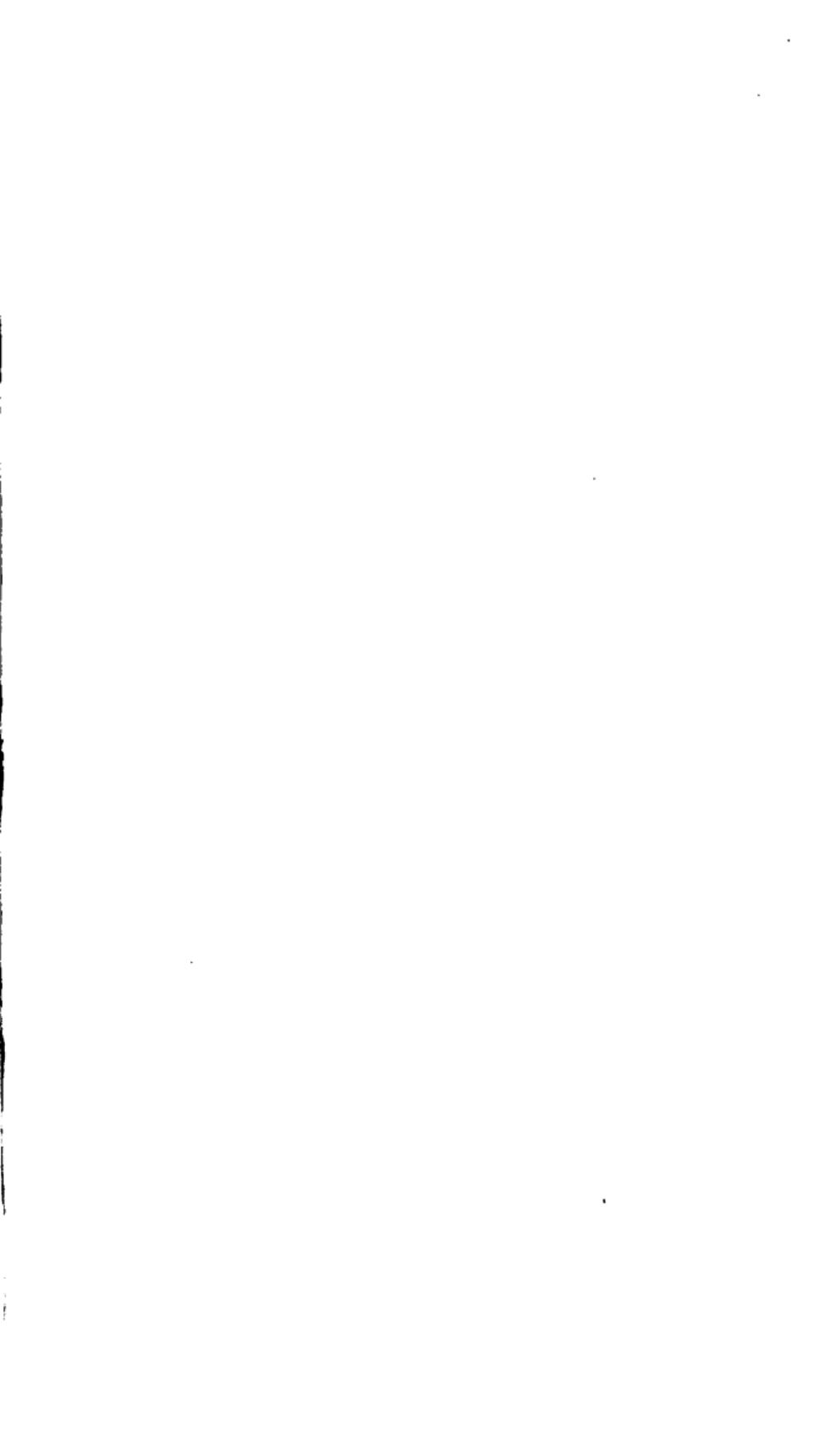
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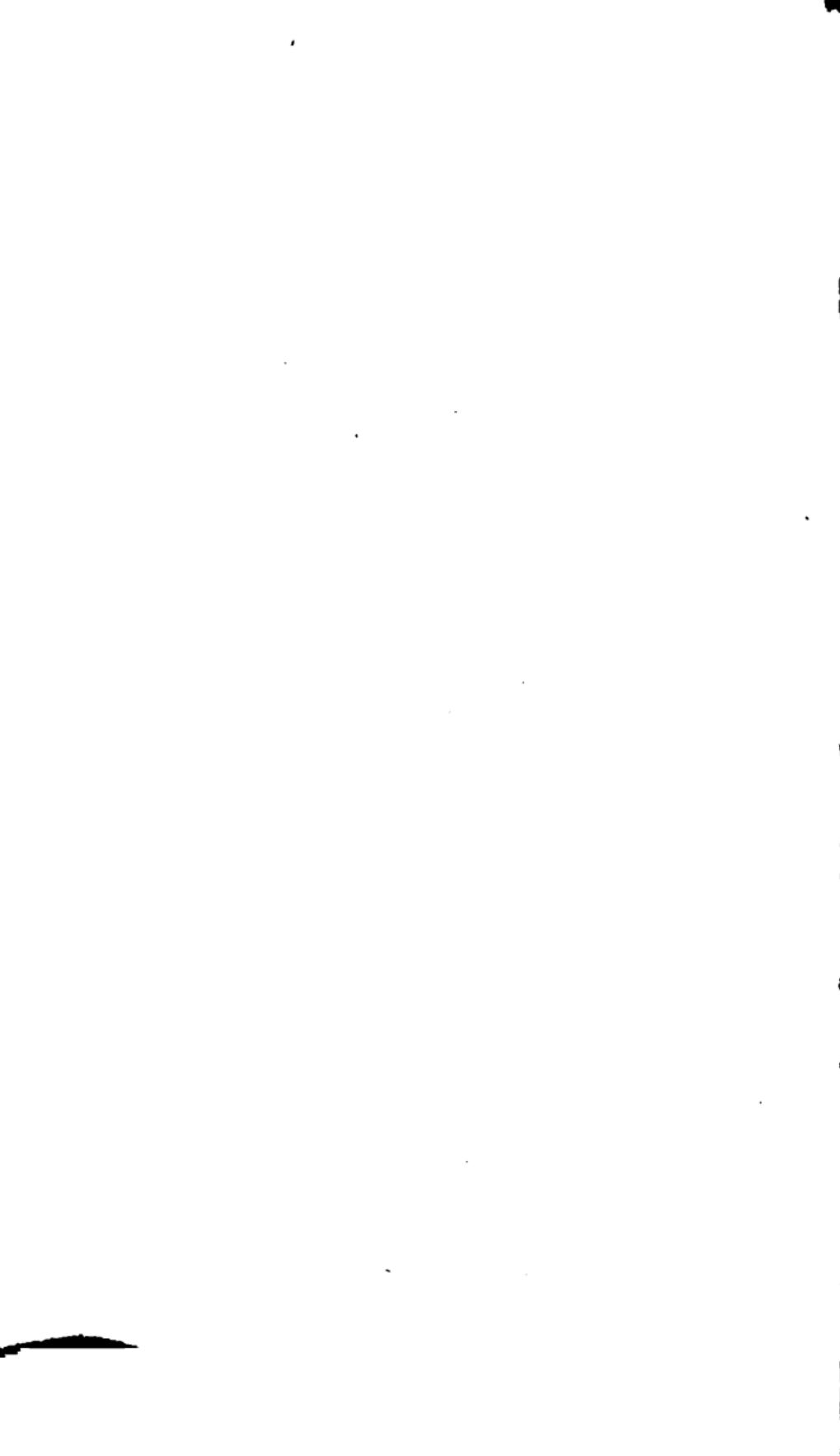
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173

TRADITIONS
OF EDINBURGH.

BY

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

VOL. I.

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PRINTED FOR W. & C. TAIT, PRINCES STREET.

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COLLECTED
VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by William Chambers.

TO

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe,
Esquire,

TO WHOSE KINDNESS

THE AUTHOR HAS BEEN INDEBTED

FOR SOME OF ITS MOST CURIOUS MATERIALS,

THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE

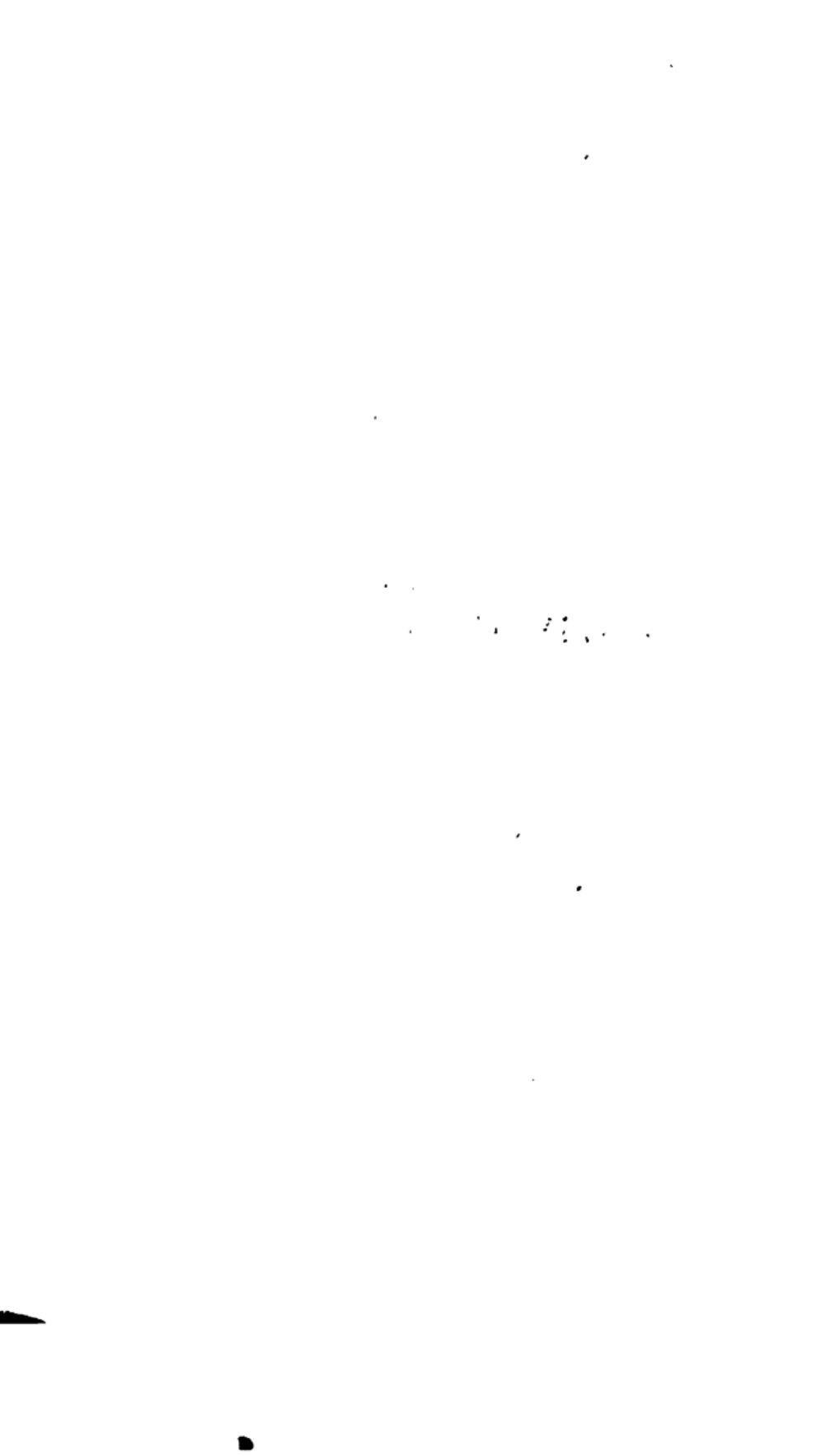
TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH

IS

GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.



OLD HOUSES.



TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH.

OLD HOUSES.

THE ancient part of EDINBURGH has, within the last fifty years, experienced a vicissitude scarcely credible to the present generation. What were, so late as the year 1773, the mansions of the higher ranks, are, in 1823, the habitations of people in the humblest degrees of life. The "most superb streets," the "handsomest squares," and the most fashionable wynds, of the former period, are now degraded into the plebeian parts of the town; and to live in any of the ancient districts, is equivalent to a resignation of almost every pretension.

The contemplation of this change is at once melancholy and gratifying,—melancholy, if we look

upon the mansions of Nobility left to the possession of mechanics, and gratifying, if we consider the prosperity of our country, which has produced, or, at least, accompanied the change. The chief cause is well known to have been the rise of a New City, which, by the superiority of its appearance and accommodations, has attracted the best of the inhabitants, and risen, as it were, upon the ruins of the Old. A sketch of this great revolution forms part of our plan ; but in order more fully to comprehend its leading features, it will be necessary to review certain changes of minor importance, that long preceded it.

The greatest and most rapid extension which the Ancient City ever experienced, appears to have taken place between the years 1450 and 1513. Edinburgh was first fortified in 1450, by a wall which included only the High Street. But, in little more than fifty years, an immense suburb, called *the Cowgate*, arose ; and, in 1513, was thought of sufficient importance to require defence.*

* We have read in an old pamphlet, printed in the year 1705, that many of the tenantry of the Lothians, under

burgh. The Cowgate was the New Town of its day, and, however insignificant it may now appear, was certainly a greater improvement than any that took place during the whole three succeeding centuries.

This circumstance is to be considered a proof of the prosperity of Scotland during the reigns of James the Third and his successor, testifying that our country saw no brighter period till the reign of George the Third,—an era by far the most splendid in her annals. The first wall was built, as may be gathered from the grant for its erection, under the dread of invasion from England. But so secure had the kingdom afterwards become in its own internal strength, that Edinburgh was suffered to luxuriate into twice its original extent, without any measures being taken for additional defence. The necessity of enclosing the Cowgate after the fatal field of Flodden, seems to have come upon the citizens in the most unexpected manner; and they no doubt regretted that luxury

the command of their lairds, as also of the inhabitants of the Fife burghs, assisted gratuitously in building the second wall of Edinburgh.

and taste for improvement had led them so far out into the unprotected country. But they certainly did afterwards retrieve their native character of prudence; as scarcely a house arose beyond the second wall for two hundred and fifty years; and if Edinburgh increased in any respect, it was only by piling new flats upon the tenements of the Ancient Royalty, thereby adding to the height rather than to the extent of the city.

The Reformation had a considerable influence upon many of the private as well as the public buildings of Edinburgh, and altered the destinations of not a few. The Canongate, in particular, is said to have been a great sufferer. This suburb, from its propinquity to the Abbey and Palace of Holyroodhouse, had become the chief residence of the Ecclesiastics, who, in the reign of James V. were possessed of vast power and riches. With a sumptuousness characteristic of their religion, they had erected many fine edifices and religious houses, so that the Canongate was equally magnificent with the rest of the city. But, in the reverse of fortune which its original possessors experienced, it came, in the course of time, into other hands;

and though many of the Nobility succeeded to the houses deserted by the Churchmen, yet (strange as it may seem) even *that* was a declension. Nevertheless, the Canongate, being still the ~~COURT-END OF THE TOWN~~, retained a character of superiority and importance, to which, as a suburban district of Edinburgh, it would not have been otherwise entitled.

There are few things respecting Edinburgh so surprising as the number of Religious Houses at this period. In 1559, when the affairs of Scotland, both civil and ecclesiastic, were involved in the greatest confusion, and when Churches and Monasteries everywhere met with destruction, the inhabitants of Edinburgh resolved upon saving the buildings within their city, and took active measures for defending them from the fury of the Reformers. The consequence was, that, while the sacred work of demolition went briskly on throughout the country, the Churches of the capital merely suffered a conversion into Protestant Kirks, and some of the Religious Houses altogether escaped molestation. In the period between 1559 and 1688, many of these establishments appear to

have flourished, their existence being protracted through the most tempestuous times of Puritanism, by the encouragement of a powerful minority, who still adhered to the ancient faith. Nay, however wonderful it may appear, a considerable number of small Chapels, Nunneries, &c., were founded and endowed in the seventeenth centuries,—over and above the Oratories, which, during this period, formed part of the mansion of every Catholic gentleman. But at the Revolution, when popular odium was more fiercely disposed against the Popish faith than it had been even in the destroying days of Knox, the whole were destined to be finally suppressed. The mob first despoiled the Chapel Royal of Holyroodhouse, and then, not satisfied with vengeance, proceeded to rifle the houses of all the Catholics in Edinburgh. Many of these sacred edifices, situated in obscure wynds, and now converted into dwellings for the lower classes, are indicated by antique legends over the door, such as, "IN THEE, O LORD, IS ALL MY TRAIST;" "IN DEO EST HONOR ET GLORIA;" "BLISSIT BE YE LORD IN AL HIS GIFTIS;" while some, more holy or more consequential than the rest, have a

whole verse from Scripture, together with the ciphers and initials of the founders.*

At the accession of James VI. to the throne of England, it will naturally be supposed that he would attract a great part of the Scottish Nobility to the more splendid court of London, and that the northern capital would be proportionally deserted. Nevertheless, though the influx to the south was enormous, and even drew the attention of Government, it was not at that time that the misfortunes of Edinburgh were the greatest. London was soon found to be no proper place of residence for a class of Nobility ‘ poor as they were proud, and proud as they were poor ;’ and it was only those who succeeded in establishing themselves in office, or under the immediate fa-

* These inscriptions do not always denote religious houses; as many private mansions of the Nobility have legends of the same description. Our ancestors are said to have placed them there as CHARMs or talismans, with a view to exclude evil spirits from their houses. It is observable, that the name of the Deity is always introduced; a circumstance that serves to confirm this tradition. The initials and ciphers placed at the beginning and end of the legends, sometimes refer to the names of the masons who built the houses. It is worthy of remark, that none are found with dates subsequent to the Restoration.

vour of the King, that made the English capital their permanent abode. Accordingly, most part of the Scottish Aristocracy preferred to hold on with their ancient hotels in the Canongate.

The events of the seventeenth century were not of a nature likely to fix the Scottish Nobility in London. It was a period distinguished by frequent intestine divisions and revolutions, the general effect of which was the prevention of national intercourse. Indeed, in the course of this era, an almost complete disunion between the kingdoms sometimes prevailed. They even went the length, on one occasion, of espousing different forms of government ; England being in total subjection to the powers of a Commonwealth, while Scotland busied itself in crowning and supporting a King. The result was, that our own Nobility and Gentry were necessarily confined to their native country. At the same time, jealousy of a powerful neighbour, and the genuine **AMOR PATRIÆ** so characteristic of Scotsmen, contributed to keep them aloof from the metropolis, and to attach them to Edinburgh.

The various visits of James I. and his suc-

sors must have operated favourably towards the city, serving, as they did, to keep up recollections of the period when Scotland had a Sovereign of her own, and preventing the idea from going into disrepute that she still had one, and that Edinburgh continued to be the capital of an independent kingdom. Another circumstance occurred in 1679, which had almost the effect of a RESTORATION in Edinburgh. This was the residence of the Duke of York (afterwards James VII.) in Holyroodhouse, while he acted as King's Commissioner in the Scottish Parliament,—his real object being to await at a distance the fate of the famous Exclusion Bill, which for some time threatened to prevent his succession. It was the policy of James to draw the leading men of the kingdom around him, and to attach them firmly to his person, so that, in the event of losing England, upon the death of his brother, he might at least secure Scotland to himself. He therefore put in practice all the usual arts of those who aim at popularity ; studied the prejudices and desires of the people ; showed a remarkable degree of tender-

ness* and impartiality in the distribution of justice; and encouraged every proposal for the advancement of trade. His principal aim was to foster in the nation the remembrance of its ancient independence, by reviving in the capital the long-lost fashions of a court,—a line of conduct well calculated to procure the affection and esteem of all Scotsmen at the period. The Nobility, who had long been depressed under the administration of Lauderdale, experienced a very sensible change in the attention with which they were treated by his successor.† He gained much in their favour by giving into their opinions and wishes upon tri-

* “General Dalyell having caused condemn, by a Court-Martial, a centinel at one of the gates of the Abbey, that was found sleeping, the Duke caused him to be remitted.” *Lord Fountainhall's Diary*, p. 9. See also other two instances of the same nature, which occur at p. 10. Moreover, some authorities assert, that he interfered to prevent the executions of the Covenanters, on seeing what he considered the ridiculous insanity of their enthusiasm.—procuring them to be sent to the correction-house instead of the gallows, as a punishment more appropriate to their offence. It is certain that the PERSECUTION was not nearly so violent after his arrival.

† See an excellent account of the fashionable Amusements of Edinburgh at the end of the seventeenth century, written by William Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee, in the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries, Vol. I.

vial matters relating to themselves and their respective interests, and by affecting to consult them upon affairs of state, He received them at the court of Holyroodhouse,* with an exquisite mixture of formality and condescension, which he knew to be most agreeable to the Scottish man of rank ; and, by parading them in frequent ostentatious pageants, he flattered another particular and highly important point in their character.†

James was not himself the only agent in this political speculation. His Duchess (Mary D'Este of Modena, celebrated by contemporary poets for her beauty and propriety of manners,) and his daughter the Princess, (afterwards Queen Anne,)‡ contributed their exertions in the cause, their department being that momentous one, the management of the ladies. They made parties, balls, and

* The Palace was just then finished in its present form, and, as a building, must have been unrivalled in Britain.

† His conciliating behaviour on this occasion is supposed to have laid the foundation of that devotion to his family which promoted the expeditions of his two descendants in 1715 and 1745. See "The Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland, with Historical Illustrations, by Sir Walter Scott," No. VI. p. 122.

‡ She was usually called the *Lady* Anne while in Edinburgh.

masquerades at the Palace, and are said to have treated those who attended them with the most engaging attentions. In a species of dramatic entertainment which they got up, (if we may use a modern stage-phrase,) in one of their private apartments,* and which seems to have been of a similar description with Milton's mask of Comus, they condescended so far as to act particular characters and to direct the performance. The deportment of the Princesses was easy, affable, and polite, in every respect according with the smooth duplicity of the Duke himself. They are also supposed to have achieved an infinite degree of favour, by treating the Scotish ladies with tea,†—at that

* A theatre was subsequently fitted up in the Tennis-court, at the Watergate, where there were regular performers, being part of His Majesty's servants, from London.

† Tea was not known in London in 1666. Lord Arling-ton and Lord Ossory, ambassadors from England at the Hague, sent samples of it to their ladies; it was liked, and they paid for it at the rate of 60s. per pound. This beverage was not long reserved for the great, but became common among the people about the beginning of the last century. *Edin. Mag. for Sept. 1785*, vol. ii. It was introduced, in the above manner, into Scotland in 1681, was very common among the middle ranks of society in the capital about 1750, and at length spread to the common people, only towards the conclusion of the century. We may add,

time a rare and costly entertainment, known only to the highest English Nobility, and calculated, no doubt, to strike the fashionable society of the Canongate with the utmost delight and admiration, having never before been heard of in Scotland.

It may be easily imagined, that the result of all this would be highly favourable to Edinburgh. The vast numbers of nobility and gentry that flocked around the Duke, filled the town with gaiety and splendour. It is said, that old people, about the middle of last century, used to talk with delight, of the magnificence and brilliancy of the court which James assembled, and of the general tone of happiness and satisfaction which pervaded the town on the occasion. Edinburgh had certainly at no former period been in possession of so much that is calculated to gratify and elate a capital.*

that in 1705, green tea was sold at 16s. and bohea at 30s. per pound, by "George Scott, goldsmith, Luckenbooths," who also dealt in chocolate at 3s. 6d. per pound. *Edin. Gaz. of that period.* Even in 1736, teas bore the price of a rare article in Edinburgh. *Caledon. Merc. Ibid.*

* *Trans. Ant. Soc.* vol. i. Other authorities consulted *passim* in this account of the Duke's visit, are, Dalrymple's *Me-*

The prosperity of the city at this period is testified by numerous circumstances, among which may be specified the large presents which the magistrates at various times conferred upon their Royal guest,—amounting to no less a sum than eleven thousand pounds. We might also mention the exemplary pattern of loyalty and submission to existing powers, which the citizens exhibited, at a time when the rest of Scotland resounded with remonstrances against tyranny and persecution. But the most unequivocal proof of their wealth and spirit, is obtained from a circumstance of no little importance in the history of our improvements,—namely, **THE PROJECT OF AN EXTENDED ROYALTY AND A NORTH BRIDGE**, which was then actually set on foot and patronized. James gave the citizens a grant in the following terms, for the encouragement of such an undertaking: “ That when they should have occasion to enlarge their city, by purchasing ground without the town, or to build brid-

moirs, vol. i.—Macpherson's Original Papers, vol. i.—Burnet's History.—Maitland and Arnot's Histories of Edinburgh.—Campbell's Journey through the Highlands, vol. ii.—Stark's Picture of Edinburgh, 3d edit.—Smollett's England.—Laing's Scotland.

ges or arches for accomplishing the same, not only are the proprietors of such lands obliged to part with the same on reasonable terms, but, when in possession thereof, they are to be erected into a regality in favour of the citizens ; and after finishing the Canongate Church, the city was to have the surplus of the sum of twenty thousand merks given by Thomas Moodie, in the year 1649,* with the interest thereof; and as all public streets belonging to the King, the vaults and cellars under those of Edinburgh being forfeited to the Crown, by their being built without leave or consent of his Majesty, he granted all the said vaults or cellars to the town, together with the power to oblige the proprietors of houses, to lay before their respective tenements, large flat stones, for the conve-

* This sum was given for the building of a church within the city, but was afterwards applied for the erection of that of the Canongate, when the Abbey, which had been the parish church since the Reformation, was turned into a Chapel-Royal by the Duke. In the interval between their expulsion from the one church and the building of the other, the inhabitants of the Canongate were obliged to resort to Lady Yester's. Little delicacy was used by the Duke in turning them out of the ancient chapel; for his bigotry made him consider it as profaned by their occupying it for protestant worship.

niency of walking.*" We can here only remark, that the Duke of York seems to have seriously contemplated the good of the city, and that, had his family continued upon the throne, it is more than probable, the improvements of Edinburgh would have commenced eighty years earlier than they afterwards did, repressed as both Scotland and the capital were, by the neglect of succeeding monarchs.

Unfortunately, the advantages which Edinburgh possessed under this system of things, were destined to be of short duration. The Royal guest departed, with all his family and retinue, in May 1682. In six years more, he was lost both to Edinburgh and to Britain; and "a stranger filled the Stuarts' throne," under whose dynasty Scotland pined long in undeserved reprobation.

At the Union, when the kingdom ceased to be independent, every relic of regal state of course forsook the capital. Hitherto, the city had been the seat of all the departments of the legislature,

* This seems to be the first hint of the improvement of the streets by foot-pavement, or *plain-stanes*, as they are characteristically called in Edinburgh.

except the Sovereign. But now she was deserted at once by the Privy Council, the Parliament,* and, in consequence, by almost all the nobility,†—her favourite and faithful children, the

* “The Canongate was the greatest sufferer by the loss of our members of Parliament, (which London now enjoys,) many of them having their houses there, being the suburbs of Edinburgh, nearest to the King’s Palace. This, with the death of Lucky Wood, is sufficient to make the place ruinous.” *Lucky Wood’s Elegy*, 1717.

† “This place (the Canongate has suffered more by the Union of the Kingdom than all the other parts of Scotland: for having been, before that period, the residence of the chief of the Scottish nobility, it was then in a flourishing condition; but being deserted by them, many of their houses are fallen down, and others are in a ruinous condition. It is a piteous case.”—*Mait. Hist.* 1753.

Among the houses thus fallen into decay may be mentioned one, in which a high interest will probably be felt, on account of the figure which it makes in the popular romance of the “Abbot,” namely, the palace of the Earl of Wintoun. This mansion stood near the foot of the Canongate. Its ruins were removed about the year 1769; and the modern tenements of Galloway’s Entry, with the self-contained house behind the street, long occupied by Sir John Whiteford, and presently possessed by Sir William Macleod Bannatyne, were erected in their stead.

George, fifth Earl of Wintoun, left this country after the Rebellion of 1715, and, in the year 1749, died at Rome. His town residence then fell into degradation, and subsequently into disrepair and decay; and, in the depressed state of the Canongate, it was long before new structures were substituted. Its ruins must have, at that time, formed a strong contrast to that splendid modern edifice, Queensberry House, situated directly opposite; and the contrast would be more strik-

lawyers, who were not then a class of such importance in the community as they have latterly become, alone remaining for her consolation. The general voice of the nation was against the Union,* and much violent resistance was everywhere made to the measure,—nowhere so much as in Edinburgh, every prejudice against the renunciation of national independence flourishing in the capital with concentrated vigour. It was at length accomplished, in spite of every opposition, and the whole nation conceived their ruin to be ap-

ing, if the circumstances of the different proprietors were taken into consideration. Seton House was the decayed and deserted mansion of a family whose fortunes were precisely in unison with the ruined condition of their ancient abode; a family which, for six centuries, had been one of the most powerful and wealthy in the kingdom, but was now reduced to poverty, exile, and insignificance, by their adherence to an unpopular line of politics and religion. Queensberry House, on the contrary, was the present residence of a noble and flourishing family, which had risen into importance exactly as the other had declined, by taking advantage of a current of political circumstances against which the other strove, and strove in vain. Of the strange revolutions which are observed to take place periodically in Scotch families, this was certainly a most remarkable exemplification.

* Sir Walter Scott tells a story of a minister in the south of Scotland, who confessed that for fifty years he never preached a sermon without indulging himself in what he called "*a hit at the Union.*"

proaching. Edinburgh, in particular, as was truly anticipated, had immediate experience of the loss of its importance ; for all the noblemen who had been instrumental in carrying through the Union * fled to the favourable climate of the English court, where honour and preferment awaited them ; and only that minority remained,

* It has been mentioned in several late works, that the Union was signed in a summer-house or arbour in the garden behind the Earl of Murray's house in the Canongate. But this, though an extremely curious fact, is only part of the truth, if a still more recondite tradition, which we have now the pleasure of recording, is to be relied upon. It is allowed by our authority, that four Lords Commissioners signed the Union in the said arbour ; but the mobs, which then kept the city in a state of the most outrageous disorder, getting knowledge of what was going on, the Commissioners were interrupted in their proceedings, and had to settle upon meeting in a more retired place, when opportunity offered. An obscure cellar in the High Street was fixed upon, and hired in the most secret manner. The noblemen whose signatures had not been procured in the summer-house, then met under cloud of night, and put their names to the detested contract, after which they all immediately decamped for London, before the people were stirring in the morning, when they might have been discovered and prevented. The place in which the deed was thus finally accomplished, is pointed out as that *laigh shop*, opposite to Hunter's Square, entering below Mr Spankie's shop, being No. 177. High Street, and now occupied as a tavern and coach-office, by Mr Peter Macgregor. It was in remote times usually called the UNION CELLAR, but has entirely lost that designation in latter years.

who had voted on the popular side, and who were unfortunately a rather poorer class of the peerage than those that had fled. On witnessing this desertion of her best inhabitants, a sound of sorrow and indignation went through the city, similar, perhaps, to the wailings which followed the disaster of Flodden, when, in the words of the ballad,

“The flowers of the Forest were a' wede away.”

From the Union up to the middle of the century, the existence of the city seems to have been a perfect blank. No improvements, of any sort, marked this period. On the contrary, an air of gloom and depression pervaded the city, such as distinguished its history at no former period. A tinge was communicated even to the manners and fashions of society, which were remarkable for stiff reserve, precise moral carriage, and a species of decorum amounting almost to moroseness,—sure indications, it is to be supposed, of a time of adversity and humiliation. The meanness of the appearance of the city attracted no visitors;* the

* The infrequency of the visits of strangers at this period, and even during the whole century, is quite astonishing to a

narrowness and inconvenience of its accommodations, and the total want of public amusements, gave it few charms for people of condition, as a place of residence; and the circumstances of the country were such as deprived it entirely of political and commercial importance. In short, this may be called, no less appropriately than emphatically, the *Dark Age* of Edinburgh.

modern native. The few English tourists who wrote accounts of their journeys to Scotland, describe the Scottish capital, as well as the country, with such an air of strangeness, as we now think only allowable in those who visit Tombuctoo and the source of the Nile. Edinburgh, in 1773, differs from Edinburgh, in 1823, in no respect so much as in this. The town now swarms with strangers; and what with Tours and Descriptions without number, accompanied with pictorial delineations, the Cockneys are now almost as well acquainted with the appearance and manners of the city as we are ourselves.

A certain ancient native of Edinburgh, who is old enough to remember the royalty in its original extent, affirms, that when he first entered into life about the year 1770, he was acquainted with all the respectable people in business throughout the town, and was on speaking terms with almost every one of them. On account of the narrow limits of the streets and places of public resort, people all knew each other by sight. The appearance of a new face upon the streets was at once remarked, and numbers busied themselves in finding out who and what the stranger was, as the inhabitants of small country towns do at this day. The same octogenarian gentleman says, that now he scarcely knows a single face;—nay, he declares, there are now more streets in his native city, to which he is a stranger, than there were formerly faces!

scheme. Pursuant to this act, a paper, explaining and recommending the design, was printed about the middle of August, and properly distributed; subscription papers were lodged with the Magistrates of all the county towns; and letters were writ to most of the persons of distinction in the nation. To the paper was annexed a full copy of the proposals, from which it takes its title; and the afore-mentioned act of the buroughs was affixed to it."

Then follows, at full length, "the paper," entitled, "Proposals for carrying into effect certain public works in the city of Edinburgh." It is known to have been drawn out by that eminent patriot the Hon. Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, a Lord of Justiciary, and one of the Directors chosen on the part of the Court of Session; who appears to have interested himself deeply in the great undertaking. His pamphlet, which is now scarce and valuable,* sets forth, with showing how much the prosperity of a country depends upon

* To this pamphlet Sir David Dalrymple is said to have written an answer full of grossness and burlesque, and altogether unworthy of his illustrious name.

the spirit of the capital, and asserts, that the beauty, conveniency, and other advantages of London, have been the chief means of inspiring South Britain with that spirit of industry and improvement, for which it is so remarkable. He then brings forward the contrast of Edinburgh, the disadvantageous situation of which, acting as a bar to all improvement, depresses Scotland in general, and prevents the visits of strangers, who might be instrumental in polishing and improving the country. "Placed," he says, "upon the ridge of a hill, it admits of but one good street, running from east to west; and even this is tolerably accessible only from one quarter. The narrow lanes, leading to the north and south, by reason of their steepness, narrowness, and dirtiness, can only be considered as so many unavoidable nuisances." * * * "Many families, sometimes no less than ten or a dozen, are obliged to live overhead of each other in the same building; where, to all other inconveniences is added that of a common stair, which is no other in effect than an *upright street*. It is owing to the same narrowness of situation that the principal street is encumbered with the herb-mar-

ket, the fruit-market, and several others. No less observable is the great deficiency of public buildings. If the Parliament-house, the churches, and a few hospitals, be excepted, what have we to boast of? There is no Exchange for our merchants; no repository for our public and private records; no place of meeting for our magistrates and town council; none for the convention of our boroughs, which is entrusted with the inspection of trade. To these, and such other reasons, it must be imputed that so few people of rank live in this city; that it is rarely visited by strangers; and that so many local prejudices and narrow notions, inconsistent with polished manners and growing wealth, are still so obstinately retained. To such reasons alone it must be imputed, that Edinburgh, which ought to have set the example of industry and improvement, is the last of our trading cities that has shaken off the unaccountable supineness which has so long and so fatally depressed the spirit of the nation.

“ Mr Fletcher of Salton, a very spirited and manly author, in his Second Discourses on the Affairs of Scotland, written so long ago as 1698,

has the same observation. As the happy situation of London (says he) has been the principal cause of the glory and riches of England; so the situation of Edinburgh has been one great occasion of the poverty and uncleanness in which the greater part of the people of Scotland live."

Sir Gilbert next proceeds to state the national circumstances which so long depressed the capital,—being, in general, such as have been already detailed,—moreover, adverting to the turbulence and baronial independence of the nobility, which kept them at a distance from the capital, where equality in society prevailed more than suited their haughty minds,—our religious quarrels,—the frequent minorities of our princes,—the total want of trade,—the insecurity of Edinburgh, on account of its proximity to England, which prevented the constant residence of the sovereign in the place, and, what may be easily appreciated, the depressed state of the country, and the stagnation of all its energies, which produced a corresponding effect upon the capital.

But the spirit of improvement, both in Scotland and in Edinburgh, must certainly be referred, for

its origin, almost entirely to the attention which Scotland drew from Government after the Rebellion of 1745. The whole system of trade, husbandry, and manufactures, which had hitherto proceeded only by slow degrees, is described, in all contemporary publications, as having then begun to advance with such a rapid and general progression as almost to exceed credibility. "Various reasons," says the document already quoted, "have been assigned for so surprising a progress in the course of a few years. The money brought into the country in consequence of the Rebellion, the price paid for our Jurisdictions,* and some other circumstances of the same kind, have no doubt had their weight, but are by no means adequate to the production of so sudden and so general an effect. The uncommon attention which the legislature has given, for these six years past, to the improvement of this country, and the countenance and encouragement which every kind of industry has met with from our nobility and gentle-

* The whole sum demanded for the hereditable Jurisdictions, was £.587,090, 5s. The sum finally paid was the much reduced one of £.164,232, 16s.

men of fortune, seem to afford us a more satisfactory solution of this question. The many excellent laws which have lately been made with that view, are too recent to require being enumerated. Their good effects have in some degree been already experienced, of which the general attention which they have occasioned to the true history of the country, is not the least considerable. The great spring, however, which has set the whole in motion, is that spirit, liberality, and application, with which our nobility and landed gentlemen have of late engaged in every useful project. They are the chief adventurers in our fisheries, manufactures, and trading companies. Animated by their example, persons of every rank and profession have caught the same spirit."

The author of the pamphlet lastly recommends the enlargement and adornment of the capital, as the first object to be studied in proposing national improvement; and shews that the present is the only period when such an undertaking could have been commenced, now that the obstacles are removed which so long kept Scotland in a state of degradation. He also states the excellence of the

present opportunity, for beautifying the town by public buildings, several of the principal parts of the town lying waste and affording situations for their erection.

The paper concludes with a list of the committees which were appointed by the Town-council, the Lords of Session, the Barons of Exchequer, the Faculty of Advocates, and the Clerks to the Signet, for the purpose of directing the first efforts of improvement.

After various resolutions on the part of the Committee, the proceedings seem to have lain entirely dormant for the space of six months, when a bill was framed, (Feb. 1753,) the objects of which were to force the proprietors of the houses they required to pull down, to give them up on reasonable terms, and to settle the Directors of all proceedings that might be expedient to be entered into. A bill was ordered in by a Committee of the House of Commons, and (March 27.) fortunately passed. The Commissioners that had been appointed in July 1752, therefore, met for the first time, on the 18th of June, in the Laigh Council-house of the city, and determined upon

commencing the public works by building an Exchange. A plan was forthwith prepared, and advertisements for estimates were issued.

The Committee of Royal Burghs of this year, subscribed the sum of L.1500 for carrying on the undertaking ; and Commissioners were appointed in August, to value the old buildings that were to be removed.

On Thursday, the 13th of September 1753, the foundation stone of the Royal Exchange was laid with great ceremony. All the Masons in and about Edinburgh, being in number nearly seven hundred, attended under the command of George Drummond, Esq. Grand Master. A beautiful triumphal arch was erected at the entry leading to the place where the stone was to be deposited, beneath which the whole procession passed. On the west, a theatre was erected for the Magistrates, and another on the east for the Officers of the Grand Lodge, both covered with tapestry, and adorned in a splendid manner with flowers.

The stone was laid down with great solemnity, under the immediate direction of the Grand Master, music playing all the while. An anthem was

then sung by all the company present; corn, wine, and oil, according to an old custom, were poured upon the stone; after which, a prayer being said, the Master addressed the Magistrates in a long speech. The whole affair concluded with a procession to Holyroodhouse, where they were entertained in the great gallery; and the convivialities of the evening were conducted, says the Scots Magazine, "in the decent, solemn, and harmonious manner, usual among masons."

On this memorable occasion, there was the greatest concourse of people that ever was known to be in the city. Strangers flocked from all quarters, in order to witness the first public act of what was truly considered a great national undertaking. Wherever the procession passed, the windows and even the tops of the houses were crowded with spectators. Yet, fortunately, no accident occurred.

After this apparently favourable opportunity, the work did not, nevertheless, immediately go on. Like all other improvements, those of Edinburgh were extremely tardy. It was not till the 13th of June, 1754, that the old houses were begun to be

pulled down, preparatory to the erection of the Exchange. The contract with the workmen was completed in three months more ; and the first stone of the building was only laid on the 11th of September 1755, two years after the laying of the foundation.

After the first improvement of Edinburgh was accomplished in the erection of the Exchange, the dormant question of the Extended Royalty became again agitated. A meeting of the heritors of the county took place in the New Church Aisle, on the 24th of August, to consider of the scheme. The question under consideration was, Whether the extension would be advantageous or disadvantageous to the heritors of the city ? The general opinion seemed to be that it would be advantageous ; but nothing of any importance was resolved on.

They afterwards met again to deliberate more maturely on the subject, and to hear objections, when counsel appeared for the burgh of Canon-gate, against the extension. This ancient community, it would appear, looked upon the projected New Town, which was intended to be the chief re-

sidence of the great, as peculiarly a rival to itself, and accordingly felt deeply interested in keeping the city within its original extent. After a long debate, the following resolution was agreed to : “ The consideration of the proposed scheme, for obtaining an extension of the Royalty of the City of Edinburgh, was resumed ; and after full reasoning and mature deliberation (!!), the meeting are unanimously of opinion, that it is *not* for the interest of the county to agree with the said scheme ; and therefore find it unnecessary to give an opinion upon the general point, whether any extension of the Royalty be expedient or not.”

Nothing further took place till 1763, when, under the auspicious provostry of Drummond, the project was again revived. The cold obstructions of illiberality and prejudice were not calculated to stand before the ardour of this patriotic magistrate’s genius. Procuring the concurrence of his civic brethren, he determined upon erecting the North Bridge, without waiting for an act of Parliament, or for the tardy consent of his country friends ; but, with the view of giving as little offence as possible, very little was said of the Ex-

tended Royalty, which had become a stale and somewhat disagreeable topic. It was given forth, that the bridge was merely intended as an access from the north, for the convenience of Leith ; and, what will now a-days appear very curious, it is actually so styled in the medal which was engraved on the occasion and deposited with the foundation-stone.

The North Loch was accordingly drained, and the mud removed, preparatory to building, in June, and advertisements for estimates were issued. The first stone was laid on the 21st of October by the Lord Provost himself, assisted by the Free Masons of the town and neighbourhood, to the amount of about six hundred.

But though the improvements of Edinburgh seemed now in a fair way of going forward, two years of further delay yet occurred, before the contract for the building was ultimately settled ; and little progress seems to have been made,* till

* An ancient inhabitant of Edinburgh, who remembers since the city was confined within its walls, and who has seen Provost Drummond's coach mobbed in the High Street for his new-fangled notions about new towns, recollects a curious circumstance connected with the erection of the North Bridge.

May, 1767, when the movements of the Town Council were finally determined by an act in favour of their project, which extended their power over the fields to the north, and rendered it an object with them to proceed. Mr James Craig, architect, a nephew of the illustrious Thomson, had the honour of planning the streets and squares of the intended city. His plan, though it appears to the eye of modern art but a common-place idea, and such as might easily be suggested by the nature of the *locale*, was judged so eminently superior to those of the other competitors, that the Magistrates complimented him in the highest terms upon it, and presented him with a gold medal and the freedom of the city in a silver box. As soon as the plan was adjusted, several

After the workmen had dug several feet, in search of a proper foundation for the piers, and still found nothing but *travelled earth*, it was at length determined to commence the building upon a few slight piles; and they had actually raised their work above the level of the ground, when a fear of insufficient foundation assailing the managers, it was very fortunately resolved to undo all the work already executed, and make a still deeper search for the *till*. This they accordingly did, and the result was, that they found, only a few feet beneath the level of their former excavations, a secure ground work for the structure, which placed it beyond the possibility of ruin. These circumstances refer only to the central piers.

lots of ground were feued for building ; and, the bridge being expected to be finished in two years, it was hoped that a number of houses would be habitable against that time. On the 26th of October, the foundation-stone of the first house of the New Town was laid by Mr Craig ; and a contemporary authority states the building of that and other houses to have been, shortly after that, going on.

Unfortunately for the success of this magnificent undertaking, it had no sooner overcome obstacles of one description, than it encountered greater ones of another. During the long delay which took place between its first projection and the building of the bridge, a rival New Town had taken occasion to spring up in another quarter, which, neither requiring a bridge, nor an act of Parliament, nor the unanimity of a set of interested proprietors, to bring it to maturity, soon gathered force sufficient to counteract the success of the northern extension. This might have been happily prevented, had the Magistrates had the foresight to buy up a piece of ground, south of the city, which was offered to them for £1200. It

was purchased by a builder, named James Brown, a most enterprising individual, who immediately prepared to erect houses upon it, of suitable elegance to meet the rising taste for fine mansions,—an undertaking which found all the success it deserved, in the favour of a certain class of the higher orders, several years before a single stone was laid in the Extended Royalty. The Magistrates soon repented of their neglect, and offered Mr Brown L.2000 for the ground ; but he, being now well aware of the goodness of his bargain, demanded L.20,000, and the consequence was, that the city suffered him to go on in despair. Brown's Square, (named after the builder,) was therefore soon finished, and filled with respectable inhabitants ; and George's Square became still more popular than its predecessor, on account, perhaps, of its greater distance from the Old Town,* and the superior style, both as to size and accommodation, in which most of the houses were executed.

* It was formerly considered a great affair to go out to George's Square to dinner ; and on such an occasion a gentleman would stand half an hour at the Cross, in his full dress, with powdered and bagged hair, sword and cane, in order to tell his friends *with whom* and *where* he was going to dine !

The inhabitants of these districts formed, about fifty years since, a distinct class of themselves, and had their own places of polite amusement, independent of the rest of Edinburgh. The society was of the first description, including most of the members of the MIRROR CLUB,* and many other characters of high eminence in the law and in fashion. It was not till the New Town was pretty far advanced, that the *South side* lost its attractions ; nay, singular as it may appear, there was one instance, if not more, of a respectable gentleman living and dying in this district, without having once visited, or even seen the New Town, although, at the time of his death, it had extended nearly to Castle Street.+

In order to show more strikingly, how much Brown's Square was thought of, as an improvement to the city, in these early times, we extract the *ipsissima verba* of a contemporary publication, in eulogium of its elegance. A correspondent in the Edinburgh Advertiser of March 6, 1764,

* The MIRROR CLUB consisted of Mr Mackenzie, Lord Craig, Lord Abercrombie, Lord Bannatyne, Lord Cullen, Mr George Home, and Mr George Ogilvie.

+ Sir WALTER SCOTT's " Provincial Antiquities," &c.

congratulates his fellow-citizen, the Editor, on the improvements going on in Edinburgh, and "particularly upon the prevailing taste for elegant buildings, which gives a stranger an impression of the improvement of its inhabitants in the polite and liberal arts." He observes, "that very elegant square, called Brown's Square, which, in my opinion, is a great beauty and offset to the town, is now almost finished, and last week the parterre before it was railed in. Now, I think, to complete the whole, an elegant statue of his Majesty in the middle, would be well worth the expense," and he proposes a subscription for it! It is certainly curious to compare this with the present state of Edinburgh. What would the inhabitants now think, if a proposal were made, to put up the intended equestrian statue of his present Majesty, in that *very elegant square*?

As a proof, however, that Brown's Square was at one period both fashionable and elegant, we need only enumerate the following inhabitants, among many others:—Henry Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville, who lived in that house upon

the north side, next to the west corner,—Ilay Campbell,* afterwards President of the Court of Session, who bought the same house from the preceding, and occupied it for many years, till he removed to Park Place,†—Lord Henderland,—Lord President Blair, and Lord Craig, when lawyers,—Lady Dalyiel of Binns,—Colonel Monypenny of Pitmilly,—Captain Drummond of Hawthornden,—Lord Justice-Clerk Miller, who lived and died in the centre house upon the north side, and left it to his son, the present Lord Glenlee, who still lives in it, and who—(*ultimus Romano-rum!*)—has, for its sake, resisted the attractions of three successive New Towns, to which all his brethren have long since fled.‡

* At another period, Sir Ilay Campbell lived in a house behind Brown's Square, or at least out of the quadrangle, viz. the eastmost of those three tenements upon the southern side of Society, close upon the old wall of the city.

† John Anstruther of Ardit, Esq. afterwards lived in this house, and with him, for some time, the family of the Earl of Traquair.

‡ We subjoin a correct list of the inhabitants of Brown's Square in 1773. Contiguous to Society, on the south side, Mr Sinclair of Freswick; next, Henry Mackenzie, Esq. author of the "Man of Feeling." On the west side of the square, first house north of the entry from Candlemaker-row, marked No. 1. Commodore Elliot; 2. John Maclaurin, Esq. of Dreghorn, advocate, afterwards a Judge of Session; 3. William Tytler,

Nearly coeval with Brown's Square, and another rival to the New Town, was St John's Street in the Canongate, which was also inhabited by people of the highest respectability.* The self-contained house on the green, on the west side, belonged to Francis Charteris, Esq. (grandfather of the present Earl of Wemyss,) before he became a peer in 1787, on the death of Lord Elcho, the attainted heir. The town-house of the illustrious Smollett's family was at the head of this street. It was the second flat of the tenement,

Esq. of Woodhouselee, father of the late Lord Woodhouselee ; 4. Walter Campbell, Esq. of Shawfield ; 5. Hay Campbell, Esq. 6. Solicitor-general Murray, afterwards Lord Henderland ; 7. Mr George Muir, clerk of Justiciary, father of the present Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, Bart. ; 8. Lord Justice-Clerk Miller ; 9. Lord Swinton ; 10. Mr Kerr of Abbotrule ; 11. (the only house on the east side, a *land*, and of greater age than the rest,) Isaac Grant, Esq. W. S. in the upper flats, and Miss Agnew of Lochnaw in the lower.

* Inhabitants of St John's Street about forty years ago. No. 2. the Earl of Aboyne, before he removed to St Andrew's Square ; Sir Charles Preston of Valleyfield ; 4. Lord Blantyre ; 5. Dr Gregory ; 6. Mrs Grant of Prestongrange, afterwards her daughter, Lady Suttie of Balgone ; 8. the Earl of Hyndford ; 11. Lady Elizabeth Wemyss of Wemyss ; 12. Colonel Tod ; 13. Lord Monboddo ; 14. Andrew Balfour, Esq. ; 15. Robertson Barclay, Esq. W. S. ; 16. Mr Rocheid of Inverleith ; 17. Sir John Stewart of Allanbank.

facing the Canongate, entering by a common stair, behind, immediately within, and on the west side of the pend.

New Street, at no great distance, on the north side of the Canongate, was another of the rival streets which anticipated, and served to retard the rise of the New Town. The houses were, for their time, elegant and convenient, and found respectable inhabitants. Lord Hailes lived for many years in that house, No. 23, which is now possessed by Mr Ruthven, the celebrated improver of the printing press; and Lord Kames inhabited that self-contained house at the head of the Street, fronting to the Canongate, east side; which was considered, at the time, so elegant a structure, (though only of two stories, with a front of *groove-ashler work,*) that strangers from the country used to be taken to see it by their city friends, in order that they might imbibe as overwhelming an idea as possible of the splendour of Edinburgh. Dr Hunter of the Tron Church afterwards lived and died in this house. The small garden-plot in front was filled up in 1817, by a low line of shops. At the head of the street, on the other side, there

was also a building of some note, namely, the house in which was kept the Bank of Douglas, Heron, and Company. About fifty years ago, the rabble was one morning amused with the strange sight of a public burning of all the notes of this unfortunate establishment; which took place in the court before the door, immediately behind the present New Street Chapel.—Lady Betty Anstruther also lived in New Street.

Argyle Square appears to be of considerably older date than the other new streets erected in the Old Town. A tradition has been communicated to us, which places its date nearly ninety years back. It is said to have got its name upon the following very curious occasion. A tailor in London named Campbell, having secured the good graces of his chief the Duke of Argyle, was promised the first favour which that nobleman's acquaintance and interest with the court should throw in his way. Accordingly, upon the death of George the First, which took place abroad, the Duke receiving very early intelligence, concealed it from the whole court for a few hours, and only divulged the important news to his friend the tailor,

who, ere his less favoured brethren in trade were aware, went and bought up all the black cloth in town, and forthwith drove such a trade in supplying people with mournings, at his own prices, that he shortly realised a little fortune, and laid the foundation of a greater. This he afterwards employed in building a few of the houses in Argyle Square, and conferred that name on them in honour of his patron.*

A considerable part of the Square appears finished in Edgar's Plan of the city, drawn in the year 1742.† It had, thirty years ago, many

• Behind Argyle Square, north side, at the head of Scott's close, a little above the Presbytery Hall, stands an old building, formerly a self-contained house, but now occupied by several poor families. This edifice was, about 80 years ago, the *country-house* of Mr Davidson, an opulent bookseller in the Parliament Square, and father of the late Mr Davidson, W. S. King's agent for Scotland, and immediate predecessor of the late Mr Warrender, W. S. People in the Parliament Square were astonished that Mr Davidson should live so far from his business! The house was then surrounded with gardens and fields. About 30 years ago, Mr George Wallace, advocate, occupied this *villa*. This gentleman's appointment to be one of the Commissaries of Edinburgh, was the subject of triumph to the printers of law-papers,—Mr Wallace's handwriting (for he generally wrote his own papers) being nearly as difficult to decypher as a page of Egyptian hieroglyphics.

† Another, and perhaps more authentic account, bears, that Argyle Square got its name from George Campbell, wright-

distinguished inhabitants.* Lord Cullen lived in that house, No. 5, on the north side, now possessed by Dr William Ritchie. The celebrated Dr Hugh Blair lived in the centre house on the north side, which has since been occupied by Richard Bannatyne, Esq. his nephew and heir. Sir James Suttie of Balgone had a house at the western extremity of this side of the Square, or north-west corner. The names of Lady Reay, the Dowager Lady Salton, and Sir John Dalrymple, occur in Peter Williamson's Edinburgh Directory for the year 1794, as inhabitants of Argyle Square. That enclosed and self-contained mansion at the north-

burgess of Edinburgh, who, as we learn from *writs*, built tenements in the square previous to 1756. We have been told that this George Campbell was nick-named *the curse of Scotland*, from his name being the same with that of the detested personage who commanded the truculent party at Glencoe, whose warrant for the proceedings of his party is said to have been written on the back of a nine-of-diamonds card. We still hear this card occasionally called *the curse of Scotland*.

* Inhabitants of Argyle Square in 1773.—Mr Robert Blair, afterwards Lord President, in the house upon the north side of the passage between Brown's and Argyle Square; 1st, on north side of the Square, Charles Brown, Esq. W. S.—2d, Baron Gordon of Exchequer,—5d, Dr Hugh Blair.—4th, David Erskine, Esq. W. S. now Mr Gray's grocery warehouse. On the south side of the Square lived Lady Whitefouard.

east corner, opposite the Trades' Maiden Hospital, was first the town-lodging of Lord Minto's family, and afterwards successively possessed by Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk, and Sir William Nairne of Dunsinane, a Judge of the Court of Session.*

Another southern contemporary of the New Town was Adam's Square, at no great distance from the preceding. All the houses of this Square were originally occupied by distinguished personages. Lord Gray lived in the tenement next the College,—which is a remarkably well finished house in the inside, and elegant even to sumptuousness. The great Lord President Dundas lived in the central department of the Square,

* Lord D. removed to this house from one he had long occupied before his promotion to the bench, at the head of the Back Stairs, opposite the south entry to the Advocates' Library,—now occupied by Walker and Greig, printers, and others. Of this tenement there are three various stories;—the main floor entered from the level of said Library, the kitchen flat from a landing place half way down the first flight, the cellars from the large landing place at the angle or turning of the stair. In this cellar, the door of which is now, in the course, we suppose, of disuse, overgrown with dust, was the celebrated Katherine Nairne concealed, for some time, after her escape from prison, where she was confined under conviction of incest and murder, in the year 1766.

till his death in 1787. Lord Forbes had the next house to the north, a smaller and meaner building,—which the ingenious Lord Dreghorn, long well known in Edinburgh as a private gentleman of letters, possessed afterwards for some years.

George's Square, at an early period, had many respectable and even noble inhabitants. Lady Jane Leslie, sister of the Earl of Rothes, and great-grand-daughter of him who made such a conspicuous figure in the reign of Charles II. died at her own house here, so far back as 1771. Her ladyship lived at Fountainbridge, a remote part of the suburbs,* in 1768. Lady Elphinstone had a house upon the east side; Sir William Jardine one upon the north side. Walter Scott, Esq. W. S., father of the great Sir Walter, lived in the west side. Besides these, the following persons had houses in the Square:—The Duchess of Gordon; the Countess of Sutherland; the Coun-

* Fountainbridge was resorted to by many English residents, who had official situations in Scotland. Accordingly, the architecture of several of the houses in that district retains an air and style unknown in other suburbs. At a subsequent period, their chief residence was Inveresk, where the English taste is also very apparent in the buildings.

tess of Glasgow; Lord Melville; Viscount Duncan; the Hon. Henry Erskine, Esq.; Lord Braxfield; Lord Kennet; Sir James Naesmyth of Posso; Mrs General Abercromby; Admiral Sir John Lockhart Ross; Miss Campbell of Monzie; Sir James Grant (*west side*); George Brown, Esq., Commissioner of Excise; Dr John Craigie; John Corbet, of Tolcross, Esq.; Mrs Douglas of Cavers (*east side*); Lord Stonefield, Judge of the Court of Session; Mrs Primrose of Castle-Huntly; and Mrs Pringle of Haining.

The above great additions to the body of the *Old Town*, acted, as we have stated, in direct opposition to the success of the *New*. Many of those who would have been the first to fly to the extended accommodations which it promised, were supplied with mansions perfectly suitable to their taste and fortunes, in situations which were judged superior, on account of their being nearer the centre of the city.* It was also predicted by many,

* It is only of late years that the *New Town* has been thought at all a convenient place of residence for the trading classes, or even for the lawyers. When a certain venerable Writer to the Signet, now alive, determined upon removing from Brown's Square to the house which he at present occupies in George

that the whole scheme of the New Town would ultimately fail ; and, even though any considerable part of it were built, that the inhabitants would always have to labour under many disadvantages. An unfortunate dispute between the feuars and the Town Council, respecting the improvement of the North Loch, which was originally intended to be laid out in a canal, with gardens and public walks along the banks, operated unfavourably,—the Magistrates, on that occasion, showing little desire to encourage the prosperity or heighten the elegance of the Extended Royalty. The public burthens, so much higher than in the southern districts, formed an unsuperable objection. Into all other things, the unpleasantness of the access by the Bridge, which was much exposed to wind, and more especially so at first, before they fell upon the expedient of closing up the ballustrades,* was felt as a great inconvenience, and gave the New

Street, many of his friends called upon him formally to remonstrate with him upon the imprudence of the step, which, they said, would be the means of "ruining his business."

* The ballustrades were closed up at different times. Those upon the west side were first closed up only about the year 1792, those upon the east so late as 1808.

Town a general character of discomfort. This even became a popular subject to the rhymers of the day ; and one poet, (1779,) who lived in the Old Town, went so far as to tell his mistress, who had recently removed to St Andrew's Square, that she might now consider his visits in a very high light indeed, for he actually braved a severer fate than even Leander, who was the most gallant lover on record, in coming to see her,—the North Bridge, he said, being all *in wind* that the Hellespont could be *in water*. And not only the unpleasantness, but the insecurity of the North Bridge, was the theme of vulgar declamation. It was anticipated, from the well-known accident which occurred in the building, that the inhabitants of the New Town would never know where they were, till they awoke some morning and found themselves amputated, like a limb, from the main body of the Town—somewhat in the situation, we presume, of the Britons in Virgil's time,—

—“ *toto orbe* (or if we may be allowed the pun, *urbe*)
divisos.”

But if a Scotsman might be permitted for once

to tell the truth, in a matter which concerns his nation's honour, a great part of the ill-will with which the Extended Royalty was first regarded, might here be assigned to a stronger cause than any of these. It is said, that *economy*, which in Scotland is quite as universal a principle as the ambition of grandeur, had a great influence in retaining the natives of the Old Town in their primeval garrets and dungeons. A practice had long prevailed in Edinburgh, of keeping a great deal of society, and entertaining a vast circle of friends, for little expense, at tea and supper parties ; which upon the whole was favourable to social life and to the improvement of manners, while it gave the higher classes opportunity of frequent display, on terms suitable to the circumscribed fortunes of the period. But when a family, that had long indulged in good society in one of the *closes* of the High Street, and perhaps (if they are not belied) familiarly interchanged the civilities of tea drinking with their neighbours on the opposite side of the alley, without leaving their abode or putting themselves to any further trouble than merely opening their respec-

tive windows, removed to the genteel districts beyond the North Loch, their manner of life was materially altered. With their enlarged mansion, they were obliged to adopt more expensive habits—to give dinners instead of tea-parties, and routes instead of suppers,—and indeed to make such an extension of the whole domestic establishment as was felt seriously inconvenient to many persons of what are called “small genteel incomes,”—who, it is easy to imagine, could make themselves very great people in Craig’s Close and Blackfriars’ Wynd, though they appeared small enough in Princes Street or St Andrew’s Square. Considerations such as these, were calculated to have a great effect on the minds of the Scottish-Gentry of the period, and no doubt prevented many hundreds from living in the New Town, who would have been glad to do so in other circumstances.

Before going farther with the history of the New Town, it will be proper to give some account of the ground on which it is built, and thus, like the humorous author of *Tristram Shandy*, commemorate not only the rise, progress, and ma-

turity, of our subject, but also its history *before it existed*. The greater part of the original New Town, and not a little of the second one, are built upon what was formerly called *Wood's Farm*, a tract of ground extending from Canonmills on the north to Bearford's Parks* on the south, long in the possession of Mr William Wood, father of the celebrated Alexander Wood, Esq., surgeon in Edinburgh, who was better known by the familiar appellation of *Sandy Wood*. Mr Wood's farm-house was situated on the area between Queen's Street and Heriot Row, (western division,) on a spot now occupied by the Earl of Wemyss' garden. Many people still alive remember these fields bearing as fair and rich a crop of wheat as they may now be figuratively said to bear of houses.

Game used to be plentiful upon these grounds,

* Bearford's Parks belonged originally to Hepburn of Bearford in East Lothian. About a century ago, many squabbles occurred between the magistrates of Edinburgh and this proprietor, on account of the town-swallans (which had the privilege of the North Loch) trespassing on the grounds to the north. At last, to put an end to all disputes, the city bought up the property, and extended the range of their domestic fowls over the lands in question.

—in particular, partridges and hares. The author of the *Man of Feeling* and the present proprietor of Inverleith have frequently shot both upon the spot where St Andrew's Church now stands. But, indeed, game was very abundant every where around the town at that time. Woodcocks and snipes were to be had in all the damp and low-lying situations, such as the Well-house tower, the Hunter's bog, and the borders of Canonmills Loch. Wild ducks were frequently shot in the Meadows, where in winter they are sometimes even yet to be found. Bruntsfield Links and the ground towards the Braid Hills, abounded in hares. However, since the gentlemen of the county, about thirty years ago, entered into a Game Association, very little game has been found any where.

Nearly along the line of Prince's Street there ran a narrow road called the Lang Dykes. In former times it was called the Lang Gaitt (*way*),*

* "April, 1571. On Wednesday, the 18 day at ewin, betwixt ten and ellewin houris, thair was a fray upon the Captanez suddeartis, (Kirkaldy of Grange's soldiers,) and in the Castell, becaus two men ryding in the *long geat* schot thair pistolis, or els a culvering, for a salutation to the Castell."—*Bannatyne's Journal*, p. 132.

—not having at that time acquired the fences which might confer upon it the modern appellation. At the western extremity stood a retired abode, possessed by Lord Elphinstone. At the eastern extremity were sprinkled a few cottages, forming a sort of village, upon the spot now occupied by the Register-House, called *Multer's*, *Mutree's*, or *Mutersie* hill. Near this there was also in still remoter times a chapel of St Ninian, the baptismal font of which was procured by the late eccentric Walter Ross, Esq. and built into his hermitage near the Dean. There was still another piece of antiquity in the neighbourhood, called Dingwall's Castle,* of which very little had existed for many years. We have been told, that a fragment of the walls is still extant in a cellar in Shakespeare Square. Multer's Hill appears, from the following passage in Fountainhall's Diary, to have been at a former period more important as well as more populous than it latter-

* Dingwall's Castle had been a dependency of the Trinity Church in the neighbourhood. Perhaps its name may have some connection with Mr John Dingwall, Provost of Trinity before the Reformation, who was one of the first Lords of Session, on the institution of the College of Justice in 1532.

ly was: “The port at the foot of Halkerstone’s Wynd was made about 1680, but was closed up, 1700, at the Trades of Edinburgh their desire, because Robert Malloch had several tradesmen in his lands of Mutrie’s Hill, which wronged the Trades of Edinburgh: And he having drained some of the north side of the North Loch, they took this measure for drowning the draining; but hearing the Lords of Session desired to cause them open the vent, they did it of their own accord, 21st February, 1700.”* Not far from Multer’s Hill, upon the spot now occupied by the centre of the Register House, stood a small cot-

* From a case reported by Fountainhall, it appears that about the beginning of the eighteenth century, Moutree’s Hill had become the resort of a good many weavers and other tradesmen, who thereby evaded the payment of burgal taxes. About twenty years before, the Town Council had opened a new port at the foot of Halkerstone’s Wynd, for the convenience of those who went on foot to Leith; and availing himself of this outlet, Robert Malloch had built houses and work-shops on the opposite bank of the North Loch, and had attracted various settlers. To check this settlement, the Magistrates shut up the port, and had recourse also to other measures of annoyance, by damming up the water of the Loch. This became the subject of a challenge in the Court of Session, which was put an end to by the Magistrates, who opened the said port of their own accord, and let the sluice run.—*Decisions, Vol. II. p. 110.*

tage, where 'Curds and Cream, and 'Fruits in their Seasons,' were sold. This little comfortable place of entertainment was popularly called "Peace-and-Plenty," and was much resorted to by a certain class of the citizens on Sunday evenings, as Newhaven, Portobello, and Dudding-stone, are at this day. It was then considered a good walk out of town.—The Theatre-Royal now stands nearly upon the place where the celebrated Whitefield used to harangue the populace, when he visited Edinburgh in the course of his evangelical tours. On coming to the city for the first time after the extension of the Royalty, and preparing, as usual, to preach in the Orphan Hospital Park, what was his surprise, and what was his indignation, on finding the spot which he had in a manner rendered sacred by his prelections, thus appropriated to the service of Satan! The frantic astonishment of the Nixie who finds her shrine and fountain desolated in her absence, was nothing to that of Whitefield. He went raging about the spot, and contemplated the rising walls of the play-house with a sort of grim despair. He is said to have considered the circum-

stance a positive mark of the increasing wickedness of society, and to have termed it a plucking up of God's standard and a planting of the Devil's in its place. But, perhaps, as Robert Burns says, in allusion to a similar circumstance,

"There was ~~rivalry~~ just in the job!"

Upon the site of the Custom-house in Drummond Place, was a country house or cottage belonging to Provost Drummond, and long inhabited by him. It came to the same end with 'Peace-and-Plenty,' when General Scott built the elegant mansion of Bellvue for his private residence. But the designation of the beautiful Square with which it is surrounded, perpetuates the name of the first inhabitant.

The New Town was, as we have seen, first projected by James the Seventh, so far back as the year 1682. After this the question was sometimes agitated, without any active measures being taken for carrying it into execution. The celebrated Earl of Mar, who, after disturbing the Hanoverian succession in 1715, retired into

exile in France, where he died in 1732, amused himself, it seems, during his last years, with political calculations and projects for the benefit of his native country ; and among many other curious schemes, found in his portfolio after his decease, are said to have been two which the present generation has seen carried into effect, —*viz.* one for the junction of the Scottish Seas by the Forth and Clyde canal, and another for the junction of the city of Edinburgh with the fields to the north and south by bridges, and for the extension of the city by these means. Of this latter project there was a plan, drawn out by the Earl's own hand, which is still preserved, along with other relics of the same description, in the family mansion near Alloa. Mention is made of these projected improvements in a curious old work, entitled, “ A Tour through Great Britain,” (fourth edition, 1748,) where, in describing Edinburgh, the following paragraph occurs : “ They further proposed also, by means of this Penny Port Custom Fund, to narrow the noxious lake on the north side of the city into a canal of running water ; to erect a street of communi-

cation to the fields on the north side ; to build a proper hall for the Court of Justiciary, and an edifice for the public records ; to establish a salary to a Professor of Civil History ;" &c. &c. The question was in the height of agitation in Maitland's time (1753) ; and that worthy antiquary and historian makes the following most admirable " Remark" upon the subject : " There has of late been much Talk about erecting a Bridge across the North Loch, for a Communication with the Country on the Northern Side ; which, or something better, may easily be accomplished at little Expense, by obliging all Builders and others to shoot their Rubbish made at the building or repairing of Houses into a Part of the said Loch as shall be agreed upon ; whereby, in a few Years, a Ridge or earthen Bank might be raised to the required Height, which would answer other good Ends besides that of a Bridge." This precious suggestion seems to have given the hint for the creation of that hideous deformity, the Earthen Mound, which Sir Walter Scott has well termed the greatest and most hopeless error that has been fallen into in the course of these improvements.

The discountenance which the projected New Town at first met with from the citizens, of course occasioned a backwardness among the builders, who did not purchase feus with the avidity expected by the Magistrates. As an inducement to speculation, a premium of twenty pounds was offered to the first person who should build a house in the Extended Royalty. This was gained by Mr John Young, a builder, who founded and erected a house in the year 1766, one year before the act was procured, and, consequently, out of the plan of the New Town; upon which account it was thought by many, that he was not properly entitled to the *bonus*. This tenement, which is situated in Rose Court, George Street, in the rear of St Andrew's Church, is quite different, in appearance, from the surrounding buildings, and rather resembles the comfortable country-houses of the period. When it was erected, the New Town was hanging *in dubio*, and it was uncertain if it would ever be more than a retired rural villa; wherefore the interest excited on its foundation was very great, and an immense concourse of people was gathered to witness the ceremony. The

person who supplies this information remembers being present,—then a child of four years of age,—and of throwing a stone, according to approved custom, into the cavity of the foundation

Other houses lay claim to the honour of having been “*the first built in the New Town;*” and it is wonderful how much doubt prevails upon this point. The only conclusion we have been able to come to upon the subject is, that many were in course of founding and building about the same time, and, while some claim the palm of priority on account of being first founded, others dispute it on the plea of having been first raised above the ground. Moreover, another class may set forth their pretensions to the honour, as having been first finished and inhabited.

The oldest house *at present existing* in the New Town, is that small tenement in North James’ Place, behind the Roman Catholic Chapel, and close to the door of Mrs Smith’s Livery Stables. It was a solitary house in the country, for many years before the extension of the city was resolved upon.

One of the earliest, after this, was a house of

singular architecture at the eastern extremity of Rose Street, upon the south side, now a tavern. It may be distinguished from other houses, by its solitary situation, and by its consisting of only one storey, with an attic.

One of the first houses built *after the plan* was the corner tenement at the south-western extremity of South St Andrew's Street, adjoining to Princes Street. It was built by the late Sir William Forbes, who removed to it from Carrubber's Close; and here was born the present Sir William Forbes, who, we believe, was one of the first natives (if not the *very first*) of the New Town. This tenement was afterwards the Turf Coffee-house; and it is now conspicuous for the number of shops into which modern ingenuity has divided it.

A house directly opposite to that of Sir William Forbes, of which the lower flat is now occupied by Messrs Connell, perfumers, was built, according to a plan by the celebrated Dr Webster, for a Mrs Riddell, and cost only about L.700. It was afterwards sold to Mr George Hunter, merchant-tailor, at L.5000, and, being converted into shops, the whole property now draws a rent of above L.500.

Several tenements at the south-eastern corner of South St David Street, adjoining to Prince's Street, are among the oldest in the New Town. They are old-fashioned-looking houses, similar to those in Brown's Square, and were at first called *Horn's Lands*. It is remarkable that they are four stories in height above the pavement, while Sir William Forbes' house, at the eastern extremity of that division of the street, consists of only two. This irregularity is accounted for by the policy, not negligence, of the Magistrates, who permitted builders to exercise their own discretion, with a view to encourage them in their *so hazardous and difficult* undertakings.

The first edifices for which ground was feued, were that beautiful range, the property of Mr Constable, and now remarkable for containing the premises of his distinguished house.* In consid-

* It is next to the General Register House, in Prince's Street. The architecture does great credit to the taste of Mr John Neale, the original proprietor, and was from a design by Mr Henderson, then a celebrated architect.—Mr Neale was an enterprising and successful Silk-mercer and the first individual who introduced into Edinburgh the term *Haberdasher*. He had three places for carrying on

eration of this priority, the Magistrates decreed that they should for ever be exempted from the payment of burgal taxes.

One of the earliest edifices erected in the New Town, was the present Theatre-Royal, the first stone being laid on the 16th of March, 1768, by Mr David Ross. It was not, as some suppose, the first house in Scotland in which theatrical representations were performed with the sanction of the Royal privilege. The old play-house in the Canongate had this honour. The patent for a licensed theatre had been procured in May 1767, forming part of the act for the extension of the Royalty, and being conferred upon Mr Ross, proprietor of the Old Theatre, the first legitimate performances took place at the commencement of the ensuing season, in the Canongate play-house, under the management of Mr Ross. The house was opened unusually late that season, in conse-

business in the Black Turnpike, above the Tron Church, besides this house, which was built on purpose. The most eminent Linen-drapers at present in Edinburgh, were apprentices of Mr Neale, who might be termed *Father of the Trade*. He retired from business about the year 1787, and died at Kempsey Lodge in Worcestershire, at an advanced age, in 1815.

quence of a dreadful riot which took place the January preceding, the repairs of which occupied about ten months, during which there were no performances whatever. The house was opened on Wednesday, the 9th of December 1767, with the tragedy of the Earl of Essex; and a prologue was spoken on the occasion by Mr Ross, written by the celebrated James Boswell, who had thus the honour of composing the first words spoken in a licensed theatre in Scotland.

St Andrew's Square,* which was the *nucleus* of all the earlier improvements, was finished and inhabited about the year 1778. But there were very few more houses built for some years afterwards. The novelty of a Square in Edinburgh, and the overwhelming degree of elegance which this one was expected to possess, made it more popular at first, as a situation for building, than any other part of the plan. The first houses in the square were two on the south side, built in

* It was at first intended to give the King's name to this Square; but Mr Brown anticipated the Magistrates by giving that title to his rival square on the south side, and the name of the tutelar saint of Scotland was afterwards adopted as a *dernier resort*.

1770, by David Wight, Esq., Advocate, and Alexander Gray, Esq., W. S., and four upon the north side, built in 1772, by joint purses of Sir John Whitefoord, Sir Robert Murray, and Gilbert Meason, Esq.* David Hume built that house at the south-west corner, and removed to it from his old apartments in the back of James' Court, Lawn-market, a few years before he died. Andrew Crosbie, Esq. the celebrated barrister, built the superb mansion north of the Excise Office, now occupied by the Royal Bank of Scotland; but this, together with all the houses on the east side of the square, were of considerably later erection than the rest, which their superior elegance testifies. One of the houses in Prince's Street is of equally early date with any in St Andrew's Square, being built in 1769.† It was purchased by Mr Shadrach Moyes, secretary of Customs,

* Marked Nos. 23, 24, 25, and 26. These tenements cost about £.2100 each, and are only of *rubble-work*. It says much for the present advanced state of the art of building, that the beautiful tenements in Great King Street, erected 1820, did not, in general, cost more.

† It is a proof of the immense increase of shops in Prince's Street, that this house was originally marked No. 21, and now bears that of 49.

who, before he concluded his bargain, took the builder bound to erect another house to the right, in order to shelter him from the westerly winds. What a mass of stone and lime, and streets and squares, would Zephyrus have now to penetrate before he could reach this tenement!

At this early period the inhabitants of St Andrew's Square were by far the most respectable people in town. Since then the tide of gentility has rolled gradually westward and northward, leaving the south-east corner of the New Town to the business classes; and the Square upon which Arnot poured forth so much praise, as “the finest *he ever saw,*” is now beginning to be cut up into shops, while its early inhabitants have completely deserted it. The time is not far distant when the whole of this district shall meet with a fate similar to that which we have to record respecting the Cowgate and Canongate, and when the idea of noblemen inhabiting St Andrew's Square shall seem as strange to modern conceptions as that of their living in the Mint Close. We therefore subjoin, as a sort of curiosity, a list of the early inhabitants, supplied by a person whose memory reaches back to the year 1773.

1. *Major-general Leslie.
2. Earl of Leven.
3. Lord Ankerville.
4. Baron Gordon, who had previously resided in Argyle Square.
5. Mrs Wight, *afterwards*, the Countess of Errol.
6. Miss Brown.
7. Miss Smith, sister of Mrs Grahame of Gartmore, *afterwards*, Lord Dreghorn.

Corner house, opening from St David Street. D. Hume, the historian ; opposite to whom, in St David Street, lived the widow of the celebrated Dr Austin, author of “For lack of gowd she’s left me, oh !” who married this lady, (a daughter of Lord Semple,) after he was jilted by the subject of the song for the Duke of Atholl. Dr Austin himself resided in the house at the north-west corner of Brown Square.

8. (*First house north from Rose Street.*) Sir James Stirling, afterwards Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

* The houses were not then numbered, but we adopt this mode of distinguishing the tenements for the sake of convenience.

9. Mrs Campbell of Balmore.
10. (*A common stair.*)
11. Mrs Buchan Hepburn.
12. (*Now marked 13.*) Mr Boswell, W. S. who is still there.

The extreme western house upon the north side of the square was a common stair,—lower flat afterwards occupied by Mrs Syme, sister of Principal Robertson; the upper by Mr Brougham, father of the celebrated Henry Brougham, who was born here.

22. (*Nest, eastward.*) Mrs Smythe of Methven.
23. Sir John Whitefoord.
24. Mr Innes of Stow.
25. Gilbert Laing Meason, Esq.
26. Rev. Dr Hunter.
27. (*Corner house looking into North St Andrew's Street.*) The Earl of Buchan, who here instituted the Antiquarian Society, *anno* 1784.
28. (*Now an hotel.*) Mr Hamilton of Wishaw.
29. Mr Fordyce of Aiton, who formerly lived in No. 2. Argyle Square, where the celebrated Duchess of Gordon, sister of Mrs Fordyce, was married.

30. Hon. Captain Hope of Craigiehall.
31. (Not then built, but afterwards inhabited by Mr Crosbie, advocate.)
32. The Countess of Dalhousie.
33. Hon. Mrs Gordon.*
34. Mr Ferguson of Craigdarroch.
35. The Earl of Haddington.

The number of noble names in the above list will astonish all who recollect that Edinburgh can now boast of only two inhabitants of that rank,—the Earls of Wemyss and Caithness, who do not reside in their respective houses a month in the year. It is a curious fact, that, sixty years ago, there was scarcely a *close* in the High Street but what had as many noble inhabitants as are at this day to be found in the whole town,—now that is the modern Athens, the modern Balbec, the City of Palaces, the Palace City, &c. &c.

The New Town at first advanced by very slow steps; and it was full thirty years after its com-

* Sister of General Lockhart of Carnwath and Lee, and widow of the Hon. John Gordon, younger son of the third Earl of Aboyne.

mencement, before Edina could be said to "throw her white arms to the sea." St Andrew's Church was built in 1783,* at which time Queen's Street, Prince's Street, and George's Street were advancing westward. One or two of the houses in James' Square, which is out of the Royalty, were built so far back as 1775. The first stone of the house in the south-east corner of the Square, was laid on the day when the news of the battle of Bunker's Hill† reached Edinburgh. The news being of course very interesting, was the subject of popular discussion for the day, and nothing but Bunker's Hill was in every body's mouth. It so happened that the builders engaged in founding this first tenement in James' Square, in the course of the potations which at that period sanctified every occasion of business, fell out between themselves, and, before the ceremony was concluded, most indecorously fell to and fought out the quarrel upon the spot, in the presence of an immense assemblage of spectators. The name of Bunker's

* The Steeple was not added for some years.

† Bunker's Hill was fought on the 17th of June 1775.

In 1786, the New Town had advanced westward to Hanover Street; in 1795 a great part of Frederick Street was completed, and Castle Street was beginning to be formed. Towards the end of the century, an unexpected impulse was given to the whole by the French Revolutionary war, which threw immense accessions of genteel inhabitants into the capital. At this time, also, the style of building was much improved; and the western divisions not only proceeded more rapidly, but were executed in a much superior style of architecture. All the earlier buildings were of what is called *rubble work*, not much finer in their construction than the primitive fabrics of Brown's Square; and so simple were people's ideas at that time, that *main doors* (now so important) were little thought of, and many of the houses in Prince's Street had only common stairs, entering from the Mews Lane behind. But, within the last twenty years, a very different taste has arisen; and the dignity of a front door has become almost indispensable. The latter buildings are, with few exceptions, of the finest *ashler work*, erected upon a scale of magnificence said to be un-

equalled in the world. Yet it cannot be denied that, here and there, *common stairs*—a nuisance that seems to cling to the very nature of Edinburgh,—have crept in. However, even that objection has in most cases been got over, by an ingenious contrivance, which renders them accessible only to the occupants of the various flats.*

When George the Fourth visited Scotland, he found the capital extended on all hands far beyond thrice its original limits, and the modern parts of it exhibiting a degree of palatial splendour. Assuredly, when a Scotsman reflects upon the difficulties which his country has overcome, and the improvements which it has made within the last fifty years, and looks around him upon the increased magnificence of the metropolis, which may be considered a representative of the whole, he has great reason to be proud of his native land. In Edinburgh he sees the strongest and most gratifying proof of general prosperity. Let him think upon the public virtue and national spirit which

* Common stairs are of French extraction. They still abound in Paris, from which we have recently borrowed the fashion of closing them with a door, commanded by a chain from each flat.

have given rise to this, and endeavour to cherish such feelings in his own generation and in posterity as may lead to their continuance.

We now conclude our sketch of improvements, and revert to the Old Town, where the more legitimate objects of our inquiries are situated.

PALACE
AND ORATORY OF MARY OF LORRAIN.

PERHAPS there is no portion of the city so rich in curious old houses, as a certain part of the Castle Hill, bounded on the east by Blyth's Close, on the west by Tod's Close, and including the intermediate alley called Nairn's Close. In Blyth's Close is a private oratory of the Queen of James V.—afterwards Regent of Scotland. It is a stone building of three stories in height, and is accessible by a turnpike stair. Over the door is "*Laus et honor Deo*," with M. R., the cipher of the Queen. The lower flat seems to be now closed up as cellars. The upper flats are portioned off into small dwelling-houses, for the accommodation of people in humble life, and the lobby or passage, which is

wide, with a ceiling of noble height, is common to all. Within the door of the second flat is the baptismal font anciently used in the chapel,—as usual, a small niche in the wall, about one foot wide and two feet high, ornamented and arched at the top. The remains of pilasters and arches are visible in the walls around the font; and in the ceiling directly over head is a round entablature—probably a coat of arms, as a coronet is still visible, surmounting the rude or rather defaced outline of a shield.* In the flat above, the appearance of the lobby is exactly the same as below, but without the font. Arches are here also to be traced. The entablature upon the ceiling which here occupies precisely the same situation with respect to the door as below, is much more distinct than in the second flat. On the shield are three fleur de lis, surmounted by a coronet. A small tablet below the shield bears the cipher of H. R. At the top of the spiral stair, which here terminates, the roof has been adorned with an entablature of the same size and description ; but

* Since our first edition this has been taken away.

the mark of where it has been is all that remains.*

In one of the little rooms upon the second flat, which now accommodates a whole family in humble life, there exists one of the most remarkable curiosities which we will have to notice. This is a door of black oak,† carved in the style of the celebrated Stirling Heads, and containing, among other beautiful devices, portraits of the King and Queen, the whole in excellent preservation. There are four departments or panels in this exquisite piece of workmanship, on each of which is a circular entablature. The entablature in the uppermost panel, opposite the left hand of the spectator, contains a deer's head without tynes; that on the right has the representation of an eagle with expanded wings, grasping a star in the claws of its left foot: below each of these devices is a cherub or winged head. The lower departments contain the portraits, which form by far the most

* Since our first two editions went through the press, we have discovered this entablature in the possession of an antiquarian friend. It contains the arms of the city, very beautifully cut.

† Now also taken away.—*April 1825.*

interesting part of the curiosity. That of the King, which is under the deer's head, bears a strong resemblance to the common portraits of James V., and has all that free carriage of the head, and elegant slouch of the bonnet, together with the great degree of manly beauty, with which this monarch is usually represented. He wears moustaches as usual, but in other respects it may be said that he is here drawn rather later in life than in most other portraits, which is implied by a comparative grossness of features, indicative of middle age. In the Queen's portrait we have the head and bust of a female about forty years of age, dressed in a ceif or antique head-dress, and without any other remarkable ornament. This princess is said to have been beautiful; but there is here little appearance of any such qualification, though she exhibits considerable *en bon point*, the cheeks being very prominent and the bosom bountiful. The circular entablatures on which these heads are carved, are surrounded with a foliage of long slender leaves, the appearance of which is not remarkable. Upon the whole, this may be declared a very flattering

specimen of the arts in Scotland at the remote period when it was executed.

The door we have endeavoured to describe, does not appear to have originally occupied this situation in the Palace, but rather some more important part of the building, before it was subdivided into small apartments for the use of the poor people who now occupy the whole. It is regarded as an object of great curiosity by the tenants of the house,—though those who occupy the room told us, when we called to inspect it, that they had much better want a door altogether as have one of so curious a sort, seeing they never got either night's rest or day's ease on account of it, and could sometimes scarcely *ca' the house their ain* for antiquarian gentlemen like ourselves who came to see it. When we ventured to suggest the expediency of charging a certain *honorarium* from every visitor, in imitation of other exhibitors of palaces, they told us of an Irishman, their predecessor in the habitation, who became so incensed about the matter, that he would admit no person under half a crown, and at last threatened to burn the door for firewood, on finding the impos-

sibility of substantiating his charges, which he was only prevented from doing at the interference of the landlord. "But for my part," said the good woman, as she wiped the dust from the Queen's nose with her apron, "I would scorn any such impositions—and I like the door very weel—only, ye see, sir, it's black and's *nae look of a thing*—and a good fir-deal door would answer our purpose as weel—but the landlord will be *nae expence*, as ye may see by the windows, that are maist of them broken ;"—here she pointed to the large window of the apartment, which had been an oriel one to the chapel in former times, though now patched and clouted with rags and brown paper, so as almost to exclude the light—"and I can assure ye, sir, there's many grand folk come here to see the door; the Queer-ane Society came a' in a bundle ae day,—and maistly every ane o' them had silver spectacles, and were ilk ane mair civil than anither,—" &c. &c. We were obliged to acknowledge the poor woman's case sufficiently distressing,—though we could not but think at the same time that she had even more than the usual resource of those who are troubled with their vi-

sitors—we mean, that she had nothing to do but *show them the door.*

Nearer the head of Blyth's close is another stair, leading up to the first flat of the same tenement, in which there is a large room, apparently a hall, with other rooms, all alike remarkable for the height of their ceilings. In the centre of almost all the ceilings, are circular entablatures with coats of arms and other devices, in stucco, evidently of beautiful workmanship, but obscured and rendered unintelligible by many successive coats of whitening, with which they have been overlaid by the latter inhabitants. In this hall, near the door, are the remains of a large antique chimney, built up in front, but having still two pillars visible, corresponding with modern *jambs*. We were informed by the very intelligent inhabitant of this part of the Royal Tenement, that, when he first lived in the house, about twenty years ago, there was a small iron chain at the bottom of one of these pilasters ; and the staple by which this chain had been attached, was pointed out to us still fixed in the wall. This, it seems, had been the customary chain, by which our ancestors con-

fined the kitchen tongs and poker to their proper places, in primitive times;—and however ridiculous such a precaution may now appear, there is reason to believe that it was once extremely necessary,—at once to prevent their being used as weapons by the domestics, and to protect them from the rapacity of our Highland friends, who, according to the proverb, considered them their own property, on simply finding them by the fire-side.

On the opposite side of the close is a building said to have also formed part of the Queen Regent's mansion. There is no part of it remarkable, except the second flat, which is now a cooper's workshop. Here we find one vast room, with a high roof, and large windows, looking out into the alley. There is a large door opening out into a sort of balcony in front, which is said by the people of the house to have been the spot from which the priest distributed holy water to the devotees in the *close* below. Here we have a very fine and entire baptismal font, together with a large recess in the opposite wall, of superbly ornamented stone work, in which the Host was kept in for-

mer times, with the sacerdotal plate of the establishment, but which is now filled with adzes, hammers, formers, and other tools appropriate to the humble profession of the present occupant.* Tradition affirms the Queen's dining-room to have been in the flat above the chapel; and the Queen's guard-house is pointed out in certain cellars now closed up, at the head of the alley.

* In December 1824, it was my lot to be the humble means of recovering a lost relic of the Queen Regent's Chapel. It appears that a teacher of note, named Mr John Johnston, occupied this hall or chapel, about eighty years ago, as a school-room. When he first resided in it, there was a curious urn in the niche, and a small square stone, behind the same, of so singular an appearance, that, to satisfy his curiosity, he forced it from the wall, when he found in the recess an iron casket about seven inches long, four broad, and three deep, having a lid like that of a *caravan-trunk*, and secured by two clasps falling over key-holes and communicating with some curious and intricate machinery within. This must have been the depository of the sacerdotal trinkets belonging to the chapel. It had all the appearance of great antiquity, though no mark remained upon it, by which its age might have been discovered or even conjectured. The son of the discoverer, a respectable citizen of Edinburgh, preserved it with scrupulous care, and lately left it in the possession of his widow, from whom I procured it, to be placed in the hands of Sir Walter Scott—thus,

*Multa dies, variusque labor mutabilis aeri
Retulit in melius, multa alterna revisens
Lusit, et in solido rursus fortuna locavit.—VIRG.*

In Tod's Close, a little farther west, is another part of the same extensive premises. A stair enters on the right hand about ten yards down the close, leading to what seem to have been the *state apartments* of the Palace. It is to be remarked, that this is peculiarly termed the *house* of Queen Mary by the inhabitants, while the portion we have already described is popularly denominated her *chapel*,—a distinction entirely justified by the internal appearance of the different tenements. Here there is, however, immediately within the door, a font, much resembling those in Blyth's Close, but which, probably, has only been one of those domestic repositories of holy water for the use of the family in passing out of and into the house, and not adapted for any higher or more sacred purpose. This font is of the finest Gothic structure, and is very entire. At the right hand side is a pillar in the same taste, on the top of which, about five feet from the ground, there formerly, and till within these few years, stood the statue of a saint presiding over the font. The lobby, in which these curiosities are to be seen, is high in the ceiling, and was very extensive

before it was diminished by a whole apartment having been enclosed from it, in which a separate family now resides. A cupboard is shown in the eastern wall, in which we were told there were, till about four years ago, shelves exhibiting a great deal of carved ornamental work, which were cleared out, in order to complete the conversion the recess was then destined to endure—into a coal-hole. One of the apartments in this flat is called *the Queen's Dead-Room*, having, it seems, been used as a depository for the dead previous to interment. Till within these few years, this room was all painted black, which doleful colour may still be observed beneath the thin coat of whitening with which the latter inhabitants have superseded it. We were here informed, that there was in former times a passage of communication between this part of the Royal mansion and the Oratory or Chapel in Blyth's Close, embracing the intermediate tenements of Nairn's Close. The lobbies, passages, and stair-cases, in this part of the fabric, are of sumptuous spaciousness and elegance. Like the Chapel and Oratory, it is divided

into small apartments of one or two rooms each, for the accommodation of families in humble life, but appears to be in general occupied by inhabitants of greater respectability than those we found in the other.

The palace of the Queen Regent bears nowhere any date, and no records appear to exist which could throw light upon its origin. It is scarcely possible that it can be older than 1544, when the city was destroyed by the English; nor can it have been erected subsequent to 1559, when the Queen died. Supposing its foundation to have taken place between these dates, it may be considered one of the oldest private buildings in Edinburgh. It may, perhaps, be conjectured that this Palace and Oratory were erected immediately after the above disastrous occasion in 1544, when the Palace of Holyroodhouse was burnt, and when the Queen would naturally seek for a more secure habitation within the walls of Edinburgh, and in the neighbourhood of the Castle.

LODGING SUCCESSIVELY OCCUPIED BY THE
ABBOT OF MELROSE,
SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE OF ROSEHAUGH, AND
LORD STRICHEN.

ONE of the most interesting old houses in Edinburgh is that tenement at the foot of Strichen's Close, High Street, (first alley west of Blackfriars' Wynd.) This fabric, or some one for which it has been substituted, was, at the Reformation, the town lodging of no less a personage than the Abbot of Melrose. It had large gardens attached to it, which reached down to the Cowgate, and up the opposite declivity to the back of the Kirk of Field garden, which occupied the present line of Infirmary Street ; so that it must then have been a building of greater importance, and more isolated, than now, which appears probable from the rareness of buildings in this quarter of the city, as represented in the old map republished by Mr Kirkwood. It is, in all probability, the oldest house in this part of the High Street, though not retaining altogether its original form and appearance.

The numerous houses now built upon the site of the Abbot's garden, including the greater part of Cant's, Dickson's, and Robertson's Closes, with a considerable portion of the Cowgate, are to this day held in feu of the Magistrates of Edinburgh, as come in place of the abbot, by virtue of charters granted to them by Queen Mary and James VI., which were ratified by Parliament. Robertson's Close, which would be the western boundary of the Abbot's garden, south of the Cowgate, was called Melrose Wynd for a century after the Reformation, from the circumstance of the ground having originally belonged to the above ecclesiastic.

The Abbot of Melrose's house afterwards belonged to, and was possessed by a still greater personage, *viz.* Sir George Mackenzie, King's Advocate for Scotland during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.—who, though the most learned and virtuous man of his time, has been branded with ignominy by the popular voice, on account of the share which his office compelled him to take in the prosecution of the fanatical delinquents of that unhappy time. He got a charter of this house from the Magistrates, on the 9th of March

1677, in which it is thus described: "That tenement of land or great building, commonly called the Abbot of Melrose's lodging, presently possessed by the said Sir George Mackenzie, with the pertinents thereof, formerly belonging to the said Abbot of Melrose, lying in the burgh, on the south side of the High Street thereof, bounded by the lands of the umquhile Robert Rynd, and the umquhile Earl of Morton, on the east, Cant's Close on the west," &c. It also appears, from old writings and charters connected with the house, 'that the tenement fronting the street, by which it was bounded on the north, had been, before the Reformation, the lodging of the Provost of Crichton, an ecclesiastical dignitary of great importance. But the Provost's lodging is now entirely gone, and the present edifice fronting the street is comparatively modern. Perhaps the circumstance of these two ecclesiastics' houses, and that of the Bishop of Orkney, on the opposite side of the High Street, being all so near to Blackfriar's Wynd, which was a perfect nest of churchmen, may confirm the theory of this spot having been remarkable in ancient times for the residence of the religious.

On the death of Sir George Mackenzie's only son, in 1707, his estates devolved, after a long course of keen litigation, upon the second Earl of Bute, his grandson by the eldest daughter, whose widow, (Lady Anne Campbell, only sister of the great John Duke of Argyle,) married in 1731, for her second husband, Alexander Fraser of Strichen, a Lord of Session and Justiciary, and General of the Scottish Mint, whom we accordingly find occupying this house during a great part of the last century. The close, which had before this time been called Rosehaugh Close, in honour of Sir George Mackenzie, was now designated Strichen's Close,* which name it still retains.

Lord Strichen, besides his descent from Simon, fifth Lord Lovat, was allied to many noble families, in particular, those of Moray, Lauderdale, and Crawford. He was uterine brother to the celebrated John Earl of Crawford, who was the most generous, the most gallant, the bravest, and the finest nobleman of the time. He was admitted a Lord of Session, 5th June 1730, and filled

* It is so termed in a Map of the City dated 1742.

that situation with great respectability till his death, 15th February 1775.

Lord Strichen was remarkable for having sat the unusually long period of forty-five years on the Bench. At the time of the Douglas cause, (1768,) he was the oldest Judge on the Bench,—being of no less than twenty-four years longer standing than any of his brethren. He was the last of an *old school* long antecedent to what the present generation consider as such. Being in 1736 appointed a Lord of Justiciary, he went to Inverness on the Autumn Circuit, and was met, a few miles from town, by his kinsman the celebrated Lord Lovat, attended by a great retinue, who conducted him into town, amidst the acclamations of the inhabitants, all of whom rejoiced to see their countryman returning to them in such an honourable capacity.

The house next to Lord Strichen's on the east was possessed by John Grieve, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh, Lord Provost of the city in 1782. He afterward removed from it to a house in Princes' Street, front of Hanover Street, where he became instrumental in raising the Earthen

Mound, the east side of which, where it was commenced, may be observed to be a little eastward of the line of Hanover Street, and opposite Provost Grieve's door, being particularly intended for the convenience of this gentleman. Lord Strichen's house is in much the same order in which he left it, and may be considered a good and tolerably entire specimen of the houses inhabited by the great about forty years ago. It finally became the property of Mr Walker of Coates, who sold it to Mr Johnstone, its present proprietor and part possessor.

LORD PRESIDENT FENTONBARN'S HOUSE.

Not far from the above distinguished tenement is another at the head of Blackfriars' Wynd, which, though of inferior interest, is remarkable as being the only ancient wooden-fronted fabric now existing upon the south side of the High Street, between St Giles' and the Nether-bow. In the rapid changes which took place during the last century, when so much of this street was transformed, like the enemies of Perseus, into stone, this house, the last of an ancient race, re-

tained its primitive form, and withstood the prevailing example of improvement till 1823, when the present proprietor divested it of its venerable oaken front, and faced it up in a new style more conformable with the taste of modern architecture. In its antique state, it was one of the most perfect specimens existing of the French style introduced into this country at an early period, and which characterized all the buildings in Edinburgh previous to the 17th century. The carved work beneath the eaves, in the projecting angles of the roof, was, as most of our readers will remember, extremely beautiful. It is now one of the least picturesque buildings in the city.

This house was built shortly after the last burning of Edinburgh by the English, under the Earl of Hereford, in 1544, being thus described in an infestment in favour of Mr John Preston, Commisary, dated 1581. “That tenement and lands of before of umquhile Nicholas Ramsay, but now of Mr John Preston, lying in the said burgh, on the south side of the High Street thereof, and at the entry of the Wynd of the Preaching Friars, formerly waste, having been burnt by the English.”

From this it appears to have been built between 1544 and 1581; and as the property seems to have passed through the hands of at least one person previous to the latter date, it is highly probable that it was built immediately after the former,—more especially as this was a very central situation in the town, and not likely to remain long waste.

The person mentioned above as the proprietor in 1581, was a lawyer of eminence in the reign of James VI. He was the son of a baker in Edinburgh; was made a Commissary, 14th May, 1580; was chosen to be one of the Lords of Session, 12th March 1594; succeeded Lord Balmerino as President, 6th June 1609; and died in 1616. The way in which he was chosen to fill the high office of a judge, presents a curious picture of the times. According to a note in Lord Hailes' Catalogue, "The King named Mr Peter Rollock, Bishop of Dunkeld, Mr David Macgill of Cranston-Riddel, and Mr John Preston of Fentonbarns, requesting the Lords to chuse the fittest of the three to be an ordinary Lord of Session. The Lords were solemnly sworn to chuse according to their know-

The various buildings in the Mint Court bear different dates, and are of divers descriptions of architecture. The oldest part is the high massive *land* on the south side, the original entry to which was from the Cowgate, where the main door, which has been for many years shut up, is still to be seen, bearing the following legend over the lintel :

BE · MERCYFULL · TO · ME · O · GOD · 1574.

Here an immense square turret protrudes a few feet into the street, exhibiting a front of the finest ashler work, but of very heavy appearance, on account of the want of windows. In this part of the Mint, the Danish ambassadors, who came over to Scotland in the train of Anne, Queen of James VI. in 1590, were entertained at the expense of the city, as appears by the following extract from the Council records :—May 21. The quhilk day, John Arnott, Provest, Henry Charteris, &c. being convenit in the Counsall, at the request of the Kingis Majestie, and for honour of the toun :

aged neighbours. But the circumstance is now very little known in the town, and might, perhaps, have been soon forgotten altogether, but for this humble memorial.

It was thocht and agreit to make an honorabill
banket to the Dence Embassadouris, and the fa-
mous personis of thair company, quha arrivet
furth of Denmark with the Kingis and Queinis
Majesties, and this upon the townis charges and
expensis, to be maid in Thomas Aitchinsoune
master of the cunzie hous lugeing at Todrik's
Wynd fute, upon Sonday at evin next to cum ;
and for the making of the preparatioun and fur-
nressing thairto, hes set downe and devyset the
ordour following, to wit ; that the thessauer caus
bye and lay in foure punsheouns wyne, John Bor-
thuik, baxter, to get foure bwnnis of beir, with
foure gang of aill,* and to furneis breid, Henry

* From the order in which these provisions are arranged —the liquors being allowed such a signal precedence to the viands,—it would appear, that the Scotsmen of this period were not altogether unworthy competitors for the Bacchanalian *PAIZE WHISTLE* of the famous Danish hero,—mentioned in Burns' Poems,—who came over on this very occasion and probably helped to make way with the *punsheouns*, *bwnnis*, and *gangs* of the text. If we may judge from the number and importance of the personages who came with Queen Anne, the banquet must have been a very large and expensive one.

" There came in company with their Majesties, the Ad-

Charteris and Roger Macnacht to caus h̄jng the hous with tapestrie, set the burdis, furmis, chandleris, (*candlesticks,*) and get flowris, Mr Michaell Chisholme and William Farlie to bye the meat, George Carkettill and Rychert Doby to provyde the cupbuirds and men to keep thame ; and my Lord Provest was content to provyde naprie and twa dozen greit veschell, and to avance ane hundred pund or mair, as thai sall haif a do."

The house in which this banquet was held, is entered from a common stair behind. On the first flat there is a large hall, with two tall windows looking out into the Cowgate, directly over

miral of Denmark, Peter Monk, Stephen Bra, captain of Eslinburgh, Braid Ransome Mauguret, Nicholaus Theopolus, Doctor of Laws, and Henry Goodlister, captain of Bocastle, as principal and of the council of Denmark ; and William Vanderwant, who was appointed to wait upon her Majesty, with sundry other gentlemen to the number of thirty or thereby, all in golden chains. The number of the whole was about *two hundred and twenty* persons, who were entertained by the king's majesty, and some noblemen, and four houses were holden for them, which were well provided and furnished. The cost in expences to their furnishers was 1200 merks (about L.66, sterling) each day while they remained.

" The Danes were handsomely entertained by the town of Edinburgh at a banquet made for them in the Mint-house. * * " *Moyse's Memoirs.* p. 169—171.

the pend which terminates Toddrick's Wynd. This was formerly the council room of the Mint, where the officers met in order to discuss and settle the affairs of the establishment. The lobby from which it enters, is spacious, of great height, and has a carved oaken ceiling. Opposite to the hall, and having an arched window looking into the court, is a kitchen, close to the door of which a secret stair ascends through the massive wall of the house, to the upper stories, which, we understand, were formerly the abodes of the lower officers.—It only remains to be added that this large *messuage* or tenement was afterwards the property of the celebrated George Heriot, who, in his will, appointed it to be converted into the hospital he intended to endow; but his executors, on inspecting the same, finding it to be unfit for that purpose determined upon erecting a new house in another situation,—a fortunate determination for the beauty of the Scottish Metropolis, to which the present admirable structure conduces so much. In modern times *Thomas Aitchinsounes lugeing* was remarkable as the house of Lord Hailes, being occupied

by that distinguished Judge before he removed to his own house in New Street. It now forms one of the extensive warehouses of Mr Andrew Wilson, blacksmith and iron-monger,—an intelligent man, to whose kindness we are indebted for some of these particulars.

The flat immediately above, which is part of Mr Wilson's house, contains one long, extensive hall, which is supposed to have belonged to the same lodging. Adjoining, to the north, is a neat wainscotted room, with a handsome cornice, which was the drawing-room of the Governor's house, afterwards occupied together with the flat below, by the family of Scott of Gala.—The west side of the court, which has a modern access by a fine flight of steps, besides a servant's door entering behind from Toddrick's Wynd, was once occupied by Lord Belhaven, and at a subsequent period by the family of Douglas of Cavers. It is now the workshop of Mr John Foster, a Chimneypiece maker.—On the north side of the quadrangle is a very fine house of more modern construction than the rest. Above the door at the top of a flight of steps, is a square stone bearing

the letters C. R. II., surmounting a crown and the inscription of GOD SAVE THE KING with the date 1674. This house was originally possessed by the Master of the Mint, and, like the houses of all the other officers, is still life-rented by him. It was occupied, about the middle of last century, by Eleanor, Countess Dowager of Stair, and afterwards by the illustrious Dr Cullen, whose family were all born here, and who died here himself in 1792.* It is now occupied by Mr James Burn, Lace-maker. In the ground flat was the *coining-house*, where the money was struck with the dies, and in a projecting building, bearing the same date, on the east side of the court was the *finishing-house*, where it was polished and fitted for circulation. The chief

* In Dr Cullen's time it was the custom of Physicians to use a sand-glass instead of a watch, in counting the pulses of their patients. I have seen the sand-glass which Dr Cullen used to carry about with him, in his large skirt-pocket. It is twice as large as the common kitchen sand-glasses of modern times, and resembles in shape the uncouth chronometers which are so prevalent upon old grave-stones. Considering it valuable as a memorial of former customs, and still more so as a relic of the illustrious Cullen, I exerted myself in obtaining it from the hands of a private individual, and it is now in the possession of one who can well appreciate its value—Sir Walter Scott.

instruments used in coining were a hammer and steel dies upon which the device was engraved. The metal being previously prepared of the proper fineness and thickness, was cut into longitudinal slips, and a square piece being cut from the slip, it was afterwards rounded and adjusted to the weight of the money to be made. The blank pieces of metal were then placed between two dies, and the upper one was struck with a hammer. After the Restoration, another method was introduced, that of the mill and screw, which, modified by many improvements, is still in use. At the Union, the ceremony of destroying the dies of the Scottish coinage, took place in the Mint. - After being heated red hot in a furnace, they were defaced by three impressions of a broad-faced *punsh*,—which were of course visible on the dies as long as they existed; but it is our painful duty to record, that all these implements, which would now have been great curiosities, are lost, and none of the machinery remains but the press, which was rather too large to be pocketted (weighing about half a ton), or it would certainly have followed the rest.

There was burnt down a few years ago, a house on the east side of the court, bordering upon Gray's Close, which was formerly inhabited by Henry, the last Lord Borthwick, before he removed to that house near the lower extremity of the Cowgate, opposite the Chapel, and immediately west of the large new land. A small portion of the original walls remaining, the house has been rebuilt, and Mr Wilson, already mentioned, has his workshop in the ground flat. Adjoining to this is a heterogeneous fabric of stone and wood, apparently of great antiquity. It bears marks internally of having been a coining-house, and in all probability was used for that purpose before the north side of the court was built in 1674.— About fifty years ago, the sons of Sir Alexander Dick of Prestonfield, while at college, resided with their tutor, in the second flat of the east end of the large edifice fronting the Cowgate, which we have already said was the abode in former times of the lower officers of the Mint, *viz.* the Assay-Master, the Smith, Joiner, &c.

It remains to be told, that the Mint and the Close in which it is situated, were, not many

years ago, the most respectable places of residence in Edinburgh. The substantial neatness of the buildings, and the highly finished elegance of their interior, together with the cleanliness and spaciousness of the alley, testify this. Gray's Close could indeed boast of many respectable and even noble inhabitants. About the middle, on the east side, stands, with a large garden behind, the house formerly belonging to and occupied by the Earl of Selkirk. Near the bottom, and opposite to the Mint, is Elphinstone's Court, a small square paved space, bounded on the two sides by a goodly house of four storeys, (dated 1679) in which, second door up stairs, resided forty years ago Mr Alexander Wedderburne, Advocate, afterwards admitted of the English Bar, and who finally became Lord Loughborough and High Chancellor of England. This tenement could not but have been respectable, as it was afterwards possessed by no less a personage than Lord Stonefield, (who occupied also the ground flat;) and LORD LOUGHBOROUGH himself paid it a tribute sufficient to render it interesting, by visiting it after his return from

England. It seems that while he resided in the house, he had got five bowling holes made in the pavement of the court, which fitted it for some game of which he was fond. When he came back to Edinburgh, late in life, he was carried in a chair down to Elphinstone Court, to see if the bowling holes still remained; and on finding them entire, he is said to have apostrophised the scene in some very moving language, as being dear to him from many youthful remembrances. These holes are not now to be seen.

Altogether, this part of the town formed what would now be termed a genteel neighbourhood. In Gray's Close, there were no fewer than two English Chapels. In one of these an organ was set up, December, 1747,* which was the first time the Episcopal Church of Scotland had ventured upon such a bold measure, since the establishment of Presbytery at the Revolution; and many people, at the risk of excommunication, went out of curiosity to hear it.

* At this time there were four English Chapels in Edinburgh.

Here also, on the west side of the close, lived Dr Arrot, an aged medical practitioner of considerable celebrity, as well as a most enthusiastic bibliomaniac,—whose singular figure is still well remembered in Edinburgh. His neat self-contained abode has been, since his death in 1818, divided into small houses for the common people.

HYNDFORD'S CLOSE.

In Hyndford's Close, which is contiguous, dwelt the family of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, in a large flat, second door up stairs, first entry down the close, with windows looking into the former alley. Here the celebrated Duchess of Gordon, who was second daughter of the above gentleman, was born and educated. In the first flat of the house on the other side of the close, which is remarkable for having a row of ten windows to the street over the piazzas opposite to the Fountain Well, lived the Honourable Thomas Cochrane Ochiltree, better known in his time by the name of Commissioner Cochrane, being one

of the commissioners of Excise for Scotland. This gentleman, who in 1758 became eighth Earl of Dundonald, was descended of great whig ancestors, being the grandson of Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, second son of the first Earl, who having fled to Holland from the tyranny of Charles II., came over with Argyll in 1685, and was subsequently taken and brought to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, ignominiously conducted by the common hangman, but eventually pardoned by James VII. His grandmother was a daughter of Sir William Strickland of Boynton, who had been one of Cromwell's Lords of Parliament. It is therefore little to be wondered at, that he was himself a whig and zealously attached to the house of Hanover. We have derived some traditions respecting his family in 1745, from the daughter of one who was then his lady's waiting maid. On the Highlanders approaching the city, Mr Cochrane thought proper to remove to the country, and his lady (the celebrated and lovely Jean Stewart of Torrence,) was just preparing to follow him, when the Prince's army unexpectedly took possession of the

capital. Our venerable authority has "full many a time and oft" heard her mother describe how she and her lady looked over one of these ten windows and saw the detachment of Cameron's Highlanders who rushed in at the Nether-bow, marching up the High Street, while two bag-pipers played, in spirit stirring tones, "We'll awa to Shirra-muir, to haud the whigs in order." She has also heard her mother descant with much delight upon the ball given to the ladies of the city of Edinburgh, by the Duke of Cumberland, after his return from Culloden. Mrs Cochrane and her maid walked down the Canongate to Holyrood-house, where they were received by his Royal Highness and some of his Hessian Officers; and it is reported, that the Duke, after saluting the lady, went up to her attendant, and either because he liked her best, or because he could use the most freedom with her, favoured her with double the compliment.

EARL OF DUMFRIES'S HOUSE, CASTLE HILL.

This house is situated about the middle of the Castle hill, on the south side of the street. Mr T. Anderson's grocery and spirit shop, which is the ground flat of the building, bears the number of 390. The access to the various flats of the building is by a stair entering off the little alley leading to Boswell's Court. It is a singularly tall narrow land, the stories having only three windows each to the street ; and it may be otherwise distinguished from its neighbours on both sides, by the ornaments on the architecture of the upper storey and a cipher over the middle window of the second one. It does not appear that this tenement has ever been occupied by more than one Earl of Dumfries, namely William, the fourth possessor of the title, who succeeded his mother in 1742, added the Earldom of Stair to his title in 1760, and died in 1768, leaving his widow, (Anne, daughter of William Duff of Crombie, Esq., Advocate,) in possession of his house. On the 26th July, 1769, exactly three hundred and sixty five

days after the death of her first husband, this lady married the Honourable Alexander Gordon, Advocate, a son of the second Earl of Aberdeen, and great grandson of the celebrated and unfortunate Sir George Gordon of Haddo, who for his loyalty to Charles I., was brought to the block (or rather the Maiden, for that was the instrument in use at the time,) July, 1644, after enduring a gloomy confinement of some weeks in that part of St Giles' Church since denominated *Haddo's Hole*.

Lang Sandy Gordon (his popular name in those days of simple and unassuming familiarity,) was remarkable for his great share of manly beauty. He was born about 1739, became a member of the faculty of Advocates, 1759, and was appointed a Lord of Session, 1st July, 1786. He then assumed the title of Lord Rockville, from his beautiful estate and house of that name in East Lothian, but did not live long to enjoy his exalted situation. Walking down the High Street one frosty day, when the pavement was rendered very unsafe by the ice, he fell and broke his arm. He was carried into Provost Elder's shop, (now Mr James Hill's) opposite to

the Tron Church, where, surgical aid being procured, his arm was dressed. But unfortunately, while his friends were conveying him home in a sedan, to his new house in Queen Street, (No 64, now occupied by the Earl of Wemyss,) one of the chairmen fell and overturned the vehicle on the street, which unsettled the dressing of his Lordship's arm and was the means of throwing him into a fever that terminated fatally on the 13th of March, 1792.

Lord Rockville had removed, shortly after his elevation to the bench, from the Castle-hill, and left the Earl of Dumfries' house, after occupying it about twenty years, to common people, who now inhabit it in separate flats.

MEMORABILIA OF THE WEST BOW,
INCLUDING THE HISTORY OF MANY REMARKABLE
TENEMENTS.

A COMPLETE traditional history of the West Bow, if any enthusiast could find leisure to write such a work, would be a most agreeable and val-

uable addition to the Traditions of Edinburgh, and perhaps, if as full as it ought to be, might form a respectable independent quarto. The West Bow is a place abounding more in antiquities than any other part of the city, and, what could not fail to render these antiquities interesting to the public, is the circumstance that they are all accompanied in their preservation by anecdotes of a curious and amusing description. It is one of the oldest streets in Edinburgh, and has been less subjected to modern renovations than almost any other place, so that its form and appearance are much the same as they were two hundred years ago; and the traditions with which it abounds have suffered proportionably little from the changes of time. From its peculiarly venerable aspect,—the dark profundities and *culs de sac* that descend from behind it,—its numerous decayed houses with aerial dove-cot-looking gables projecting over the street, seemingly not more secure of their hold than the last leaf of autumn shivering on the aspen's topmost bough, it seems a place full of grandmothers' tales and quite calculated to maintain a wizard or

a ghost in its community. Both of these it has accordingly done within the last century and a half, in the person of the notorious Weir, who first served them in the one capacity, and lastly in the other.

At the head of this street there happened, in the year 1596, a combat between James Johnston of Westerhall, and a gentleman of the house of Somerville, which is thus related in the "Memorie of the Somervills," vol. II. p. 7.

" The other actione wherin Westerhall was concerned happened three years thereftir in Edinburgh, and was only personal on the same account, betwext Westerhall and Bread (Broad) Hugh Somervill of the Writes. This gentleman had often formerly foughten with Westerhall upon equal termes, and being now in Edinburgh about his privat affaires, standing at the head of the Westbow, Westerhall by accident comeing up the same, some officious and unhappy fellow says to Westerhall, " There is Bread Hugh Somervill of the Writes." Whereupon Westerhall, fancying he stood there either to waitt him, or out of con-

tempt, he immediately marches up with his sword drawen, and with the opening of his mouth, crying, “ Turne, Villane ;” he cuttes Writes in the hint head a deep and sore wound, the foulest stroak that ever Westerhall was knoune to give, acknowledged soe, and much regrated eftirwards by himself. Writes finding himself strucken and wounded, seeing Westerhall (who had not offered to double his stroak) drawes, and within a short tyme puttes Westerhall to the defensive part ; for being the taller man, and one of the strongest of his time, with the advantage of the hill, he presses him sore. Westerhall reteires by little, traverseing the breadth of the bow, to gain the advantage of the ascent, to supply the defect of nature, being of low stature, which Writes observeing, keepes closse to him, and beares him in front, that he might not quyte what good fortune and nature had given him. Thus they continued neer a quarter of ane hour, clearing the callsay,* so that in all the strait bow there was

* The causeway. A skirmish fought between the Hamiltons and Douglasses, upon the High Street of Edinburgh, in the year 1515, was popularly termed “ Cleanse the Causeway.”

not one to be seen without their shop doores, neither durst any man attempt to rid them, every stroak of ther swords threatening present death both to themselves and others that should come neer them. Haveing now come from the head of the Bow, neer to the foot thereof, Westerhall being in a pair of black buites, which for ordinary he wore closse drawen up, was quyte tyred. Therefore he stepes back within a shope doore, and stood upon his defence. The very last stroak that Writs gave went neer to have brocken his broad sword in peaces, haveing hitt the lintell of the door, the marke wherof remained there a long tyme. Thereftir, the toune being by this tyme all in ane uproar, the halbertiers comeing to seaze upon them, they wer separated and privatly convoyed to ther chambers. Ther wounds but slight, except that which Writs had upon his head proved very dangerous ; for ther was many bones taken out of it ; however, at lenth, he was perfectly cured, and the parties themselves, eftir Hugh Lord Somerville's death, reconcealled, and all injuries forgotten."

At the period referred to, combats of this description and even tulzies (so to speak), that is to say, skirmishes between the retainers of various noblemen, were of no infrequent occurrence upon the streets of Edinburgh.

On the 24th of November 1567, according to Birrel, the Laird of Airth and the Laird of Wemyss met upon the High Street, and together with their followers, fought a bloody battle, "many being hurte on both sides by shote of pistol." Three days afterwards there was a strict proclamation, forbidding "the wearing of guns or pistols, or aney sick like fyework ingyne, under ye paine of death, the Kings guards and shouldours only excepted." This circumstance seems to be referred to in "The Abbot," vol. II, p. 95—where the Regent Murray, in allusion to Lord Seyton's encounter with the Leslies, in which Roland Græme had borne a distinguished part, says,—“These breils and feuds would shame the capital of the Great Turk, let alone that of a Christian and reformed state. But, if I live, this gear shall be amended; and men shall say, &c.”

On the 30th of July, 1588, according to the same authority, Sir William Stewart was slain in Blackfriars' Wynd by the Earl of Bothwell, who was the most famed disturber of the public peace in those times. The quarrel had arisen on a former occasion, on account of some despiteful language used by Sir William, when the fiery Earl vowed the destruction of his enemy in words too shocking to be repeated, “sua therafter rancountering Sr William in ye Blackfriar Wynd by chance told him he vold now * * * ; and vith yat drew his sword; Sr William standing to hes defence, and having hes back at ye vall, ye Earle mad a thrust at him with his raper, and strake him in at the back and out at the belley and killed him.”*

Ten years thereafter, one Robert Cathcart, who had been with the Earl of Bothwell on this

* Moyses relates the story somewhat differently. “Upon the penult day of January, Sir William Stewart of Carstairs, Knight, who had the custody of the Lord Maxwell, was in the meantime slain in Edinburgh, upon the causeway a little above the Nether-bow, by Francis Earl of Bothwell, on occasion of a lye and sune disdainful words uttered by Sir William to the Earl in his Majesty's chamber some time before.” Memoirs, p. 139.

occasion, though it does not appear that he took an active hand in the murder, was slain in revenge by William Stewart, son of the deceased, while standing inoffensively at the wall in the head of Peebles Wynd, near the Tron.

In June, 1605, one William Thomson, a dagger maker in the West Bow, which was even then remarkable for iron-working handicraftsmen, was slain by John Waterstone, a neighbour of his own, who was next day beheaded on the Castle-hill for his crime.

In 1640, the Lawnmarket was the scene of a personal combat between Major Somerville, Commander of the Forces then in the Castle, devoted to the Covenanting interest, (a relation of Braid Hugh in the preceding extract,) and one Captain Crawfurd,—which is related in the following picturesque and interesting manner by the same writer.—“ But it would appear this gentlemen conceived his affront being publict, noe satisfactione acted in a private way could save his honour; therefore to repair the same, he resolves to challange and fight Somervill upon the High-street of Edenburgh, and at such a tyme when

ther should be most spectators. In order to this designe, he takes the occasione, as this gentleman was betwext ten and eleven hours in the foirnoon hastily comeing from the castle, (haveing been then sent for to the committie of estates and General Leslie anent some important busines,) to assault him in this manner ; Somervill being past the Weigh-house, Captaine Crawfurd observeing him, presentlie steps into a high chope upon the south side of the Landmercat, and there layes by his cloak, haveing a long broad sword and a large Highland durke by his side ; he comes up to Somervill, and without farder ceremonie, sayes, If you be a pretty man, draw your sword, and with that word pulles out his oun sword with the dagger ; Somervill at first was somewhat stertled at the impudenee and boldnesse of the man that durst soe openly and avowedly assault him, being in publict charge, and even then on his duty. But his honour and present preservatione gave him noe tyme to consult the conveniency or inconveniency he was now under, either as to his present charge or disadvantage of weapons, have-

ing only a great kaine staff* in his hand, which for ordinary he walked still with, and that same sword which Generall Rivane had lately gifted him, being a half rapper sword backed, hinging in a shoulder belt far back, as the fashion was then, he was forced to guaird two or three strokes with his kaine before he got out his sword, which being now drawne, he soon puts his adversary to the defencive part, by bearing up soe close to him, and putting home his thrusts, that the captaine, for all his courage and advantage of weapons, was forced to give back, having now much adoe to parie the redoubled thrusts that Somervill let in at him, being now agoeing.

" The combat, (for soe in effect it was, albeit accidentall) begane about the midle of the Land-mercat. Somervill drives doun the captaine, still fighting, neer to the goldsmiths chops, where, fearing to be nailed to the boords, (these chops being then all of timber,) he resolved by ane notable blow to revenge all his former affronts; makeing thairfor a fent, as if he had designed at

*I. e.—Cane.

Somervill's right side, haveing parried his thrust with his dagger, he suddenly turnes his hand, and by a back blow with his broad sword he thought to have hamshekelled* him in one, if not both of his legges, which Somervill only prevented by nimbly leaping backward at the tyme, interposeing the great kain that was in his left hand, which was quyte cut through with the violence of the blow. And now Providence soe ordered it, that the captaine missing his mark, overstrake himself soe far, that in tyme he could not recover his sword to a fit posture of defence, untill Somervill haveing beaten up the dagger that was in the captaine's left hand with the remaineing part of his oun stick, he instantly closes with him, and with the pummil of his sword he instantly strikes him doun to the ground, where at first (because of his baseness) he was mynded to have nailed him to the ground, but that his heart relented, haveing him in his mercy. And att that same instant ther happened several of his oun soulders to come in, who wer soe incensed that they wer ready to have cut

* Ham-stringed.

the poor captain all in pieces, if he had not rescued him out of ther hands, and saw him safely convoyed to prisone, where he was layd in the ironies, and continued in prisone in a most miserable and wretched condition somewhat more than a year." *Memorie of the Somervills, vol II. p. 271.*

In early times, it appears, the inhabitants of the West Bow were peculiarly zealous in the cause of the Covenant. Pitcairne, Pennycuik, and other poets of the Cavalier or Jacobite faction, distinguish the matrons of this street by satirical epithets, such as the "Bow head Saints," the "godly plants of the Bow head," &c. We also see that many of the polemical pamphlets and sermons of the Presbyterian divines since this period, have been published in the Bow.

By far the most curious publications of the latter sort, were those of one William Mitchell, a crazed White Iron Smith, who lived in a cellar at the Bow head, and occasionally held forth as an orator or preacher. What his peculiar tenets were we do not strictly know, but understand them to have been founded upon the opinions held by the rigid party of the Church of Scotland before the

Revolution. Mr Mitchell was altogether a strange mixture of fanaticism, madness, and humour. He published many pamphlets and single sheets, very full of amusing nonsense and generally adorned with a wooden cut of the Mitchell arms.* Some of his poetry was re-printed about twenty years ago by Messrs Oliver & Boyd, in small parcels, and sold at one penny. His verses possess humour equal to that of some of (his contemporary) Allan Ramsay's, but are debased by great coarseness and obscenity. In one of his prose pieces, he gives a curious account of a journey which he made into France, where, he affirms, "the King's Court is six times bigger than the King of Britain's ; his guards have all feathers in their hats, and their horse tails are to their heels ; and their king† is one of the best-favoured boys that you can look upon,—blythe like, with black hair ; and all his people are better natured in general than the Scots or English, except the

* The best and wittiest of the pamphlets which bear his name, are said to be the composition of other wits, who fathered their unacknowledged offspring upon him.

† Louis XV.—then a youth.

priests. Their women seem to be modest, for they have no fardingales. The greatest wonder I saw in France, was to see the braw people fall down on their knees on the clarty ground, when the priest comes by carrying the cross, to give a sick person the sacrament."

The Tinklarian Doctor (for such was his popular appellation,) appears to have been fully acquainted with an ingenious expedient, which we observe practised by many publishers of juvenile toy-books in our own day,—namely, that of self-recommendation. As in certain sage little histories of Tommy & Harry, King Pepin, &c. we are sure to find that "the good boy who loved his lessons," always bought his books from "kind, good, old Mr J. Newberry, at the Corner of St. Paul's Church Yard, where the greatest assortment of nice books for good boys and girls is always to be had,"—so in the works of Mr Mitchell we find some sly encomium upon the Tinklarian Doctor constantly peeping forth; and in the pamphlet from which we made the above extract we have, moreover, a plentiful advertisement or puff of his professional excellence as a White-smith.

"I have," he says, "a good penny-worth of pewter spoons, fine like silver, none such made in Edinburgh, and silken pocks for wiggs, and French white pearl beads,—all to be sold for little or nothing." *Vide* "A Part of the works of that Eminent Divine and Historian, Doctor William Mitchell, Professor of Tinklarianism in the University of the Bow HEAD; Being a Syze of Divinity, Humanity, History, Philosophy, Law, and Physick; Composed at various Occasions for his own Satisfaction and the World's Illumination." In his works he does not scruple to make the personages whom he introduces, speak of himself as a much wiser man than the Archbishop of Canterbury, all the Clergymen of his native country, and even the Magistrates of Edinburgh! One of his last productions was a pamphlet on the murder of Captain Porteous, which he concludes by saying, in the true spirit of a Cameronian martyr, "If the King and Clergy gar hang me for writing this, I'm content, because it is long since any man was hanged for religion." But we give him little credit for this expression; for, whatever may be said, there is fully as much pleasure

and advantage, as pain and loss, in what sectarians are pleased to call martyrdom.

The abode of this singular enthusiast has been pointed out to us, as that low cellar on the west side of the Bow-head, (No. 19,) now occupied by Mrs Philp, a dealer in small wares ; here he is said to have delivered his lectures to the élèves of the Bow-head University.

The profession of which the Tinklarian Doctor subscribed himself a member, has long been predominant in the West Bow. We see from a preceding extract that it reckoned dagger-makers among its worthy denizens in the reign of James VI. ; but this trade has long been happily extinct every where in Scotland ; though their less formidable brethren the white-smiths, copper-smiths, and pewterers, have continued down to our own day to keep almost unrivalled possession of the Bow. Till within these few years there was scarcely a shop in this crooked street occupied by other tradesmen ; and we can easily imagine that the noise of so many hammermen pent up in a narrow thoroughfare, would be extremely annoying. So remarkable was it for this, that

country people always used to ask any acquaintance lately returned from town, if he went to hear "the tinklers o' the Bow,"—reckoning them to form one of the most remarkable curiosities of Auld Reekie.* Yet, however disagreeable their clattering might seem to the natives of the peaceful plain, we are credibly informed, that the people who lived in the West Bow became perfectly habituated to the noise, and felt no inconvenience whatever from its ceaseless operation upon their ears. Nay, they rather experienced inconvenience from its cessation, and only felt annoyed when any period of rest arrived and stopped it. It was for this reason that they became remarkable above all the rest of the people in Edinburgh, for rising early on Sunday mornings which in certain contiguous parts of the town is rather a singular virtue. The truth was, that the people could not rest in their beds after five o'clock, for

* The Royal Infirmary, (finished 1753) which, if we are not mistaken, was the first public building erected in Edinburgh after the Union, used to be considered the chief *lion* in Auld Reekie by the country people who visited the City. It would be worth while to point out the various buildings, now mean and of little account, which, in their day, were considered magnificent and remarkable.

want of the customary noise which commenced at that hour on work-days. It is also affirmed, that when the natives of the West Bow removed to another part of the town, beyond the reach of these dulcet sounds, which so long had given music to their morning dreams, sleep was entirely out of the question for some weeks, till they got habituated to the quiescence of their new neighbourhood. An old gentleman once told us, that having occasion to lodge for a short time in the West Bow, he found the incessant clanking extremely disagreeable, and at last entered into a paction with some of the workmen in his immediate neighbourhood, who promised to let him have another hour of quiet sleep in the mornings, for the consideration of some such matter as half-a-crown to drink on Saturday night. The next day happening (out of his knowledge) to be some species of Saint Monday, his annoyers did not work at all ; but such was the force of a habit acquired even in three or four days, that our friend awoke precisely at the moment when the hammers used to commence ; and he was glad to get his bargain cancelled as soon as possible, for fear of another

morning's want of disturbance.—Such a dispersion has taken place in this modern Babel, within the last few years, that there are now (1824) only two tin-plate-workers in the whole Bow.

About eighty years ago, the West Bow was more open and spacious at the *head* than now. There was a little square space or recess, unoccupied by houses, at the place where the street first contracts ; but the magistrates having let it to some person who kept a booth or stand upon the street, he took undue advantage of his right and erected a tall land upon the spot, which having been permitted to remain, now juts out upon the narrow way, to the great inconvenience of the inhabitants and passengers, adding, it may be said, *another crook* to their already too sinuous lot. Mr James Main's old established book-shop has the advantage of being situated in the conspicuous corner.

Immediately below this is *Major Weir's land*, the stair of which, entering close to Mr Main's shop, and bearing the date 1604, together with the legend,

SOLI DEO HONOR ET GLORIA*

over the door-way, was said to possess a strange peculiarity—namely, that people who ascended it felt as if *going down* and not *up* a stair. But the history of Major Weir's house, as well as that of the tenement in the court behind, will be fully treated in another department of our work.

Near this distinguished fabric, on the west side of the street, is a house said to have been formerly the Assembly rooms of Edinburgh, possessed by Mrs Frier, a dealer in wool and Scottish blankets. Over the door-way of the stair is a religious legend,

IN DOMINO CONFIDO,

and upon a stone above are the arms of Lord Somerville surmounted by a much defaced date, 1602, and the letters, P. S. L. W. Whether this house was built and occupied by that nobleman, it seems to be now impossible to determine. The possessor of the title in 1602, was Gilbert, eighth Lord Somerville who succeeded his father in 1597,

* This legend, so common over the door-ways in Edinburgh, was the fashionable grace before meat at the tables of the Scottish nobility, in the reign of Queen Mary.

and ran through his whole estate by his extravagant manner of living. It was he who so splendidly entertained King James at his castle of Cowthaly, which the witty monarch jocularly called Cowdally, because he observed a cow and ten sheep killed every day for the use of his retinue. It is perfectly probable that this profuse nobleman built a sumptuous town-lodging, and also that he inhabited it, though it does not appear that his nephew Major Somerville lived in the West Bow, while engaged in the siege of Edinburgh Castle in 1640. Perhaps the house, as well as the other possessions of the family, was then alienated. From the "Memorie of the Somervilles," it appears that that brave and noble commander lodged in the Castle hill; and when wounded in an assault which he made upon the Castle, it is expressly mentioned that, for the sake of concealing the circumstance, he was carried to Provost Dick's house in the Lawnmarket. But no where in the whole book is any notice taken of a house in the West Bow.

Certain it is, however, that this is the house in which the people of Edinburgh enjoyed, about

eighty years ago, the pleasures of the “light fantastic toe.” An old depizen and white-smith of the Bow, named Alexander Ballantyne, who died some years ago at a very advanced age, used to tell how often he had in his young days seen the fashionables of the city flocking down this street, in their magnificent dresses,—and how the ladies used to hold up their trains, in ascending the narrow spiral stair to the ball-room,—and how he had frequently seen the whole Bow packed full of sedan chairs,—not to speak of carriages, which species of conveyance was not then so fashionable in Edinburgh as a certain equipage termed by Sir Alexander Boswell in one of his excellent songs,

“a gude pair o’ pattens.”*

The interior of this house bears every mark of having been used as a ball-room. It is now parcelled off into small apartments for the con-

* The first manufacturer of pattens in Scotland was an Englishman, who had his workshop in the Abbey or Sanctuary, anno 1753.

venience of the wool-dealer who occupies it. Yet it may be at once perceived, that, before it was thus degraded, the room had been spacious and elegant; for it seems to have extended to the whole flat; and the ceiling is of oak and carved. At the south end of the premises, a narrow stair ascends, leading to a small room with windows looking into the Bow, which, as viewed externally, appears to be a wooden projection or *out-shot* from the stone building. This little room was allotted to the use of the musicians, when they found occasion to retire from the labours of the orchestra and solace themselves with refreshments. Perhaps, if all traditional accounts of the sons of Euterpe are to be relied on, or if we may credit the testimony of modern observation, this may be supposed to have been what Wordsworth calls,

"A merry place in days of yore."

Here, no doubt, the voice of mirth has frequently resounded, as this proverbially merry tribe enjoyed themselves. But how melancholy a subject

of contemplation has the apartment, together with the adjoining ball-room, now become ! Dark are the walls which once glowed with festive light,—silent the floor that resounded with light and giddy steps ! The scene of so much animation is now filled with one of the most sluggish of substances. We may well quote the beautiful words of Moore, alluding to circumstances of nearly the same description.

“ No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
“ The harp of Tara swells.

* * * * *

“ The harp that once through Tara's halls
“ The soul of music shed,

“ Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
“ As if that soul were fled ;

“ So sleeps the pride of former days,
“ So glory's thrill is o'er,

“ And hearts that once beat high for praise
“ Now feel that pulse no more.”

There was once a window-shutter in this house, of a peculiarly curious description. It was covered with figures of monks in praying and other attitudes, some of them resembling caricatures, carved in *alto rilievo*. It was procured about three years ago, by the Society of Antiquaries and

placed in their Museum.—We have only to add respecting this tenement, that after the votaries of gaiety and fashion deserted it for the genteeler purlieus of the Old Assembly Close, it became the private banking-house of a wool-dealer named Hope. There was also another old wool-dealer,—a Mr John Ballantyne,—who kept a sort of minor bank in a cellar between the premises of the Tinklarian Doctor and the *Assembly land*; but his only business was the exchanging of Scotch for English notes, which he did at a profit of L. 2*½* per cent—the jealousy and apprehension with which people at that time regarded the Bank of England, inducing them to make this enormous sacrifice ! !

Before the opening of the city by means of the Bridges, the West Bow was the principal entry for wheel carriages into the ‘*high town*,’ and through it passed all the processions of our Scottish monarchs, when they formally entered their beloved capital. Being the access by which all that was great and all that was magnificent entered the city during three centuries, it must of course have been witness to many romantic spectacles.

The West Bow has been ascended by Anne of Denmark,* James I., and Charles I., by Oliver Cromwell, Charles II., and James II.—By what a different street did George IV. enter Edinburgh!

Through the West Bow, also, there have passed, in later times, processions of a less pleasing nature. Since a short time after the Restoration, the Grassmarket was the ordinary scene of executions, and thither all criminals were to be conducted by the West Bow. Down this street the unfortunate Porteous was hurried by his unrelenting destroyers, and here it was that he made his chief struggles and entreaties for mercy. No execution has taken place in the Grassmarket since the year 1784, when the west end of the Old Tolbooth was fitted up for this melancholy purpose. The last person executed in the Grassmarket was James Andrew, who was found guilty of a robbery committed in Hope Park. He suffered February 4, 1784. The socket stone of the gallows-tree remained in the causeway till 1823,

* Anne made a ceremonious entry, with all the nobles of Denmark in her train; but the King himself did not accompany her.

when it was removed in the course of repairing the street ; but its situation is still marked by the peculiar arrangement of the stones in the pavement. The first person executed at the West end of the city jail, was Alexander Stewart, a youth of fifteen, who had committed many acts of depredation and was at last found guilty of breaking into the house of Captain Hugh Dalrymple of Fordell in Buccleugh Street, and Nidpath Castle, a seat of the Duke of Queensberry, from which he abstracted various valuable articles. It was expressly mentioned by the Judge in his sentence, that he was to be hanged in the Grassmarket or *any other place that the magistrates might appoint*, which indicates that a change in the place of execution was then contemplated ; and accordingly the west end of the Old Tolbooth was fitted up in time for his execution, which took place on the 20th of April, 1785.

One of the principal curiosities in the West Bow is a hook upon which the ancient gate of the city hung, which may be seen in the wall of the house at the first corner on the east side, about four feet from the ground. In Maitland's

time it would appear that there were two hooks visible: the lower one has in all probability been buried, when the causeway was raised above its former level some years ago. Part of the ancient wall connected with this gate, (built 1450,) is still existing in a cellar at the foot of Donaldson's Close, belonging to Mr David Wilkie, Printer.

On the front of the third storey of the tenement adverted to, is the remains of what was a public clock in former times. This house is otherwise remarkable for having ventilators over all its front windows.

About twenty yards farther down the street, on the north side, bearing the number 69, is the shop in which the rioters of September 7, 1756, obtained the rope with which they hanged Captain Pertous. It was then the shop of a dealer in small wares, by name Mrs Jeffrey, who added a traffic in ropes, to her other motley business. When the rioters called for a coil of ropes, the woman asked 'if it was to hang Pertous with,' and on being answered with a hearty affirmative, she cried that she would willingly give all the ropes in her shop for so good a purpose,

and they laid a guinea upon the counter, as the price of the rope which she handed to them. This shop is now occupied by Mrs Wilson, who is a dealer in nearly the same sort of wares as Mrs Jeffrey.

Nearly opposite to this shop, a little farther down, is an old house, respecting which we have collected no information. Over the door-way at the head of the outside stair by which we ascend is a singular inscription, (divided by a shield with a device,) which with great difficulty we discovered to be

HE YT THOLIS OVERCOMMIS,

or, more intelligibly, *He that bears overcomes.*

Immediately behind this middle department of the West Bow, but entered by Donaldson's Close, at the foot of which it is situated, is a self-contained house belonging to Mr Donaldson, Printer, and long occupied by his parents and himself, but now uninhabited. This was the house of Archibald Stewart, Esq., Lord Provost of Edinburgh in the trying year 1745.

This house is of singular construction, and is as full of curious little rooms, and concealed

closets, and secret stairs; as any house that ever had the honour of being haunted. In one of the rooms, there is a little cabinet about three feet high, which any one not acquainted with the mysterious arcana of ancient houses, would suppose to be a cupboard. Nevertheless, under this modest, simple, and unassuming disguise, is concealed a thing of no less importance and interest than a trap stair! It is said that Provost Stewart, whose Jacobitical principles were well-known, one night entertained Prince Charles and some of his principal officers in his house, and on an alarm arising that a troop of the enemy (possibly supposed to have made a sortie from the castle) were coming down the close to surprise them, the doors were secured and the whole of the guests dispatched through the trap stair, before Mr Stewart admitted his unwelcome visitors—who searched every corner of the house for the objects of their suspicion, but never so much as touched the cupboard, through which the Provost's guests had but a few minutes before made their escape. This hidden passage communicates behind with the West Bow.

It remains to be noticed with respect to the West Bow, that its inhabitants and shop-keepers, though in general humble, are much more respectable than any other community of people of the same rank throughout the town. Here very few bankruptcies ever occur. Most of the shop-keepers are of old standing,* and have reached, in the course of many years application to a small business, if not to wealth at least to easy circumstances. The greater part of them possess their own shops, and live in their own houses; and in such a community, *that* may be considered wealth. Whatever the fashionable merchants of the Bridges and of Prince's Street may think of them, they are not to be despised for the darkness of their shops, or for the *un-business-like* antiquity

* A gentleman, who recollects of Edinburgh for fifty years back, affirms, that there has not been the slightest alteration in the appearance of the Bow all that time, except in the foot-pavement with which all the old narrow streets of the city have been recently lined, at the suggestion of that worthy and most useful magistrate Baillie Robert Johnston. During a period of sixty years previous to 1822, only one house was rebuilt in the West Bow. In short the West Bow is just the "Little Britain" of Edinburgh—the immovable cynosure round which all the rest of the town revolves in confusion.

and awkwardness of their own personal appearance ; for if they cannot boast of splendid and extensive “*warerooms*,” or show a troop of well dressed and genteel “*young men*” behind their counters, they at least do not feel the approach of quarter-day with any degree of apprehension, and while they keep a good balance on their own side at Sir William Forbes’s and write themselves *lairds* of certain tenements in the labyrinthine purlieus or closes behind them, they can stand at their doors with their hands in their pockets and even with their hats on, conscious of being regarded by their neighbours with a high degree of respect and veneration.

THE TEMPLARS’ LANDS.

AT the foot of the West Bow, on the west side,—on the east side of the Grassmarket, running from nearly the middle of the Bow and terminating at the Cowgate-head,—on the south-east corner of the Grassmarket, terminating at the Gray Friars’ Gate,—and at the foot and east side

of the Castle Wynd,—are numerous tenements which being built upon ground originally the property of the Knights Templars, were distinguished in former times by small crosses planted on their fronts and gables. These have of late years gradually disappeared, and there is now only one edifice so distinguished. A few Temple lands are also scattered up and down the north side of the Grassmarket.

The Templars, to whom these lands originally belonged, came into Scotland in the reign of David I.,* and were not long in the country till they attained as great a proportion of the wealth and power of the state, as they had previously appropriated to themselves in every other European country.† There was scarcely a parish wherein they had not either lands, farms, or houses. In Edinburgh a great many buildings belonged to them. When any of their grounds were feued out to secular persons, it was strictly a part of

* 1124—1153.

† It is calculated that they had above nine thousand houses in Christendom.

the bargain, that the houses erected thereon should wear the badge of their order, in token of their superiority over the ground, and of the tenants being liable to answer only to their Courts. Thus they exercised a Jurisdiction over their own lands, distinct from all other authorities.

In the year 1312, Pope Clement V. in a general council held at Vienne in France, suppressed the order of the Knights Templars, on account of the licentiousness and alleged criminality of their conduct ; decreeing at the same time all their property, of whatever description, to be given to the Knights Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem. These Knights, who were nearly of the same description with the Templars, continued in possession of the lands in Scotland till the Reformation, when all religious orders were suppressed. Their entire possessions in Scotland were then granted by Queen Mary to Sir James Sandilands, the last preceptor of their order in Scotland.* He was appointed to this high office in 1538, but embraced the principles of the Refor-

* Their chief preceptory was at Torphichen in Linlithgowshire.

mers in 1553, and resigned all the property of the order into Queen Mary's hands, who, in consideration of his great merit and services, erected these Temple Lands into the Barony of Torphichen in his favour. This grant was burdened with the payment of 10,000 golden crowns and an annual feu-duty of 500 merks, which rendered the Queen's gift of little value, all things considered. He was succeeded in his title and estate by his grand-nephew, James Sandilands of Calder, ancestor of the present Lord Torphichen.

In 1617, the Temple Lands and tenements in Mid Lothian, with most part of the Barony of Torphichen, were acquired by the celebrated Sir Thomas Hamilton, then Lord Binning, and by him erected into the regality of Drem. This regality finally came into the possession of the Hon. John Hamilton,* great-great-great grand-

* This gentleman, who died *anno* 1772, was long a resident in Edinburgh. He built and occupied that self-contained house between the Infirmary and the High School, now divided into separate flats and converted into the class-rooms of various private teachers.—Mr Hamilton always carried a large nosegay in his hand or in his button hole,— whence he was popularly denominated *Flower John*. His

son, of the above, who was obliged to dispose of his right of superiority over the Lands, in 1747, when the hereditable jurisdictions were abolished by Act of Parliament. For the superiority of Drem he demanded the compensatory sum of £.3000, but received only £.500. Previous to this period, the Baron of Drem had been in the habit of exercising all the judicial rights with which he was invested, over the inhabitants of the few tenements at the foot of the West Bow, his bailiff holding occasional courts in any of the houses he pleased to pitch upon ; and as several artizans, not free of the trades of Edinburgh, were harboured in this place, it was a great eyesore to the Magistrates and Town Council.

daughters were remarkably beautiful women, and found good matches. The celebrated Sandy Wood succeeded him in the possession of this house ; after whom, it was occupied by the late Dr Hope, professor of Botany, whose attainments in that science will be long remembered in this city. The house was lastly tenanted by Mr Alexander Manners, one of the magistrates of Edinburgh, who left it in 1810. It was then for some time unoccupied ; and it will be in the recollection of some of our readers, what excellent sport the windows of this deserted mansion afforded to the High-School boys, for a few days, till there was not a single inch of glass left in the window-frames !

Large sums had been frequently offered by them for the Baron's right, but never accepted ; and it was a subject of great triumph and exultation, when the act of 1747 at length rid them of the grievance without the least expence.

Opposite to the flat-roofed Temple Land on which the cross is still to be seen, is an alley termed Campbell's or Hunter's Close, and which also goes, we understand, by several other names. It was over the mouth of this close that Captain Porteous was hanged, upon a dyer's pole, which projected straight out into the street.

DUKE OF GORDON'S HOUSE, CASTLEHILL.

At the foot of the alley called Blair's Close, which is the westernmost in the Castlehill, on the south side of the street, is a house known to have originally belonged to the Gordon Family. Tradition states it to have been the Duke of Gordon's town-lodging, upwards of two hundred years ago ; but, besides the trifling circumstance of this noble family not having at any such period

attained the rank of Duke, there is the greatest reason to believe that this mansion is not of such antiquity, and, moreover, it is ascertainable from history, that in the year 1635, the town mansion of the Gordon family, then Marquisses of Huntly, was in the Canongate, an opposite quarter of the town. What appears most probable, is, that it was the house of the first Duke Gordon, who, in the reign of James VII. (1685—88), held several offices under government and resided much in Edinburgh, being Governor of the Castle,—which fortress, it will be remembered, he held out for the interest of the abdicated monarch, after the Revolution, till the 13th of June, 1689, when he gave it up on honourable conditions.

This house has now a westerly exposure to the * Castle, but was in former times screened by an old house on the west side of the close, taken down, in the course of other repairs, about twenty years ago. The main entry has originally been by a common stair at the first angle in Blair's Close, where we find a door-way of the finest workmanship, surmounted by an ornament com-

prising a coronet supported by two deer-hounds, the well known supporters of the Duke of Gordon's arms. The coronet consists of a circlet with three fleur-de-lis, which is not the description of any coronet used by the British nobility; but as it only wants two intermediate crosses florée with the cap and its apex, to make it resemble a Marquis's, we may safely suppose it to have been intended to represent such, only rudely and imperfectly executed.* This seems to indicate that the Gordon family had inhabited the house at a period antecedent to 1684, when George, fourth Marquis of Huntly, was raised to the rank of Duke of Gordon.

This house is remarkably well and strongly built, the walls being of such thickness that latterly cupboards and even closets have been excavated from them. It is described in its oldest *writts* as "that schlated house in the Castlehill," which being evidently *par excellence* or for the sake of distinguishing it from its thatched

* Moreover, the Scottish Nobility had no coronets appropriate to particular ranks before the Restoration.

neighbours, demonstrates that it must have been originally regarded as a mansion of the utmost splendour. This is a supposition rendered still more forcible, when we consider, that the Royal palaces of Holyrood-house and Falkland were covered with nothing but *thatch*, till towards the middle of the seventeenth century.

After describing so many noble mansions as falling into ruin and degradation, it is somewhat gratifying to have to tell, that this house is preserved in admirable order, and now presents perhaps a better appearance than in its primeval days of ruder grandeur. It belongs to and is possessed by a respectable widow, who, in the internal arrangements of her house, evidently takes a pride in rivalling the magnificence of the New Town, though she does not give into the prevailing fashion of removing to that district; and it must certainly be acknowledged, that in this particular instance, which forms a pleasing exception to the general fate of our old houses, the New Town is completely outshone, so far as regards the comfort, the convenience, and the neatness of a domestic establishment.

This house has passed through several hands since it was inhabited by the Duke of Gordon. The families of Nisbet of Dirleton and Gordon of Braid, have successively possessed it; after whom it was occupied by the Newbyth family; and here it was that the present Mr Baird, and his gallant brother Sir David, were born and brought up. On Sir David Baird's return from the Spanish campaign, he called upon the present proprietor of the mansion, and requested to see the house in which he had passed his infancy, and the garden behind, where he said he had spent many happy days in boyish amusements. After reviewing the house, he was taken out to the garden where he saw the children of the present possessor, engaged in the very same sport which he declared had often been his own,—*videlicet*, the very innocent one of throwing stones and *kail-castocks* down the chimneys of the Grass-market houses, which happen to be placed invitingly open below, at the foot of the hill,—a coincidence in the wagggeries of different generations of boys, that struck him as being very re-

markable, besides bringing fresh to his mind many pleasing recollections of his own youth.

It remains to be told that the immediate predecessor of the present proprietor and tenant, was a Captain Brown of the Hon. East India Company's service, from whom the alley called Brown's Close, where the main entry to this house has latterly been, takes its name. Brown's Close was paved with flags about twenty-five years ago, when a subterranean passage was discovered, crossing under the alley,—which we should suppose to have been that one which is known to have communicated between the Castlehill and some old house in the West Bow, mentioned in Mr Storer's "History and Description of Edinburgh."

RAMSAY GARDEN, CASTLEHILL.

On the northern declivity of the Castlehill, stands a house of fantastic shape, surrounded by a garden and commanding a noble and extensive view to the north. This is well known to have

first belonged to Allan Ramsay, and to have been the retreat of that great pastoral poet, after he resigned the business of an active and well-spent life. He retired to this his country seat in 1755, when he had attained the age of sixty-seven, and here he expected to pass many years in the dignified ease so much the praise of his favourite Horace ; but he had already devoted too much of his time to trade, and a short period of three years was all that he had left for enjoyment—he died in 1758.

The poet was extremely vain of his new house, and the first time that his friend Lord Elibank visited him after his removal to it, he took his Lordship through all the various rooms, and showed off its whole properties, beauties, and conveniences with great satisfaction. He then told his noble friend that the wags about the town likened it to a goose pye. “Indeed,” said his Lordship, “when I see you in it, Allan, I think they are not far wrong !”

The following document, respecting Allan Ramsay, is an advertisement in the Caledonian Mercury of September 16, 1736.—“The New

Theatre in Carrubber's Close being in great forwardness, will be opened the 1st of November. These are to advertise the Gentlemen and Ladies who incline to purchase Annual Tickets, to enter their names before the 20th of October next ; on which day they shall receive their tickets from Allan Ramsay, on paying 30s., no more than forty to be subscribed for ;—after which none will be disposed of under two guineas."—The price and number of the tickets, and the penalty proposed in order to bring forward subscribers, are vivid illustrations of the depressed state of the dramatic amusements in Scotland at that time.

OLD BANK CLOSE, LAWNMARKET.

IT was at the head of this alley that Sir George Lockhart,* President of the Court of Session, was

* Jan, 17, 1658. He was appointed, during his life, Advocate to Oliver Cromwell.

Dec. 28, 1685. Appointed President of the Court of Session. *Hales' Catalogue.*

At the time he was assassinated, Edinburgh Castle was suffering a siege by the Estates, and a parley was beat for a

assassinated by John Chiesly of Dalry, in the year 1689. "The revenge of this desperate man was stimulated by an opinion that he had sustained injustice in a decreet-arbitral pronounced by the President, assigning an alimentary provision of about L.93, in favour of his wife and children. He is said at first to have designed to shoot the judge while attending upon divine worship, but was diverted by some feeling concerning the sanctity of the place. After the congregation was dismissed, he dogged his victim as far as the head of the close on the south side of the Lawnmarket, in which the President's house was situated, and shot him dead as he was about to enter it. This act was done in presence of numerous spectators. The assassin made no attempt to fly, but boasted of the deed, saying, "I have taught the President how to do justice."

cessation of hostilities during Sir George Lockhart's interment in the Greyfriars' Church-yard, which was granted.—*Manuscript quoted in Grose's Antiquities of Scotland.*

Sir George Mackenzie has the following remarkable sentence respecting President Lockhart. "Iracundia, quae alioꝝ oratores turbabat, eum tantum excitare solebat; vocem tamen latratu vultumque rugis deformabat."

The murderer after undergoing the torture, by a special act of the Estates of Parliament, was tried before the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, as high Sheriff, and condemned to be dragged on a hurdle to the place of execution, to have his right hand struck off while he yet lived, and finally, to be hung on the gallows with the pistol wherewith he shot the President tied round his neck. This execution took place on the 3d April, 1689; and the circumstance was long remembered as a dreadful instance of what the law books call the *perfervidum genium Scotorum.*"* To this account of the assassination, may be added the remarkable fact, that the body of Chiesly was stolen from the gallows by his friends, and that it was never known what became of it, till a few years ago, when in removing the hearth-stone of a cottage in Dalry Park, the bones were found, with the remains of the pistol attached to the neck, the whole having been hastily concealed in that place probably in the course of a night.

* The above is a note in the Bride of Lammermoor, one of the Tales of my Landlord.

On the right hand side of the Old Bank Close, about half-way down, there is a house said to have been the common prison of Edinburgh in former times. Maitland takes notice of it as such ; but the peculiar purpose for which it was used as a jail, or the period when it was so, are very uncertain. The date on the architrave is 1569, a period when no private houses were constructed with nearly such strength or view to durability as this stout, stone-built, and thick-walled edifice.

A tradition is preserved in this house, which assigns it as the place in which the unfortunate Earl of Argyll was confined, the night before his execution. He had been committed to the Castle ; but it appears from Laing's History, that it was customary to remove prisoners therefrom to the public jail before execution ; and this had been accordingly done with the Earl. In an anti-room of considerable size, entering from the second landing-place of the broad scale-stair, the guard is said to have been stationed ; adjoining to which is a smaller inner apartment, in which the Earl is said to have passed the night pre-

vious to his execution. There is also a small closet in which the *Locksman* slept. In the morning of that fatal day which was appointed to be the last his Lordship would pass on earth, a member of the Council went into the apartment, to tell him that the hour of execution was arrived, when contrary to his expectation, he found the unfortunate nobleman in a profound sleep, on being awakened from which, he readily and cheerfully declared himself ready to pass to the scaffold. He suffered, 30th June 1685.

There is one circumstance connected with this house, which points it out to have been a place of security in former times,—we mean, the elaborate strength and intricacy of its architecture. The passages from one part to another are difficult and confused; and there is a private stair—a long, narrow, and winding one—leading up from the outer apartment already mentioned, entirely clear of the other apartments, to the top of the house, where there is a flat *bartizan*, from which a view of Heriot's Hospital and the south parts of the City, is obtained.

The traditions just mentioned, are somewhat at variance with the *writts and evidents* of the tenement, which we have carefully inspected. There is a sasine, dated so far back as 1596, in favour of John Gourlay, customer; whose son David Gourlay, in 1637, granted a disposition of the property to the celebrated Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall, in life-rent, and to Sir Thomas Hope of Kerse, second son of the same. In 1696 there is a “ general service and retour of Sir Alexander Hope, as oye and heir of the said Sir Thomas Hope of Kerse ;” by whom the upper part of the house appears to have been disposed in the same year to Hugh Blair, merchant in Edinburgh; who again sold the same to Sir Colin Campbell of Aberuchill, one of the senators of the College of Justice.

Lord Aberuchill was a careful and consequently prosperous man, and amassed an immense quantity of landed property; of which, however, the greater part was dissipated by his son; who was as remarkable for his heedless extravagance as the father had been for prudent management and money-gathering. The house under review

seems to have been preserved in the family as a jointure-house. Dame Katherine Mackenzie, the widow of the senator, resided in it till the year 1717. It was sold in the time of the late Sir James Campbell; who, nevertheless, occupied it afterwards, as a tenant, while residing in Edinburgh for the education of his children, about forty years ago.

It was occupied at one time by Mr Robert Stewart, a worthy and venerable practitioner before the Supreme Courts, and the uncle of that brave and literary officer Colonel Stewart of Garth. It was latterly possessed by Mr Thomas Moffat, writer, who died a few years ago; and since then it has passed through various stages of degradation.

The Bank Close was formerly called Hope's Close, from being the residence of Sir Thomas Hope, whose history being well known, need not be adverted to.

At the foot of the close, there is a little court, from the corner of which ascends the stair of an ancient tenement of good and strong architecture, once occupied by the Bank of Scotland,

and now possessed by the printer to the University. Over the architrave is an inscription—**SPES ALTERA VITAE**,—with the appropriate device of two cross bones, from which springs several ears of grain, emblematising, it is to be supposed, life eternal rising out of death.* The date upon this house is the memorable 1588,—which we think an astonishingly remote period, considering the strength and elegance of the structure.

In the premises lately occupied by Mr Charles Stewart, Printer, and now by Mr Duncan Stevenson, Printer to the University, at the foot of this Close, there exists a curiosity well worthy of attention,—viz., a printing-press said to have been used by the rebel army in 1745. This curious relic exhibits nothing particular in its appearance, except the marks of age; but, assuredly, the purpose for which it was employed—that of giving publicity to proclamations and

* A device similar to this, with the same inscription, are to be seen upon the front of an old fabric, opposite to the Canongate Tolbooth.

declarations which shook the British throne,—makes it an object of the highest and most romantic interest. It is said to have been first used by the Rebels at Falkirk, in publishing the victory which they gained over the King's troops ; but whether it accompanied them throughout the rest of their unfortunate campaign, or remained stationary at the place mentioned, is uncertain. It seems to a printer almost impossible, that such a piece of mechanism could have conveniently followed the rapid motions of the Highland army and continued to be of ready service ; it being absolutely necessary that presses of this construction, should be fixed at once to the roof and floor of the room in which they are situated. This press was purchased by the present proprietor, for a very trifling sum ; and is used in these its veteran days as what is called a *proof press*,—a degradation similar to that of the high-blooded hunter when reduced to the sand cart. We earnestly recommend it to the attention of the Antiquarian Society.

The houses at the head of the Old Bank Close have suffered several times from fire. In 1725

a great conflagration took place, which burnt down nearly half of the Lawnmarket, including one old tenement, situated above the Old Bank Close, which in former times was the town-house of the Abbot of Cambuskenneth. The house then rebuilt, was afterwards destroyed in the same manner in the year 1771 ; and of this latter incident a few particulars may not be uninteresting. The land consisted of six storeys ; of which the ground flat was occupied by a grocer and a baker, as shops ; the first floor by General Lockhart of Carnwath ; the second, by a lady named Mrs Porterfield ; the third, by Mr Ilay Campbell, Advocate, (afterwards President of the Court of Session) ; the fourth, by Mr John Bell, W. S. ; the fifth, by John Hume, Esq., of Ninewells ; and the garret, by General Lockhart's servants. The fire originated in the carelessness of these servants, and was first discovered bursting through the roof, by the soldiers on parade in the Castle. Immediately on the discovery, the greatest exertions were made to prevent the flames from descending to the lower flats ; but all proved ineffectual, and in a few

hours the conflagration reached the shops, where it was not completely quenched till eight o'clock in Sunday morning, after having burnt for sixteen hours. On this occasion all classes of people seemed animated with a desire of contributing their efforts for the assistance of the sufferers. The brewers sent their carts laden with barrels of water for the supply of the engines ; the Leith fire-engine was sent, and, doing great execution, supplied the defect of that belonging to the city, which was out of repair and almost useless ; the soldiers of the Castle were extremely active, both in quenching the flames and in protecting the property brought out to the street ; while the Magistrates superintended the proceedings in person, and even shared in the labours of the fire-men. It providentially happened that the wind blew from the west, otherwise an aged wooden-faced tenement, immediately westward of the house in flames, must have shared the same fate. To the great astonishment of all who witnessed the conflagration, no other building in the neighbourhood suffered the least injury.

It is a remarkable fact, that a fire similar in its circumstances and effects, occurred about three weeks after in the Trongate of Glasgow, which burnt down a large land called, from the number of small families who inhabited it, *Noah's Ark*, besides other valuable property.

OLD HOUSES IN THE LUCKENBOOTHS.

In that part of the High Street termed the Luckenbooths, and directly opposite to the ancient prison-house, stood two lands of old houses, which on getting aged and crazy, were taken down, in the year 1811. They were wooden-faced tenements, and, according to ancient custom, had piazzas or booths below, supported by rude oaken pillars, similar in appearance to the old tenements opposite the Fountain Well. One of them was altogether demolished and renewed; but the eastern tenement was only refreshed with a new front of stone-work, which makes it uniform in outward appearance with the other. The respectable firms of Messrs Clappertons, Mr Ro-

bert Kerr, and Messrs Girdwood and Thomson, Clothiers, now occupy the lower flats, as shops and warehouses.

Byres' Close, which runs down to the North Loch between these tenements, takes its name from the family of Byres of Coats near Edinburgh,—a race of some account and possessed of considerable property in its time, but now apparently extinct, unless, as an antiquarian friend suggests, a few persons named Byres, living at the Water-of-Leith, are of that descent. Part of one of these houses was built in the year 1611, by Sir John Byres of Coats, and the property remained in the possession of his family till about the conclusion of that century. It then passed into other hands, as well as the landed property of Coats, for the family died out and all their possessions were dispersed; but these two properties were afterwards united in one person, in a most remarkable manner, when the late Mr Walker of Coats took a principal share in rebuilding the old tenements in 1811, exactly two centuries after his predecessor in the Coats property had made himself a chief proprietor of the

house in question. Sir Patrick Walker has now in his possession the lintel of the ancient turnpike stair, which, with its inscription "Blissit be God in all his Giftis," the date 1611, and the initials of the builders' names, is certainly one of the finest architraves we have met with in the course of our researches.

The tenement west of Byres' Close and most immediately opposite to the Tolbooth, is said to have been connected in its purposes with that building, when it was used as the meeting-place of the Scottish Parliament; and tradition does not scruple to affirm, that the Sovereign usually repaired thither, to meet the Lords of the Articles and prepare himself for the duties of attending the national assembly. It is even said, that a bridge or arch passed across the street from the house to the Tolbooth, by which the monarch and his attendants entered the hall, without the inconvenience of descending to cross the street; and the marks of some such passage certainly did remain, within our own remembrance upon both the buildings, as well as the doors facing each other in the prison and the house, both built up. The

door in the latter occupied the situation of a central window in the second flat of the edifice ; and that in the Tolbooth entered at a small closet behind the hall in which the Parliament wont formerly to assemble,—a closet which, in modern times, was the peculiar *sanctum sanctorum* of the Captain of the Jail, who occupied it as a sort of counting-room.

We subjoin in a note the description from the title-deeds of the fourth flat of this mansion,* which was first the property of the Byres family, and was afterwards occupied by various persons of distinction. It has frequently been our wonder, how the great of the land could live in the fourth and fifth flats of wooden tenements, the various apartments of which, as occupied at pre-

* “ Ane large fore chamber with ane Studdy, upon the South side of the said Turnpike, off the right hand of the Entry, with ane Transe leading to the rest of the house, and a Kitchen on the west side of the said Transe, with ane hanging stair on the west side thereof, divided into two rooms and the Back-hall within; and upon the north side of the said chamber, with ane Summer dining-room, on the west side of the samen, and Chamber of Dice within the said Back-hall, and Studdy on the east-side thereof, and Loft above the said Chamber of Dice and Back-hall aforesaid.”

sent by humble mechanics, seem confined and inconvenient to the last degree, and present nothing to our eyes but an undistinguished confusion of small rooms, squalid, ruinous, and uncomfortable. Yet from this it would appear, that our ancestors were accustomed to consider a small suite of such apartments perfectly adequate to all the necessities and even comforts of domestic life; as each of the various rooms is here designated according to its particular purpose, and there is upon the whole a nearly complete set of these, according to even the refined notions of modern times. That the house opposite the Tolbooth was formerly one of the most fashionable residences in Edinburgh, is testified by the circumstance of its having been occupied by such personages as Lord Coupar, Lord Lindores, Sir William Purves of Woodhouslee, and Sir James Johnston of Wester-hall. The fourth flat already mentioned, was possessed by George Brown of Coalstoun, Esq., one of the most respectable landed proprietors in Haddington-shire and an Advocate. It was even his residence for some time after he was promoted to the bench. He

is mentioned in the title-deeds as living here in the year 1752. He was appointed a Lord of Session in 1756, and it was not till 1757, that he quitted it for a better mansion in the Castlehill. The property was bought by Robert Bruce, Esq., of Kennet, an equally respectable Advocate, who afterwards became a Lord of Session ; and he did not remove till 1762, when he sold it to Baillie Stoddart, afterwards Lord Provost of the City, whose town-politics made a great noise about fifty years ago.

While Lord Coalstoun lived in this house, a strange accident one morning befell him. It was at that time the custom for Advocates and no less for Judges, to dress themselves in gown, wig, and cravat, at their own houses, and to walk in a sort of state, thus rigged out, with their cocked hats in their hands, to the Parliament House. They usually breakfasted early, and, when dressed, were in the habit of leaning over their parlour windows, for a few minutes before St Giles' bell sounded the starting peal of a quarter to nine, enjoying the agreeable morning air, and perhaps discussing the news of the day, or the debauches of the preced-

ing evening, with a neighbouring Advocate, on the opposite side of the alley. In this manner, the Advocates' Close, or even one less filled with the sons of Themis, would sometimes resemble a modern coffee-room more than any thing else. It so happened that one morning, while Lord Coal-stoun was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls, who lived in the second flat above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which, in thoughtless sport, they had swung over the window, by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature was getting rather desperate with its exertions. In this crisis, his Lordship popped his head out of the window directly below that from which the kitten swung,—little suspecting, good easy man, what a danger impended, like the sword of Dyonisius, over his head, hung, too, by a single—not *hair*, 'tis true, but scarcely more responsible material—*garter*,—when down came the exasperated animal at full career, directly upon his senatorial wig. No sooner did the girls perceive what sort of a landing place their kitten had found, than in terror and surprise, they began to draw it up; but this

measure was now too late, for along with the animal, up also came the Judge's wig, fixed full in its determined talons. His Lordship's surprise on finding his wig lifted off his head, was redoubled, when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling its way upwards, without any means, visible to him, by which its motions might be accounted for. The astonishment, the dread, the almost *awe* of the Senator below,—the half mirth, half terror of the girls above,—together with the fierce and relentless energy of retention on the part of puss between,—altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice, but which George Cruikshank might perhaps embody with considerable effect, in one of those inimitable sketches which he is pleased to call Points of Humour. It was a joke soon explained and pardoned ; but assuredly the perpetrators of it did afterwards get many lengthened injunction from their parents, never again to fish over the window, with such a bait, for honest men's wigs.

The eastern tenement, which we have mentioned as being renovated by a new front, formerly was the lodging of Adam Bothwell, Commen-

dator of Holyrood-house, who is remarkable for having performed the marriage ceremony of Queen Mary and the detested and infamous Earl of Bothwell, according to the rites of the Protestant Church. This ecclesiastic was the grandson of Richard Bothwell, Provost of Edinburgh in the reign of James III., and was grand-nephew of Richard Bothwell, and son of Francis Bothwell, two of the *Senatores Principes* of the Court of Session at its institution in 1532. He was also a Lord of Session himself and the father of another Lord ;—hence his epitaph in the Abbey Church of Holyrood-house, where he was buried,

Nate senatoris magni, magne ipse senator,
Magni senatoris, triplici laude, parens, &c.

While Bishop of Orkney, he embraced the principles of the Reformers ; and having the property of the bishoprick in his own person, he exchanged the see for the Abbacy of Holyrood-house, which he held till his death in 1593. His son followed James VI. to England, and had the monastery of Holyrood-house, together with other lands, erected into a temporal Lordship for him, in 1670 ;

when he became a peer under the title of Lord Halryrudhous. But the title has been dormant since the year 1635, and the family is now extinct in the male line.

At the back of the Commendator's house, there is a projection, on the top of which is a bartizan or flat roof, faced with three lettered stones. There is a tradition that Oliver Cromwell lived in this house, and used to come out and sit here, to view his navy on the Forth, of which, together with the whole coast, it commands a view; and if we consider that his guard-house was in the neighbouring alley called Dunbar's Close, there is every reason to give credit to the story, though it is in no shape authenticated or countenanced by history.

These houses preserved, until their recent renovation, all the characteristics of that ancient mode of architecture, which has procured for the edifices constructed upon it, the dignified appellation of *Mahogany Lands*. Below were the Booths or Piazzas, once prevalent throughout the whole town, in which the merchants of the Laigh Shops or Cellars were permitted to exhibit their

goods to the passengers. The merchant himself took his seat at the head of the stair, and attended to the wants of passing customers, frequently using those methods of attracting them which are ascribed to Jin Vin and Dick Tunstall in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, but softened by the national characteristic to a less obtrusive tone of solicitation. By the ancient laws of the Burgh, it was required that each of these merchants should be provided with “ lang wappinis, sick as a spear or a Jeddart Staff,” with which he was to sally forth and assist the Magistrates in time of need; and this mode of putting down *tulzies* and *cleansing the causey*,—to use the appropriate expressions, certainly places the ancient traders of the Scottish Capital above those of London, who, if we are to believe the novel alluded to, rather loved to strike in and enjoy a street tumult, than to array themselves as ministers of peace for its suppression.

This house could also boast of that distinguished feature in all ancient wooden structures, a *fore stair*, an antiquated convenience, happily now almost extinct, consisting of a flight of steps ascend-

ing from the pavement to the second flat of the mansion and protruding a considerable way into the street. Great nuisances as these appear to modern eyes, it is probable that if such of them as remain, retained *all* their former characteristics, the present fastidious generation would consider them much more worthy of their horror and aversion. What will or readers think, when they are informed, that under these projections our ancestors kept their swine? Yes! we can assure them, *outside stairs* was formerly but a term of outward respect for what were as frequently denominated *swines' crives*; and the rude inhabitants of these narrow mansions were permitted, through the day, to stroll about the "Hie Gait," seeking what they might devour among the heaps of filth which then encumbered the street,* as barn door fowls are at the present

* Edinburgh was not in this respect worse than other European cities. Paris, at least, was equally disgusting. Rigord, who wrote in the twelfth century, tells us, that the King standing one day at the window of his palace near the Seine, and observing that the dirt thrown up by the carriages produced a most offensive stench, resolved to remedy this intolerable nuisance by causing the streets to be paved. For a long time, swine were permitted to wallow in them;

day suffered to go abroad in country towns ; and, like them, (or like the town-geese of Musselburgh, which to this day are privileged to feed upon the race-ground,) the sullen porkers were regularly called home in the evening by their respective proprietors.

These circumstances will be held as sufficient evidence, notwithstanding all the enactments for the “ policy of biggingis” and “ decoring the tounes,” that the stranger’s constant reproach of the Scots for want of cleanliness, was not altogether unmerited. Yet, to show that our countrymen did not utterly lack a taste for ornament and a desire of making a decent appearance before strangers, let it be recollected, that on every occasion of a public procession, entry of a Sov-

till the young Philip, being killed by a fall from his horse, from a sow running between its legs, an order was issued that no swine should in future run about the street. The monks of the Abbey of St Anthony remonstrated fiercely against this order, alleging that the prevention of the saint’s swine from enjoying the liberty of going where they pleased, was a want of respect to their patron. It was therefore found necessary to grant them the privilege of wallowing in the dirt without molestation, requiring the monks only to turn them out with bells about their necks.

tion in the other. The Hon. Henry Erskine, who frequently noted him, used to say that he had more of *the air of the shop* about him, than any man he saw walk upon the street. Indeed, the nest does not more truly take its roundness from the breast of the bird, nor the shell its form from the shape of the snail, than did poor Thomas Bryce his figure from the proportions of his shop.

We will conclude our account of this old tenement, with the description of its situation from the Title-deeds. It is called “all and haill that Lodging or Timber Land, lying in the burgh of Edinburgh, on the north side of the High Street thereof, forgaist the place of the Tolbooth, comonly called the Poor folks’ Purses.” The latter place was a part of the northern wall of the Prison, and derived its name from a curious circumstance. It was formerly the custom for the privileged Beggars, called *Blue-Gowns*, to assemble in the Palace-Yard, where a small donation from his Majesty was conferred on each of them; after which they moved in procession up the High Street, till they came to this spot, where

the Magistrates were bound to give each a leathern purse, with a small piece of money ; and as soon as they had got their alms, they went into the High Church to hear sermon.

COVENANT CLOSE.

AT the bottom of this close is a house, (now occupied as a tavern,) in one of the rooms of which the Solemn League and Covenant was placed, in 1640, to receive the signatures of the people. The close derived its name from this circumstance.

This house, which terminates the close, and has a fine exposure to the south, consists of seven storeys (accessible by a common stair) all of which seem to have been respectable residences in former times. The second flat was the property of Lord Alemoor, a most distinguished orator and dignified judge,* who, while he lived here, kept a carriage and a complete establishment of household servants, though the mansion only con-

* Appointed to the bench 1759—died 1776.

sists of five rooms, a kitchen, and scullery. The internal appearance of the house is extremely fine, and exhibits many beautiful decorations. The ancient comfortable system of panelling here predominates in all its glory; and it is peculiarly gratifying to observe, that the whole house is preserved, in these latter days, by the present respectable tenant, in a state worthy of its ancient condition.

The third floor was formerly occupied by — Murray, Esq., of Cherrytrees; and the upper flat was, in 1754, possessed jointly by Messrs Macqueen and Veitch, advocates, afterwards better known as Lords Braxfield and Elliock.

THE BLACK TURNPIKE.

THIS ancient edifice stood at the head of Peebles Wynd, upon the spot now occupied by a haberdashery-shop, called the *Gallery of Fashion*. Tradition assigned to it the most distant antiquity, and affirmed that it was built by King Kenneth, the extirpator of the Picts, and that it

had been at one period the residence of Robert Bruce ; but the laborious and accurate Maitland discovered, that it had only been built by George Robertson, a burgess of Edinburgh, in the year 1461. Even, however, supposing this to be the true date, the Black Turnpike must have been nearly a century older than any other existing tenement in the city. It was taken down, in order to perfect the plans of the South Bridge Street, in 1788.

Though partly defaced by a false wooden front, it was easy to be discerned, that this was nearly the most sumptuous building in Edinburgh. It was of great height and extent ; and, besides one fine front to the High Street, had another looking into Peebles Wynd, which contained three common stairs, connecting with the different departments of the tenement.

It contained a small apartment, 13 feet square and 8 feet high, with a window to the street, in which the unfortunate Mary was confined for one night after the battle of Carberry Hill. This fact is perfectly authentic. She was conveyed along the streets by her rebellious subjects, to

be gazed upon by the incensed mob, who, from their windows and *fore-stairs*, railed at her with the most spiteful language ; and was lodged in the Provost's house, under a strong guard, but without a single female attendant to wait upon her. In the utmost disgust and dejection, she was left to her rest ; but in the morning a new scene of misery awaited her ; for when she looked out of her window, the first object presented to her sight was a banner, whereon was painted the murdered Darnley laid under a tree, and the young prince upon his knees, with these words proceeding out of his mouth, “ Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord !”—upon sight of which she burst into tears, and calling upon the people who were gazing upon her from the streets, she said, “ Good people, either satisfy your cruelty and hatred by taking away my miserable life, or relieve me from the bands of such inhuman and villainous traitors !” Some of the crowd then relented, and were about to fly to arms in her favour, when she was removed to Holyrood-house by the rebel lords, who soon appeased the populace by promising her liberty, though they did

not the less rigorously determine next day upon immuring her in Lochleven Castle. This was, therefore, the last day of her brief and unhappy reign.

The Provost, to whom the house at this time belonged, was Sir Simon Preston of Craigmillar, who held his office anno 1567—8.

Before the demolition of the property in 1788, there was a nightly auction of books in one of the shops fronting the street, which Robert Burns was in the habit of attending almost every evening during his stay in Edinburgh.

THE HORSE WYND.

BEFORE the erection of the South Bridge, the Horse Wynd was the best access to the City from the southern districts, and was then a place of fashionable resort. Many respectable people and even noblemen had their residences in it, as most of the houses, which are spacious and well built, testify to this day, though the place is now completely degraded by the intrusion of the

vulgar. About the middle of the wynd, on the west side, there is a sumptuous edifice, once the town-mansion of the Earl of Galloway, subsequently possessed by Baron Stuart of the Exchequer, who, in his time, kept the most splendid establishment in town, and finally occupied by a respectable medical practitioner, the late Dr Nathan Spens. The lobby of this house is paved with marble, and the whole structure is upon a scale of corresponding magnificence.—Farther down, upon the opposite side, there is another lofty and well built edifice (No 6), the northern wing of which was possessed by Lord Kennet. Here that gentleman resided for some years before his death, in a style of elegance suitable to the rank and dignity of the ancient family which he represented. His Lordship's coach-house and stable were situated in the alley behind, from which there was an entry to the menial parts of the house. The various flats are now occupied by Mr John Forbes, Bookbinder, and Mr David Webster, Printer. Lord Kennet had formerly lived in *Baillie's Land*, a large house near the head of the Cowgate and almost opposite to the Magdalen

Chapel, which was at no remote period considered a most respectable abode. Provost Laurie,* who succeeded Lord Kennet in this house, occupied it about forty years ago. He kept a carriage and had his coach-house in the close.

THE HOUSE

IN WHICH HENRY BROUGHAM WAS BORN.

THE birth and existence of this illustrious orator depended upon a chance circumstance, which will strike every one with wonder. The father of Mr Brougham, it is well known, was proprietor of Brougham Hall and a fine estate in the north of England, which still form the patrimony of the family. He was about to be married to a lady in his own neighbourhood, to whom he was passionately attached, and every preparation had been made for their nuptials, when, to Mr Brougham's great grief, his mistress died. To beguile him-

* Provost Laurie was an Apothecary, and is remarkable for having been Provost of the City, at the memorable period when the New Town was founded in 1767.

WORK-YARD AND HOUSE OF BRODIE,
THE HOUSEBREAKER.

WILLIAM BRODIE, who was executed at Edinburgh on the 1st of October, 1788, resided in that close on the south side of the Lawnmarket, which still bears his name. His work-shop and yard are now possessed by Mr Giles, Wright and Upholsterer. To this yard, it is said, his body was conveyed, immediately on being cut down, by his workmen ; who were instructed to use all their endeavours to procure re-animation, —which they did, it is also affirmed by some, *with* effect. But these are reports which it would be difficult to authenticate.

Brodie's house is to be found in its original state, first door up a turnpike stair in the south east corner of a small court near the foot of the close. The outer door is remarkable for its curious, elaborate workmanship. The house is well built, and the rooms exhibit some decorations of taste. The principal apartment, of which the

ceiling is remarkably high, contains a large panel-painting of the Adoration of the Wise Men, and has an uncommonly large arched window to the west. The house is now occupied by William Christie, a decent carpenter; while the flat above, once the abode of Miss Grace Barclay, who kept a boarding school for young ladies, is possessed by Mr Thomas Heriot, Linen-draper, Lawnmarket.

ÆDES JOANNIS PATERSONI.

IN the “*Selecta Poemata*” of Dr Pitcairn, we find a distich “In ædes Joan. Patersoni,” to the following effect :—

“ Cum victor ludo, Scotis qui prorsus, esset,
“ Ter tres victores post redimitos avos,
“ Patersonus, humo tunc educebat in altum
“ Hanc, quae victores tot tulit una, domus.”

which may be thus translated, “in the year when Patersone won the prize in golfing, a game peculiar to the Scotch, in which his ancestors

had nine times gained the same distinction, he raised this lofty house from the ground,—a victory more honourable than all the rest.” To this a note of illustration is found at the 238th page of the 1st volume of Gilbert Stuart’s “Edinburgh Magazine and Review,”* published 1774,—to the following effect. “This seems the least spirited of all the epigrams of Pitcairn. It has the good fortune to be recorded in gold letters on the house itself, near the foot of the Canongate, almost opposite to Queensberry House. It is probable that what the Doctor meant as a jest, Patersone believed to be a serious panegyric.”

Tradition gives a somewhat different colour to this circumstance. Among many stories which we have heard related, the following seems the most probable. During the residence of the Duke of York in Edinburgh, of which we have already given a sketch, that prince frequently resorted to Leith Links, in order to enjoy the sport of golfing, of which he was very fond.

* The curious critique upon Pitcairn’s “*Poemata*,” to which we allude, is said to have been written by Lord Hailes.

Two English noblemen, who followed his court, and who boasted of their expertness in golfing, were one day debating the question with his Royal Highness, whether that amusement were peculiar to Scotland* or England ; and having

* Golfing is an amusement of considerable antiquity in Scotland, and was the object of a statute in the reign of James II., (1457), enacting, " That fute-ball and golfe be utterly cryed down," because, it would appear, these amusements interfered with the practice of archery, which the policy of the Scottish King endeavoured to encourage, for the sake of better competing with the English archers, so formidable by their expertness in the use of the bow. Charles the First was fond of golfing, and, during his visit of 1642, was engaged in a game on Leith Links, when the news of the Irish rebellion reached him; which striking him with consternation, he instantly left the ground in his carriage, and next day proceeded to London. His son James was equally fond of the sport, and frequently played on Leith Links; which was the principal resort of golfers, long before the Burgh Muir became fit for the game. James was also much attached to tennis, which was then a more fashionable amusement than golfing, though it has latterly given place.—The common called Craigentinny, a piece of waste ground which once skirted the beach opposite Seafield Toll-Bar, and is now entirely washed away by the sea, was likewise a great resort of golfers during the seventeenth century. The Logans of Restalrig had a piece of ground, near their seat at Lochend, appropriated to their own amusement; to which the inhabitants of Canongate, and the courtiers in latter times, were in the habit of repairing, after the possessions of the above family were forfeited. There is a tradition preserved among the descendants of the

some difficulty in coming to an issue on the subject, it was proposed to decide the question by an appeal to the game itself; the Englishmen agreeing to rest the legitimacy of their national pretensions as golfers, together with a large sum of money, on the result of a match, to be played with his Royal Highness and any Scotchman he could bring forward. The Duke, whose great aim at that time was popularity, thinking this no bad opportunity both for asserting his claims to the character of a Scotchman, and for flattering a national prejudice, immediately accepted the challenge; and, in the meantime, caused diligent inquiry to be made, as to where the most efficient partner could be found. The person recommended to him for this purpose was a poor man, named John Patersone, a shoemaker, who

Logans, who are considerable proprietors in Berwickshire, that Halbert Logan, one of the last of the race who resided in the neighbourhood of his ancient patrimonial territory, was one day playing here, when a messenger summoned him to attend the Privy-Council. Despising this, and being also heated by his game, he used some spiteful language to the officer, who instantly went to court and reported the same; and a warrant being then issued by the incensed councillors, on a charge of high treason, he was obliged to throw down his club, mount a fleet horse, and fly to England.

was not only the best golf-player of his day, but whose ancestors had been equally celebrated from time immemorial. On the matter being explained to him, Patersone expressed great unwillingness to enter into a match of such consequence ; but, on the Duke encouraging him, he promised to do his best.—The match was played, in which the Duke and his humble partner were of course victorious , and the latter was dismissed with a reward corresponding to the importance of his service—being an equal share of the stake played for. With this money he immediately built a comfortable house in the Canongate, in the wall of which the Duke caused a stone to be placed, bearing the arms of the family of Patersone, surmounted by a crest and motto, appropriate to the distinction which its owner had acquired as a golfer.*

Dr Pitcairn, who would naturally take an interest in this transaction, appears to have commemo-

* In the first edition, we gave a version of this story somewhat different from the above, which we now adopt in preference. We are chiefly indebted for it to a brief but satisfactory " Historical Account of the Game of Golf," lately printed by the Leith Club of Golfers, for the use of their own Society.

rated John Paterson's achievement, by the stanza which we have quoted. The plain flat slab upon which the epigram was engraved, is still to be seen in the front-wall of the second flat of the house; though the gilding mentioned in the note is now gone. Under the distich there is placed a singular motto, *vix.*, "I hate no person," which, as it proves to be an anagrammatical transposition of the letters contained in the words "John Paterson," leaves no room for doubt as to the name of the hero who figures in the several legends to which the fact in question has given rise.*

The coat of arms alluded to† is placed near the top of the house, and bears—three pelicans vulned—on a chief three mullets—Crest—a dexter hand grasping a golf-club—Motto, "*Far and sure.*"

* Lord Hailes, in his Illustration of Pitcairn, takes no notice of this anagram, finding it, we suppose, perfectly unintelligible, and not having access to the tradition by which its meaning came to our knowledge.

† "The Patersons, designed of Dalkeith of old, carried three pelicans feeding their young, or, in nests, vert, with a chief, azure, charged with mollets argent." *Nisbet's Heraldry, Edinburgh, 1722*, p. 362.

BLACKFRIARS' WYND.

THIS distinguished alley existed in the year 1230, when King Alexander the Second granted it to the Dominican Monks of the monastery which he at that time founded upon a spot adjacent to the present High School.* It does not appear, however, to have then been more than a mere passage between the Cowgate and the High Street ; for he gives the monks permission to build houses on it for their support ; which

* "King Alexander granted to the Blackfriars a street called at present Blackfriars' Wynd, 'cum transitu ejusdem, qui dicitur *Le Venelle*, ita quod dicti fratres, in praedicta platea seu transitu qui dicitur *Le Venelle*, possint, secundum quod videbitur eis expediens, domos aut ædificia construere aut ædificare.' " *Mr Russel's Edition of Keith's Catalogue*, p. 44.

The Vennel here mentioned, which of course must have been what is at present denominated the *High School Wynd*, Maitland, with characteristic stupidity, renders as a street crossing the wynd, instead of leading towards it.

The distinction between *domos construere* and *ædificare* certainly indicates that the former were at that time constructed in a very simple manner and not of stone.

demonstrates that it was not previously lined with buildings.

A remarkable incident took place at the head of Blackfriars' Wynd in the year 1668. As Sharpe, Archbishop of St Andrew's, was sitting in his coach, waiting for the Bishop of Orkney, who was coming down to him from the house which Sharpe then inhabited, (a tenement called the Bishop's Land, burnt down in 1813,*) and just as the latter was approaching the vehicle, whilst the Archbishop was blessing the people in the street, one Mitchell, a presbyterian enthusiast, aimed a pistol at the Primate, which missed him, but shot his companion† in the arm and

* This house had a brazen balcony where these Prelates used to sit and bless the Parliament as it passed during its *Ridings*. The cornices of the rooms had been gilt, and it was otherwise a splendid mansion.

† There is something exceedingly wild and poetical in Law's account of this person's death. He says, "This year, 1676, Mr Hinniman was cut off by a strange death. At the first when the bishops took place in Scotland in the year 1662, he declared himself much against them, yet afterward he inclined to that syd, and was made bishop of Orkney; and being in his house there, he goes up one night to his chamber, where he was heard to make a noise and din upon the floor, his hat cast to one place, his cap he used on his

groin with no fewer than five balls. The assassin fled ; the gates of the city were shut ; and a strict search for him was instituted, but without effect. About six years after, the Archbishop thought he recognised in a man who eyed him narrowly, the features of the villain, and ordering him to be seized, a pistol was found upon his person, loaded with three balls. He was examined before the Privy Council, and upon his life being assured to him, he confessed his guilt ; but on being brought before the Court of Justiciary, and required to adhere to that confession, he refused, and had the resolution to persist in his denial, even under the application of the torture, till he fainted through extremity of pain. He was then sent as a prisoner to the Bass Rock, where he remained two years. On a future occasion, when the Scottish ministry wished to strike terror into the Covenanters, he was again

head to another, and his gown about him torn in pieces. His wife caused bring him down, and laid him in another room upon a bed, where he expressed himself thus, *Something came between me and my light*, and in a few dayes he died languishing. Oh it's a dangerous thing to sin against light." *Memorials*, p. 101.

brought to town ; and finally, after a second trial, he was condemned and executed. Mitchell's fate has been canted about by Arnot, as one of the most flagitious instances of the perversion of justice upon record, and the wretched man has even been incorporated with the Cameronian Martyrology ; but, if we are to believe Sir George Mackenzie, his judges considered themselves justified in retracting their promise, on the grounds that he had contumaciously *resiled* from his confession.

Blackfriars' Wynd is terminated at the northern extremity by a large land fronting to the High Street.* In the second flat of this house, (first door up stairs, right hand,) there once lived a very distinguished lady,—the widow of Simon, Lord Lovat, who suffered in 1747. Lady Lovat died here in 1796, at the age of eighty six, after having survived her husband nearly half a century.

Of the inhabitant of this house, we beg to relate an anecdote, upon the testimony of an

* Burnt down, February 1825.

article in the *Quarterly Review* upon the "Culloden Papers," known to have been written by Sir Walter Scott,—an article, we may observe, which, while it contains the best account of the Highlands of Scotland ever presented to the public, is distinguished by all the customary graces of its author's singularly fascinating style.

"Lord Lovat's last wife, though nearly related to the family of Argyll, was treated by him with so much cruelty, that the interference of her relations became necessary. We have heard that a lady, the intimate friend of her youth, was instructed to visit Lady Lovat, as if by accident, to ascertain the truth of those rumours concerning her husband's conduct, which had reached the ears of her family. She was received by Lord Lovat with an extravagant affection of welcome, and with many assurances of the happiness his lady would receive from seeing her. The chief then went to the lonely tower in which Lady Lovat was secluded without decent clothes, and even without sufficient nourishment. He laid a dress before her becoming her rank, commanded her to put it on, to appear, and

to receive her friend as if she were the mistress of the house in which she was in fact a naked and half-starved prisoner. And such was the strict watch which he maintained, and the terror which his character inspired, that the visitor durst not ask, nor Lady Lovat communicate, any thing respecting her real situation. It was, however, ascertained by other means, and a separation took place." QUAR. REV. Vol. XIV. p. 326.

Lord Lovat married Miss Primrose Campbell, in order to secure the Argyll interest, of which, in his dark and nefarious courses, he stood in the greatest need. He had one son by her, the Hon. Mr Campbell Fraser of Lovat, who succeeded to the estate on the death of his elder brother, the amiable General Fraser.—She was a coarse-mannered, homely woman, and so ill-natured that every body hated her.* Her husband's bad treatment had not broken her spirit, but perhaps rather tended to increase her natural irritability and sullenness. She once paid a visit to Mrs Campbell of Monzie, at Inveraw,

* A very different character of this ambiguous lady will be found in the second volume of this work.

where being desired to sit down on a *bunker seat* in a window, she said, in a highly offended tone, “ Wad ye gar me sit in a seat like that ! ” and took a prodigious peat, which lasted during the visit.—Lady Lovat lived two years on eggs, from fear of poison, and at last narrowly escaped the fate which she apprehended. Her grandson, a boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who resided with her in Edinburgh, taking some offence, bought arsenic, which he put into the porridge which usually constituted her ladyship’s supper. Feeling unwell that night, she did not eat any, but gave the dish to the Honourable Mrs Elphinstone, who lived with her as an humble companion. She eat of it, was taken ill, and died, though Mr Wood, the Surgeon, tried all he could to save her. The boy who perpetrated this wicked action, lamented the result with many tears, for he was fond of Mrs Elphinstone, though he wished to destroy her mistress. He was sent to sea.—Lady Lovat used to say to her son, when he frowned at any contradiction she give him, “ Oh, callant, dinna gloom that gate—

ye look sae like your grandfather !”*—She died of a cancer, and her body, for some reason or other, was kept a long time,—so long as even to alarm the Old-Town noses of the neighbours. Old Miss Hepburn of Humbie, who lived in the same tenement, remonstrated vehemently, and made no scruple of wondering “ what they war keepin’ her sae lang for—stinking a’ the stair !”—though one might have expected the delicacy of the old lady’s sensations to be by no means acute, after a residence of thirty years in a common stair in Blackfriars’ Wynd. A witty tailor, who nestled in the garret, and who yet was not beyond reach of the annoyance, drily remarked to Miss Hepburn, that “ Lady Lovat had been but a *stinkin’ madam*† a’ her life, and could na be expected to mend noo !”—

The first house down the Wynd, on the left hand, was formerly a Roman Catholic Chapel, and is supposed to have existed so far back, as even

* It is very remarkable that Lord Byron’s mother used to address her son, upon similar occasions, in words nearly to the same effect.

† Meaning a proud and stingy dame.

the time of the Reformation. Certain it is, that it was burnt down about the middle of the seventeenth century, while the troops of Oliver Cromwell possessed the town.*

A little farther down, on the right hand, is the main entry of a house to which there is another access by Strichen's Close. This is the house already mentioned, as the residence of the Earl of Morton, and afterwards that of Provost Grieve. Over the door is a plain shield, surmounted by a coronet, and supported by two unicorns *couchant*; which insignia, however, have no connection with the armorial distinctions of the Earl of Morton.

A few yards further down, on the left hand, is a house with a spiral common stair; which was burnt down in the year 1791. Over the door is a stone with this inscription, "PAX INTRANTIBUS,

* The fore tenement to the street, which we have already mentioned as the residence (two hundred and twenty years ago) of Lord President Fentonbarns, formed part of the entailed property of Sir — Clerk of Pennycuik, and was the town-mansion of that family during the greater part of the last century.

—**SALUS EXEUNTIBUS,***—Peace to those who enter—Salvation to those who go out,—also, “**Nisi Dominus Frustra,**” the motto of the City arms, and the common legend, “**Blissit be the Lord in all his giftis.**” In the account of the burning of this house, inserted in the Scots Magazine for 1791, p. 150, it is mentioned that the date upon the house was 1619. But no date is now perceptible upon the building.

Near the middle of the wynd, east side, bearing the number 32, is a large, old, wooden-fronted tenement, the upper flat of which was long occupied as a Roman Catholic Chapel, before the erection of the present handsome building in Broughton Street. This seems to have always been a religious house, as we discern over the door of the stair, the sacred inscription, “**MISERERE MEI, DEUS,**” The date, now almost obliterated, is 1616. The old Chapel, which enters from the third landing-place, by a door of such undistinguished humility, as Presbyterianism itself

* The Hon. Henry Erskine made these words the subject of one of his wittiest but grossest puns.

could neither envy nor condemn, is now used as a school for the children of Catholics, of whom there is, in this quarter of the town, a vast number, on account of the predominance of Irish population in the Cowgate and neighbourhood. The interior of the chapel is preserved in its original state, and the pew is yet shown, in which the present King of France and his attendants usually sat, when they attended mass here, during their residence at Holyrood-house. Behind the humble altar, which also still remains, there is a coarse painting of St Andrew on the cross.—The priest of this establishment lived in the flat below, and there is a secret stair of communication, by which he could enter the Chapel, without coming in contact with the congregation, who ascended by the common stair. Below his house, and first door up stairs, was the residence of Miss Oliphant of Gask. Her name is still upon the door-plate, though the house is now inhabited by a respectable old lady named Miss Findlater, who was a companion of the former, and to whom it was bequeathed, in life-rent, upon Miss Oliphant's demise. In the cellar under Miss Oliphant's flat,

lived in former times an eccentric old woman called *Hen Kirchen*, who sold poultry and eggs, was a violent Roman Catholic, and *spaed fortunes*. While her character somewhat resembled that of the Sybil in Virgil, her habitation might recal to some fancies the lines of the Roman poet, descriptive of that singular being's abode,—

“ Spelunca —— fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu,
“ Scrupea, tuta _____ tenebris
“ Quam super haud ullae poterant impune volantes
“ Tendere iter pennis, talis sese habitis atris
“ Faucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat. ”

On the other side of the wynd, a little farther down, bearing the number 35, is a large stone *land*, the upper flat of which was also a Roman Catholic Chapel and is now a school. The disgraceful mobs of 1779, plundered and destroyed the furniture of this humble place of worship. Bishops Geddes, Hay, and Cameron successively occupied the flat below, as a dwelling-house, content to exercise their vocation in this obscure and disagreeable corner, remote from the notice of the world. Altogether, when we view these humble establishments, the *dernier resorts*, as they ap-

pear to have been, of "Old Giant Pope" in the days of his greatest infirmity, we wonder at the persecutions, the revilings, and the serious calamities, with which the protestants of the last age thought fit to visit their prostrate and unoffending enemy.

One of the most striking instances of the debasement in modern times of the ancient palaces of Edinburgh, is presented in the ruinous abode of Cardinal Beatoun,* situated at the bottom of

* "David Bethune, third son to John Bethune of Balfour and Elizabeth Monepennie, was Arch-Bishop of St Andrew's, Bishop of Mirepoise in France, and Cardinal de Monte Celio, *Legatus natus et Legatus a latere* to the Pope, as was his uncle Dr James. Also see more of him in the Memoirs of the B. B. and Arch-Bishops of St Andrew's, G. M. He fewed out the lands of Kilrinnie to his Nephew John Bethune of Balfour and repaired the Hall of Balfour, where his name and coat of armour is, and is different from his paternal Coat only in the Crest and Motto, the Crest being a crosier and the motto *Intentio*, whereas his uncle Mr James the Arch-Bishop his motto is *Misericordia*. He was a great man, did great things, was Ambassador to King James V., in France concerning his marriages first and last, as Historians do abundantly witness. He was serious and violent for his religion, knowing no better. For his death, it was never justified by any rational Christian. In short *fuit homo superbo ingenio natus*; also there was never any good account of any who was accessory to his Murder.—He was murdered at St Andrew's Castle, 29th May 1545." *Macfarlane M. S. Adv. Lib. vol. I. p. 7. 8.*

Blackfriars' Wynd, on the east side.* One front of this building faces to the lane, and another to the Cowgate, thus forming the two contiguous sides of a quadrangle; and a small court-yard within gives access, by two flights of steps, to the different departments of the edifice. The exterior angle presents a turret, which forms a picturesque object in the view from the High School Wynd.

The lower flats of this extensive building are arched over with strong stone-work, and it was found some years ago, when one of the arches was removed in order to substitute a common ceiling, that between the arch and the floor above, there was a deep layer of sand closely beat, which on being taken out amounted to several cart-loads. This substantial *deafening* seems to have been customary in houses of strength and

* Lindsay, in his *Chronicles*, says, upon the occasion of the four Lords-tutors of James V., claiming four vacant benefices, of which Lord Angus took three, (which happened the year after the King took the government into his own hands,) " Bot Biechope James Beatoun, who was the feird Lord, remained still in Edinburgh in his owen ludging, quhilk he biggit in the freiris Wynd, for he might not pass out of the town, becaus he was chancellour for the tyme."

importance in former times, when the dangers of foreign invasion compelled our ancestors to place all their valuables in places that were *proof* against fire and military rapine. Over the main entry to the inner court-yard, there is a large stone, on which appear to be cut the armorial bearings of Cardinal Beatoun, now much defaced.

To render this house still more interesting, we need only mention, that, till within the last fifty years, it was the town-mansion of the Hawthornden family, and has probably been honoured by the residence of our great Scotch poet and historian, William Drummond.

Opposite to the Cardinal's house, on the west side of the wynd, formerly stood the episcopal chapel, built in 1722 by Baron Smith, and usually called Baron Smith's Chapel. It was demolished in 1822. Though a building by no means remarkable for beauty or even neatness of architecture, it was rendered, we may almost say classical, by being the place in which Dr Johnson and James Boswell attended public worship, while in Edinburgh, August 18, 1773.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE following is humbly acknowledged to be little better than a meagre catalogue of ancient respectable residences, as, through defect of information, no anecdotes or other *memorabilia* can be attached to them. They are thus classed under one head, in order to save the room which they so little deserve.

The large white house to the westward of the Reservoir in the Castle Hill, was erected about the year 1760, by JOHN DAVIDSON, Esq. of HALTREE, was long occupied by him, and left at his decease to his partner Mr Hugh Warrender. It was built by James Brown, architect, who founded Brown's Square and George's Square.

Two ancient spinsters, daughters of Lord Gray, lived in a house in Pipe's Close, first below the Reservoir, on the left hand side of the Close.

The large self-contained house at the bottom of Webster's Close, opposite to the Reservoir, was built by DR ALEXANDER WEBSTER, a celebrated divine, who, in 1755, took the first correct census

of the population of Scotland, founded the excellent institution for the benefit of the Widows of the Clergy, and was the friend and adviser of Dr Johnson, while in Scotland. After his death in 1784, it was inhabited by the Rev. Dr Greenfield, one of the Ministers of Edinburgh, and Professor of Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres in the University. It is now occupied, and preserved in its original good order, by Mr Andrew Brown, Brassfounder.

At the head of Skinner's Close nearly opposite, lived the family of the EARL OF LEVEN,* during the early part of the last century. Mr Robert Grieve, grocer and spirit-dealer, now occupies

* The Earl of Leven afterwards lived in a house at the north-west corner of Nicolson Square. His country house was for a long time Leven Lodge, near Edinburgh, which afterwards came into the possession of Mr Joseph Williamson, Advocate, youngest son to Mass David Williamson, the *Dainty Davie* of Scotch song, who had no fewer than seven wives. There is at the house a portrait of this singular worthy, by Sir John Medina. He is a handsome, sly-looking, pawky priest, with a large wig, a curious leering expression in his eye, and a book in his hand. It is remarkable, that old David, who was a placed minister in the year 1652, should have had a son who died so late as 1795,—and equally so, that this son should have lived to see the fifth generation of his descendants.

to record their names and their proceedings, had a scavenger of their own, clubbed in many public measures, and had balls and assemblies among themselves. In 1773, the inhabitants were as follows : *West Entry, floor level with the pavement*, JAMES BOSWELL, Esq., younger of Auchinleck ;—*2nd floor*, — ANDREWS, Esq. ;—*3d floor*, ALEXANDER WALLACE, Esq., Banker ;—*4th floor*, DR GREGORY GRANT ;—*5th floor*, MR ANTHONY BARCLAY, Writer :—*East entry, floor level with the pavement*, DUNCAN MACMILLAN, Esq., Writer, ;—*2d floor*, Bailie WORDIE ;—*4th floor*, GEORGE BUCHAN HEPBURN, Esq., Advocate, afterwards a Baronet.—Previous to this period, LORD BANKTON* had resided in the flat occupied by MR BOSWELL and the one above it. He was proprietor of the house, and bound it under a strict entail, though his heir Mr M'Douall of Logan sold it, under the act, to redeem the land-tax upon his estate. Lord Bankton was fond of the house, and had made it splen-

* Andrew M'Douall, Esq., author of a well-known Institute of the Law of Scotland, raised to the bench, July 1755, upon the decease of Lord Murkle.

did by a fine inner stair of communication. Mr Boswell was only a tenant. Here he entertained the illustrious Johnson.*—Two floors below Lord Bankton lived his friend, **LORD PRESTONGRANGE,**† with no windows except to the north.—The third floor was at one time occupied by Commissioner **SIR GEORGE CLERK OF PENNYCUICK**,—afterwards by Mr William MacFarlane, W. S.—In the eastern tenement, Bailie Wordie's house

* The great General Paoli also visited Mr Boswell in this house, on his journey to Scotland in 1771. Accompanied by the Polish Ambassador, that distinguished and memorable man arrived in Edinburgh, September 3, and put up at Peter Ramsay's Inn, in St Mary's Wynd. He was soon introduced to Mr Boswell's own house, and lodged there during the remainder of his stay in Edinburgh, while the Polish Ambassador was accommodated with a bed in Dr Gregory's house. The General was *incognito* while in Edinburgh, and was not generally recognised. When he reached the west country, he became known, and great attentions were paid to him at Glasgow. A gentleman who, while a boy, saw him in passing through Kilmarnock, describes him as a tall, *buirdly*, military-looking man, about fifty, with tied hair.

† William Grant, Esq., raised to the bench in 1754 upon the death of Lord Elchies. Lord Elchies lived in a house forming the western part of the Surgeon's Hall, near the High School Yards, which Sir Peter Halket of Pitfiran afterwards inhabited. Lord Elchies also lived, during the summer, at the Inch, two miles south of Edinburgh.

had been possessed by the EARL OF ABERDEEN. Mr Archibald Campbell, principal Clerk of Session, bought it from his Lordship, and occupied it for many years. Here his son, Ilay Campbell, late President of the Court of Session, was born.* —The flat above, on the western side, had been the family house of GEORGE SKENE, OF SKENE, Esq.

INNES or Strow's family-mansion was for a long time that self-contained house, at the head of the Mound, now the Printing-House of Mr Michael Anderson.† Here also, at a latter period, resided SIR THOMAS MAITLAND, the late

* Ilay Campbell, when a young man at the bar, took a great interest in the issue of the Douglas cause, and was the first who brought the intelligence of the decision given by the House of Lords, to Edinburgh. He outstripped the post by means of a fleet horse, and came up to the cross, where a vast assemblage stood ready to hear the news. Ilay waved his hat three times in the air, and cried out "Douglas for ever!" on which a shout of joyful acclamation rent the air; and the populace conducted the welcome messenger, on their shoulders, to his house in James' Court.

† This house was built by Dr Robert Wallace, minister of the New North Church of Edinburgh, and one of his Majesty's Chaplains, who assisted Dr Webster in forming the Widows' Schenue.

Governor of the Ionian Islands, and brother of the present Earl of Lauderdale,—whose name is yet extant upon some of the windows, cut in the panes, bearing date forty years back.*

THE EARL OF DUNMORE lived in a house in Forrester's Wynd, where the County Hall now stands ; and that distinguished Judge, LORD KILKERRAN, father of the present Lord Hermann, resided in Kilkerran's Court, a small enclosure of buildings near the head of the same alley.†

* We have seen a pane in one of the windows of a house in the Castlehill, (the front tenement between Brown's and Webster's Closes,) on which there is an authentic holograph and date of the year 1745 ; and there are many in old houses, of fifty and sixty years standing.

† In 1753, Lord Kilkerran advertised his house as to be let, in the following terms, " To let, a large convenient lodging within the head of Forrester's Wynd, first entry upon the west side, well finished and painted, of easy access, *entirely free of Smoke and Bugs*,—Rent £20. sterling.—*N. B.* that whereas bad reports have been propagated and industriously spread, concerning the said lodging, by certain persons ; this is to certify that they are false and injurious, and that the proprietor is ready to disprove them, by undoubted evidence, to any unprejudiced person, who may be inclined to take the same." This advertisement was continued, throughout the whole year, in every successive publication of the Courant,—a clear proof of the injury which a report of

WILLIAM SINCLAIR, OF ROSLIN, Esq. one of the most remarkable personages of his time, was proprietor and possessor of a house near the bottom of Libberton's Wynd. It is a small self-contained edifice, adjoining to the east side of the alley and having a southerly exposure to the Cowgate, from which street, at Mr Cowan the Candlemaker's door, the front is visible. Here this gentleman died in 1778, aet. 78.*

smoke and bugs had done to the house. In those days it would appear that the character of a house or of household furniture was much more delicate than that of even a lady; for we observe in many advertisements of household furniture for sale, about this period, that the circumstance of the articles being *free of bugs* is particularly and impressively mentioned. On this subject see also Robert Fergusson's poem, "*The Bugs.*"—Sir Archibald Primrose of Dunnipace, who was attainted in the Rebellion of 1745, had also a large mansion in Forrester's Wynd.

* William Sinclair was the last of the family of Roslin, which was generally supposed to be the elder branch of the noble race of St Clair, though the Earl of Caithness, now lineal representative, always disputed that pretension. He was the last who bore the office of Hereditary Grand Master of the Free-Masons of Scotland,—a dignity vested in his family by one of our ancient Kings, which he voluntarily resigned to the community. His death was much regretted by "the brethren of mystic tie," to whom he had ever been a warm friend and a liberal benefactor. At a meeting held by them in consequence of his decease, Sir William Forbes,

The last EARL OF LOUDOUN, together with his daughter, the present Marchioness of Hastings, used to lodge, during their occasional visits to town, about forty years ago, in a boarding establishment kept by a widow lady at the head of Gosford's Close, first entry down the alley, and first door up stairs,—windows looking to the street.

The Advocates' Close, opposite to the Lucken-booths, was chiefly inhabited by persons connected with the Courts of Justice. LORD WESTHALL* occupied a house on the west side of it, fronted

delivered a singularly beautiful and animated speech, in which his numerous virtues and merits were properly eulogised.—Mr Sinclair was remarkably expert in all athletic exercises and sports. He distinguished himself particularly in Archery and Golfing, and was so frequently successful at the annual competitions, that people believed he had *the black art*. He was tall and robust in person, and had a dignity in his figure and countenance, which at once pointed him out as a *gentleman*, in the true old acceptation of the word.—He lies buried among his mail-shrouded ancestors, in the Chapel of Roslin.—There is a fine full length portrait of him, in the Golf-house at Leith, where he is represented in the habit of a Golfer, in the act of striking a ball from *the tee*.

* David Dalrymple, Esq.,—appointed to the Bench 1777, died 1784.

by a rail, at the top of a flight of steps, which will be found to lessen the precipitous descent of the alley near the bottom. This house was also long the residence of the eminent Sir James Stewart, Advocate.

In the alley, first below the High Church,* there is a house occupied by Mr Moir as his Printing-Office,† in which BELSCHE'S OF INVERMAY lived forty years ago. Near to this, and having a front to the Cowgate, is a large self-contained house, now the Printing-Office of Messrs George Ramsay & Co. This was the family-mansion of LORD COVINGTON, a Judge of the Court of Session, who died in 1776. By him it was sold to Mr Campbell of Sadell, after whom it was occupied by Mr Heron from Glasgow, as an Inn, and called the Black Bull. It was also

* Formerly open to the bottom and called St Mennen's Wynd, afterwards Steil's Close, latterly the Royal Bank Close, and now the *Old Royal Bank Close*.

† In Gordon of Rothiemay's map of Edinburgh, taken in 1648, it appears that the line of buildings upon the west side of the Old Fish Market Close, did not then exist. The whole was open ground, and designated the Fish Market. Helsches' house is the extreme northern building of this line.

occupied for several years as the General Post Office, which was removed from it to the North Bridge, whence it has been lately taken to the Waterloo Buildings.* It is worthy of remark that a low tenement, fronting the Cowgate, near this house, and which now contains one or two good shops paying a considerable rent, was formerly the coach-house of Lord Covington,—a fact which shows, in a striking manner, what little value our ancestors put upon property fronting a populous street and thoroughfare, now so appreciated and taken advantage of by proprietors.

LORD ESKGROVE, lived in a house at the head of the Old Assembly Close, first entry, right hand, second door up stairs. Here Sir William Rae, present Lord Advocate, was born and brought up.†

* Boards used to be put up, at the head of the Royal Bank Close, and also at *Creech's land*, announcing the arrivals of the different mails, which were then by no means regular either from London or the North.

† Burnt down, with the house which follows, November 1824.

LORD ROYSTOUN'S HOUSE.

LORD ROYSTOUN lived in the third flat of that extremely tall and massy *land*, about the middle of the Old Assembly Close, on the west side,— which, *cum fuit*, was entered by a fine scale stair, and exhibited other symptoms of former respectability.* The *flat* was a most extensive one, and had a line of windows looking to the south, over the Cowgate.

Lord Roystoun was a younger son of the first Earl of Cromarty, (prime minister of Scotland between the year 1678 and the Revolution,) one of the wittiest and most gifted men of his time. He was made a Lord of Session in 1710, under the title of Lord Roystoun, which he took from the barony of that name, near Edinburgh, to which he succeeded upon old Lord Cromarty's death in 1714. He died at Edinburgh in 1744, aged seventy three, being senior judge, and was

* In this *land* Sir James Dalyell of Binns and Hamilton of Wishaw, had their town-houses.

buried in the tomb of Sir George Mackenzie, his cousin and father-in-law. Lord Roystoun's character was that of a learned, polite, and facetious gentleman.*

His eldest daughter Anne, who afterwards married Sir William Dick of Prestonfield, was a woman of singular disposition and manners. She is said to have inherited the wit of both her grandfathers, and a full share of the talent common to every member of her family ; but, with all her abilities it does not appear that she possessed much discretion. She wrote many lampoons, which procured her more enemies than admirers, and of which the humour is tainted by a grossness and indecorum unpardonable in a lady. Yet the latter qualification seems to have been quite of a piece with her own character and

* His nephew, Alexander Mackenzie of Fraserdale, who made himself remarkable by marrying *Æmilia* the heiress of Lovat, and competing with her powerful rival Simon, resided in a house in Leith, which is thus described in an advertisement of Sale, in the Edinburgh Courant, for July 8, 1755 : "That new tenement or lodging near the Green Tree, in Lees Quarter, Leith, having a stone parapet wall or paling on the top of it, and gate, therein, enclosing it from the street."—Fraserdale had died only a short time before.

eccentric habits ; for we have heard, that she used to dress herself occasionally in man's clothes and go about the town in search of adventures. One of her frolics ended rather disgracefully, she and her maid being apprehended in their disguise, and lodged all night in the Town-Guard-House. She once lay a whole year in her bed.—She died in 1741, having no issue by her husband.—There is a portrait of her in Prestonfield House, representing her with a demure face and dress, strangely in contrast with her rantipole character.

Some specimens of this whimsical lady's compositions were lately printed by an amateur, in a little volume entitled "A Ballad Book," of which only thirty copies were thrown off for private distribution. The following lyric, selected therefrom, gives but a faint idea of her poetical talents, being rather more decent and less witty than usual. It cannot be read, however, without pleasure, on account of the allusions made to the public amusements and characters of the time. The hero of the piece was Sir Patrick Murray of Balmanno.—"The well-bred Duke," was James,

fifth Duke of Hamilton,—“ The lively Maule,” William Maule, nephew of the last Earl of Panmure, and afterwards raised to an Irish Peerage,—a gentleman distinguished by the graces.—“ The fine Ambassador” was the Earl of Stair, who, in 1720, retired from his splendid French embassy, to the tranquil shades of his native country, and who, even in the frugal way of life to which he then restricted himself, made no little figure in the humble *beau monde* of Edinburgh.—“ Powrie ” must have been Fotheringham of Powrie.

Oh, wherefore did I cross the Forth,
And leave my love behind me,
Why did I venture to the North,
With one that did not mind me ?

Had I but visited Carin !
It would have been much better
Than pique the prudes, and make a din
For careless cold Sir Peter !

I'm sure I've seen a better limb,
And twenty better faces ;
But still my mind it ran on him,
When I was at the races.

At night, when we went to the ball,
Were many there discreeter ;
The well-bred Duke, and lively Maule,
Panmure behav'd much better.

They kindly show'd their courtesy,
 And look'd on me much sweeter;
 Yet easy could I never be,
 For thinking on Sir Peter.

I fain would wear an easy air,
 But oh, it look'd affected,
 And e'en the fine Ambassador
 Could see he was neglected.

Though Powrie left for me the spleen,
 My temper grew no sweeter;
 I think I'm mad—what do I mean,
 To follow cold Sir Peter !!!

She wrote several other pieces upon Sir Patrick, for whom she seems to have entertained a Sappho-like passion. Their wit would have procured them admission here, but for their excessive grossness.*

LORD JUSTICE CLERK TINWALD'S HOUSE.

LORD JUSTICE CLERK TINWALD, otherwise ALVA, resided in Mylne Square, where he occupied the second and third flats of the large *land*

* Perhaps she was not, after all, more gross than other gentlewomen of that period. Ladies who could frequent the Theatre in its *then* state of pollution, were capable of

upon the west side. The stair of this *land* is a *scale* one and very fine.—Ladies Sutherland and Glenorchy, the daughters of Lady Alva, by her first husband, were married in this house.—The Lord Justice Clerk* bought Drumsheuch House, to which he added a drawing-room, said to be still one of the finest in Edinburgh; and while this

saying and writing any thing; and this is proved by the letters of the time, such as those of Lady M. W. Montague, and Lady Suffolk's correspondence, lately published. Moreover, all the novels and much of the poetry of the last age, were abominably indecent. Our grandmothers read the New Atalantis and the productions of Mesdames Behn and Haywood, without a blush. Pamela and Clarissa, though their object is good, contain many scenes offensive to decency; a virtue which Fielding and Smollett seem to have delighted in outraging. Many of Pope's witticisms are any thing but decent; and few people of the present day would join with Dr Johnson in wondering how Mrs Fermor and her family deemed little honour to be done to them by the Rape of the Lock,—of which celebrated poem the very title is now revolting to the ear of a young lady. It would be a curious task for the moralist, to trace precisely the period at which gentlemen left off incessant swearing, and ladies talking, listening to, and writing obscenity.

* Charles Areskine, of Tinwald, in Dumfries-shire, great-grandson of the seventh Earl of Marr, who was the co-pupil, under Buchanan, of King James the Sixth, was born in 1680, became an Advocate in 1711, a Judge of Session in 1742, Lord Justice Clerk in 1748, and died in 1763.

was his country-house, to which he retired in the intervals of business, to enjoy rural life, the flats in Mylne Square continued to be his town-residence, while attending the Court. Such are the revolutions that have taken place in the city, that no person of Lord Alva's rank in life, or, we may almost say, of his profession, now thinks of having a house nearer to the Parliament Close than Drumsheuch, which, distant as it is from the centre of the town, is beginning to be surrounded with streets and squares of the most splendid description, extending the name of Edinburgh over ground formerly its rustic neighbourhood.—Lord Alva's mansion in Mylne Square,* is even yet a good house, and accommodates some respectable families. In the same *land* Lord Northesk had his town-house ; and it was occupied by several other families of high distinction. The second floor was long occupied by Mrs Reynolds, who for many years had the reputation of keeping the most

* One of the descendants of the celebrated Mylne, who built the Bridge of Tay,—“ removed to Edinburgh, and built Mylne's Court, Mylne's Square, and other buildings about the Abbey.”—*Muses Threnodic*, L 128.

respectable *lodging-house* in town. In this house the Earl of Hopetoun resided, while Lord Commissioner, and gave fashionable parties. Its windows command a view of the whole New Town, and the beautiful country beyond.—Lord Lovat, who, on account of his numerous law-pleas, was a great intimate of Lord Alva's, frequently visited him here ; and Mrs Campbell of Monzie, his daughter, used to tell, that when she met Lord Lovat on the stair, he always took her up in his arms and kissed her, to her great annoyance and horror—*he was so ugly*. During one of his law-pleas, he went to a dancing-school ball, which Misses Jean and Susanna, Lord Alva's daughters, attended. He had his pocket full of *sweeties*, as Mrs Campbell expressed it ; and so far did he carry his exquisitely refined system of cunning, that, in order no doubt to find favour with their father, he devoted the greater share of his attentions and the whole of his comfits, to them alone.—This wonderful man's friends used to say of him, that with all his duplicity, faithlessness, and cruelty, his character exhibited no redeeming trait what-

ever ; and nobody ever knew any good of him.* This house had a *pin* or *risp*† at the door, instead of the more modern convenience, a knocker. The pin, rendered interesting by the figure which it makes in Scottish Song, was formed of a small rod of iron, twisted or notched, which was placed perpendicularly, starting out a little from the door, and bore a small ring of the same metal, which an applicant for admittance drew rapidly up and down the *nicks*, so as to produce a grating sound. Sometimes the rod was simply stretched across the *vizzying hole*, a convenient aperture through which the porter could take cognizance of the person applying ; in which case it acted

* A gentleman, whose father remembered having once dined with Lord Lovat, informs us, that he seemed to be a great *gourmand*, and was very nice about the cookery of his food.—As the smallest particular respecting so remarkable a man must be curious, we may also mention, that, in the Highlands, he frequently wore a large bonnet, and had a profusion of grey or flaxen hair, which he permitted to flow over his shoulders.

† " CORVEX, a *clapper or ringle*," is one of the *voces* in list of " Parts of a House," which we find in a small Latin Vocabulary, published in 1702, by Andrew Symson ; from which we may conjecture, that risps, under the name of *ringles*, were in common use about the beginning of the last century.

also as a stanchion. These were almost all disused about sixty years ago, when knockers were generally substituted as more genteel. But knockers at that time did not long remain in repute, though they have never been altogether superseded, even by bells, in the Old Town. The comparative merit of knockers and pins was for a long time a subject of doubt, and many knockers got their heads twisted off in the course of the dispute. Pins were upon the whole considered very inoffensive, decent, old-fashioned things, being made of a modest metal and making little show upon a door ; but knockers were thought upstart, prominent, brazen-faced articles, and received the full share of odium always conferred by Scotsmen of the old school upon tasteful improvements. Every drunken fellow, therefore, in reeling home at night, thought it good sport to carry off all the knockers that came in his way ; and as drunken gentlemen were then very numerous,—every gentleman being a drunkard and every drunkard a gentleman,—many acts of violence were committed, and sometimes a whole stair was found stripped of its knockers in the

morning ; when the voice of lamentation raised by the servants of the sufferers, might have reminded one of the wailings of the Lennox dairy-women after a *creagh*. Knockers were then frequently used as missile weapons, by the bucks (*Corinthians* of that day,) against the Town Rats ; and the morning sun sometimes saw the High Street strewed with their *sejuncta membra*. The aforesaid Mrs Campbell remembered residing in an Old-Town house, which was one night disturbed in the most intolerable manner by a drunken party at the knocker. In the morning, the greater part of it was found to be gone ; and it was besides discovered, to the no small horror of the inmates, that part of a finger was left sticking in the fragments, with the appearance of having been forcibly wrenched from the hand. This may give some idea of the violence exercised upon the knockers of our ancestors, by the merry fellows of by-gone times. We assuredly live in a happier age, when the knockers, as well as the heads of our fellow-citizens, are comparatively little subject to decapitation, and both get leave at night to rest in peace.—As for

pins, they seem to have completely disappeared, and in all our researches we have scarcely found more than one entire. It is upon a door, the first up stairs, in the back entry to the archiepiscopal palace at the foot of Blackfriars' Wynd,—where any person *curious in pins* may see it.* Even knockers are now in a great measure sinking beneath the triumphant advance of bells; and if such an engine is at all to be found upon the doors of the New Town, it is sure to be up-

* The risp in the text was purchased, short time after the first publication of this work, by an eminent virtuoso, who, in the faith of its being *unique*, offered half-a-guinea for it, and was afterwards informed by the Gothic proprietor, that, if he had known better how to make the bargain, he might have had it for a few pence. In addition to this mortification, we have now to inform him, that there is still another surviving risp upon the door of Mr Hopton, a wooden-clock maker, in a stair at the first angle in the West Bow,—another in a stair at the head of Scott's Close, Brown's Square,—another in Foulis's Close,—and another (but without the ring) in a stair about sixty yards below the Canongate Church, north side. He may say,—

“Another and another!——

Nay, then, I'll hear no more.”

But, as a consolation, let us suggest to this deluded person, that he might imitate the enchanter in Aladdin, and send a crier through the streets, with a basket full of good stout knockers, to advertise—“*Knockers for Risps!*”—which, we do not doubt, would soon render his precious curiosity as *unique* as he could desire.

on the doors of lawyers only, and constructed altogether of respectable brass.*

LADY MAXWELL OF MONREITH'S HOUSE.

THIS house has been already mentioned incidentally,† without any anecdotes attached to the notice. The following are original, and may be depended upon as authentic.

Lady Maxwell resided in it while a widow, and brought up her beautiful children in the midst of all its filth and obscurity. It had a

* We here beg to make allusion to a circumstance connected with the neighbourhood of Lord Tinwald's House, which, otherwise, we might find no opportunity of introducing. It was in the immediate neighbourhood of this house that the ingenious ROBERT FERGUSON first drew breath. He was born in the *Cap and Feather Close*, an alley which formerly occupied the site of the North Bridge Street, and was entirely destroyed in 1767, when the Royalty was extended. We have learned that Mr William Ferguson's house stood about the middle of the alley; consequently, the spot of the poet's nativity must have been somewhere opposite to the head of the Flesh-Market Stairs. Every lover of Scottish Poetry must lament that the *precise spot* cannot be pointed out with greater certainty.

† Traditions, p. 110.

dark passage, and the kitchen door was passed, in going to the dining-room, according to an agreeable old practice in Scottish houses, which lets the guests know on entering what they have to expect. The fineries of Lady M's daughters were usually hung up, after washing on a screen in this passage, to dry ; while the coarser articles of dress, such as shifts and petticoats, were slung decently out of sight at the window, upon a-projecting contrivance similar to a dyer's pole, of which numerous specimens still exist at windows in the Old Town, for the convenience of the poorer inhabitants.

So easy and familiar were the manners of the great in those times, fabled to be so stiff and decorous, that Miss Eglintoune, afterwards Lady Wallace, used to be sent with the tea-kettle across the street to the Fountain Well, for water to tea. Lady Maxwell's daughters were the wildest romps imaginable. An old gentleman, who was their relation, told us that the first time he saw these beautiful girls, was in the High Street, where Miss Jane, afterwards Duchess of Gordon, was riding upon a sow, which Miss

Eglintoune thumped lustily behind with a stick.— It must be understood, that, sixty years since, vagrant swine went as commonly about the streets of Edinburgh as dogs do in our own day, and were more generally fondled, as pets, by the children of the last generation.* We have to add, however, that the sows upon which the Duchess of Gordon and her witty sister rode, when children, were not the common vagrants of the High Street, but belonged to Peter Ramsay, the celebrated *Stabler* in St Mary's Wynd, and were among the last that were permitted to roam abroad. The two romps used to watch the animals, as they were let loose in the forenoon from the stable-yard, (where they lived among the horse-litter,) and get upon their backs the moment they issued from the close.

* The following advertisement, inserted in the Edinburgh Courant of August 1, 1754, illustrates the above in a striking manner: " If any person has lost a **LARGE** sow, let them call at the house of Robert Fiddes, gardener to Lord Minto, over against the Earl of Galloway's, in the Horse Wynd, where, upon proving the property, paying expenses and damages done by the said sow, they may have the same restored."

HOUSE OF JOHN KNOX.

ONE of the most antique and remarkable houses in the city, is the structure at the bottom of the High Street, in which the celebrated John Knox is said to have resided, while exercising the functions of a preacher in St Giles' Kirk. This is perhaps the oldest stone building of a private sort now existing here; for it was inhabited, before John Knox's time, by George Durie, abbot of Dumferline and Arch-Dean of St Andrews, who had to abandon it, as well as his more valuable dignity and office, at the Reformation. The Town-council granted the house to their pastor, *rent free*, and were at some pains and expense in fitting up a "warm study" for him, of deal boards, in the "chamber above the hall," probably the little room looking out upon the High Street, by a window over the door, from which, says tradition, he used to preach to the populace assembled below. The said hall is now occupied by a barber. Above the door, and extending even over his window, runs an ancient religious

inscription, which is by far the longest to be found in Edinburgh.* Close beneath the preaching window, there has long existed a coarse effigy of the Reformer, stuck upon the corner, and apparently holding forth to the passers by. There is a stone in the building, at a little distance from the diminutive pulpit, and pointed at by the preacher, bearing the name of the Deity in Greek, Latin, and English, carved upon it, from which rays seem to diverge upon the side next the effigy, and clouds upon the side most remote from his irradiating finger.

HOUSES IN THE NETHERBOW.

IMMEDIATELY to the east of John Knox's house, there is an old wooden-fronted tenement, which, if we are to believe the traditions of the neighbours, belonged of old to LORD BALMERINO.

* This rubric is unfortunately covered over by the signs and placards of the present mechanical inhabitants, but, we understand, runs thus:—LUFE . GOD . ABOVE . AL . AND YOUR . NICHBOUR . AS . YOUR . SELF.

Which of the six Lord Balmerinos was the proprietor, cannot be ascertained. Probably it was the first, who came into power and wealth about the time referred to by the date of the house, 1601 ;* from which we may hazard a conjecture, that it was built by him for his own use. The inscription over the door-way of the stair, is of a singular form, and curious enough to merit general inspection. The centre is occupied by a cipher or emblem, which is unfortunately very indistinct, though something like a St Andrew's cross is still visible, with a galley between its lower limbs. The inscription runs thus,—

THE LORD GIVETH

L.

BLISSET BE HIS

R. M.

AND TAKETH

NAME FOR EVER;

* Sir James Elphinstone, third son of Robert, third Lord Elphinstone, was appointed a Lord of Session in 1586, and a Commissioner of the Treasury in 1595, Secretary of State in 1598, and raised to the Peersage in 1604. He was made President of the Court of Session in 1605; in 1608 he stood trial for High Treason; in 1609 he was condemned to be beheaded, but was pardoned, and permitted to retire to a rural prison in the park and palace of Falkland, where he died in 1612. His life was a striking instance of the rise, slow ascent, splendid meridian, hurried fall, and clouded extinction of a Scotch luminary of State.

with the date, 1601.—The house presents a peculiarly antique appearance, and has an outside stair.

The *land* to the east of the above is of singular construction. It has a wooden front, of five stories in height. The windows are remarkably numerous, and placed close to each other, so that each flat presents, in front, the appearance of one long window, uninterrupted by rybats. In the wall of the third flat, about the centre of the building, we observe a stone engraved with the Royal Arms as borne in Scotland, and the letters G. R. II. perceptible in the upper corners. It is said that this house contained the **Excise Office** during the reign of George the Second, and this stone is cited in support of the tradition. The Excise Office, at a subsequent period, was kept in that house in Merchant's Court* now occupied by Messrs Ruthvens, Printers, which is said to have been, in more remote times, the residence of the French Ambassador.†

* It was here in 1753.

† Connected with this house, we ought to notice an ancient building on the opposite side of the Cowgate, which

From this place it was removed to a large tenement upon the south side of Chessel's Court, in the Canongate, where it was robbed by the notorious Brodie. It was removed thence to Sir Lawrence Dundas's splendid house in St. Andrew's Square.*

bears numerous marks of having been a religious house. Tradition avers that it was the Chapel of the French Ambassador. But we are inclined to think that it must have been appropriated to a much more extensive purpose, perhaps a Nunnery. It is a strong stone edifice, three stories in height, of curious and picturesque architecture, and, though now dark with age, not much decayed. Over a large attic window, near the west end of the building, the observing eye can discern a series of little heads of the twelve Apostles. The rest of the windows are slightly ornamented, but without any designs. The door-way at the bottom of the common stair, by which all flats are accessible, bears upon the architrave, in large Gothic letters,

SUPERAVI ET INVENI,

with a shield or compartment in the centre, exhibiting the appearance of a lion *passant gardant*, and some other heraldic ensigns.

* There is a curious legendary anecdote connected with this beautiful edifice. In the original plan of the New Town, it was intended to place a church upon this site, to be called St. Andrew's Church, and to correspond with St. George's in Charlotte Square. Sir Lawrence Dundas, however, coveted the situation, and used all his influence to induce the Town-Council to feu it to himself for a private mansion; which he at last accomplished, by promising to give the various departments of the work to the different

THE MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE's former town-mansion is now transformed into that extensive range of premises in Tweeddale Court, occupied by Messrs Oliver and Boyd as their printing and publishing warehouses. It is mentioned in Defoe's Tour, where particular notice is also taken of the fine garden behind.—It was in the narrow entry to Tweeddale Court, that the mysterious murder of Begbie (porter to the British-Linen-Company Bank, which then occupied the above premises,) was perpetrated, November 1806.—Tweeddale House was successively occupied as a Bank, a manufactory of Military clothing, and a Paper-warehouse, before it came into the hands of its present proprietors.

members of the Town-Council—the building-work to one—the wright-work to another—the painting-work to another, &c., according to their trades.—The building of St Andrew's Church, on its present site, was an after-thought. The ground was feued for private buildings to Mr John Young, and he was just preparing to commence work upon it, when it was thought expedient to place the church there, as a *balance* to the Physician's Hall, and the Town-Council gave Mr Young an equivalent at a different spot.

HOUSE OF THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF STAIR.

THIS lady, (widow of John second Earl of Stair,) in 1753, had a house in the Mint, afterwards occupied by the celebrated Dr Cullen ; but removed that year to a larger tenement at the bottom of the *Close* in the Lawnmarket which still bears her ladyship's name,—a fine old edifice of polished stone, with large windows, a high ceiling, an inscription over the door, and other characteristic marks of the religious establishment which it is said to have contained before it became a noble residence. The ground-flats are strongly arched over, and comprehend two ranges of cellars. The third flat, (reckoning from the foundation,) which formerly contained the principal apartment, is now occupied, as a printing-house, by Mr Auchie, who has thrown the whole into one large room. In the two upper flats there is nothing remarkable. The whole was connected by an inner stair-case, the remains of which are still to be seen. There is not now

the slightest vestige of ornamental or carved work upon the premises, excepting the remains of a Gothic pillar, protruding from the wall, near the door of Mr Auchie's printing-room. Many changes have been wrought upon this house, both internally and externally. The northern gable was taken down and rebuilt, about seventy years ago, on account of its dilapidated condition,—which accounts for the modern appearance of this part of the building. The gable has two windows to the north, which command a fine view of the New Town and adjacent country; and in its days of grandeur, there was attached to the house a large and beautiful garden, adorned with trees and serpentine walks, reaching down to the North Loch. The formation of the Earthen Mound, and the building of the Bank of Scotland, caused the total ruin of all the gardens, terraces, and villas, which formerly ornamented this quarter of the town.

The dowager of John Earl of Stair, resided in the house till her death in 1759; and it was from her that the alley derived its name,—her ladyship probably being its most remarkable in-

habitant, though it is well known that many other persons of distinction had houses in it. We shall make no apology for introducing the following anecdotes of Lady Stair, which will be found illustrative of the manners of fashionable life during the last century.

Lady Stair was the youngest daughter of James second Earl of Loudon. She married, while young, James first Viscount Primrose, who, it is said, used her barbarously. Coming into her room one morning, with a drawn sword in his hand, her ladyship, imagining that he intended to murder her, jumped out of the window and made her escape. This circumstance was not explained or cleared up, and she never lived with him afterwards.

Some time subsequent to this, Lady Primrose, with a female friend, went in disguise to a fortune-teller in Edinburgh, who showed her a group in a mirror, representing a marriage-party in a church. Amidst the magic scene, Lord Primrose appeared to act the part of bridegroom, which did not fail to strike her ladyship with a feeling of horror and surprise. She went home

in the greatest alarm, and on enquiry found that her husband was at that very time actually courting another lady, as if he had been an unmarried man. Upon this, she set her wits to work, and succeeded in breaking off Lord Primrose's attachment.

Lord Primrose died in 1706, and left her at liberty to choose a better mate. The Earl of Stair presented himself, and earnestly sued for her hand ; but was rejected, in spite of his numerous accomplishments and rising fame. To a General who had won so many glorious and hard-fought fields in Flanders, this was peculiarly galling. However, he soon fell upon an expedient, which reduced her ladyship to his own terms. She had a small room in the house she then occupied, in which there was a window to the High Street. Here she was in the habit of saying her prayers every morning. The Earl contrived, by bribing her domestics, to get himself introduced over night into this apartment, and when daylight appeared, managed to show his person at the window to some people on the street. Hereupon, a scandal arose in the town ; and the fair

dowager was obliged to marry the ingenious diplomatist, in order to save her reputation.

It appears that Lady Stair, in her latter days, spoke broad Scotch, and occasionally made use of language not the most delicate. She seems to have been one of that species of old ladies, who, being fairly past that period of life when any viciousness of conduct can be imputed to or imagined of them, give themselves the utmost latitude of discourse, and think themselves at least entitled to the free use of their tongues. The freedom of this officious member has procured for her ladyship a conspicuous niche in the history of the Douglas cause. Lord Dundonald, it seems, divulged a secret to the Duke of Douglas, *viz.* that Lady Stair had uttered a disbelief in the birth of Lady Jane's sons, and thought Lady Jane not entitled to any aliment on their account from the Duke. In support of what he stated, Lord D. in a letter to the Lord Justice Clerk, gave the world leave to think him "a damned villain," if he did not speak the truth. Lady Stair, a short time afterwards, having heard of the calumnious accusation, paid the

Duke and Duchess a visit at Holyroodhouse, in order to clear herself from the charge ; when the storm burst, and a right-honourable cap-pulling had nearly taken place. The old lady came forward into the anti-room, and there, before the Duke, Duchess, and attendants, declared that she had lived to a good old age, and had never till now got entangled in any *clatters*. She then struck her staff three distinct times on the floor, and thrice called the Earl of Dundonald " a damned villain," (his own phrase) ;—after which she retired in a prodigious passion. This took place in the year 1752.

We learn, from Lady Mary W. Montague's letters to Sir James Stewart of Coltness; (a few copies of which were printed by Sir James, for private distribution,) that this strong-minded woman was subject to hysterical ailments, and used to be screaming and fainting in one room, while her daughter, Miss Primrose, and Lady Mary, were dancing in the next. Yet Lady Stair was long considered the directress of ton in Edinburgh, and her tea-circle usually comprised the best company of the season.—Lady Stair is

said to have been the first person of quality in Edinburgh who kept a black domestic servant.*

HOUSE IN THE LAWNMARKET
IN WHICH ARE SOLD DR ANDERSON'S PILLS.

IN the large stone *land*, opposite to the Bow-head, it is remarkable that that venerable panacea, known by the name of Dr Anderson's Pills, has been sold for upwards of a century past. The second flat of this *land* was originally entered by an outside stair, giving access to a shop then

* She may have been the only person of her time who kept a blackamoor, or the reviver of that fashion; but it is certain that there were negro servants in the country before her time. Dunbar has a most ingenious and witty poem upon a female black, who was brought from abroad in his time, and whom he calls, at the end of every verse, "My lady with the muckle lipa." In *Lady Marie Stewart's Household Book*, which is in print, there is mention of "ane inventorie of the gudes and geir whilk pertenit to Dame Lillias Ruthven, Lady Drummond," (sister of Lord Ruthven, who assisted in the assassination of Rizzio,) which includes this *item*—"the black boy and the papinjoe,"—in such mean esteem was this degraded portion of the human race held by our ancestors! In many portraits of ladies about the time of Charles II., we find black boys placed in the back-ground.

kept by Mr Thomas Weir, heir to Miss Lillias Anderson, Dr A's only daughter. The Pills continue to be sold here, (though the shop has long been given up,) by Mr James Main, Bookseller, who is agent for Mrs Irving, at present sole possessor of the secret, which, as well as the patent, she inherited from her husband, the late Dr Irving, nephew of the above-mentioned Mr Weir's daughter. It will be understood from this, that the Pills have as yet come through no more than three generations of proprietors, since the time of Charles the First, when Dr Patrick Anderson, Physician to that Monarch, invented them. This wonder is to be attributed, doubtless, to their virtues, which may have conferred an unusual degree of longevity upon the patentees,—in confirmation of which idea, we are given to understand, that Mrs Irving, the present nonagenarian proprietrix, facetiously assigns the constant use of them as the cause of her advanced and healthy old age.—Portraits of Dr A. and his daughter are preserved in the house. The Physician is represented in a Vandyke dress, with a book in his hand; while Miss Lillias, a precise-looking

dame, displays between her finger and thumb a pill nearly as large as a walnut ; which says a great deal for the stomachs of our ancestors.—**ROBERT BOSWELL, Esq.**, a respectable practitioner before the Supreme Courts, and cousin of the more celebrated James Boswell, resided about forty years ago in the flat above Mr Main's. Stewart of Appin, in 1755, lived in the first flat above the shops. Sir James M'Lurg of Vogrie occupied the fourth flat. During the last century, this beautiful *ashlar land* was one of the most respectable places of residence in the Old Town ; and we observe, that Bailie Blackwood, who was a Magistrate at the time of the Porteous mob, lived in it. It bears date 1690.

HOUSE OF THE EARL OF EGLINTOUNE.

THE house on the west side of the Old-Stamp-Office Close, High Street, formerly Fortune's Tavern, and now occupied by a Vintner, named Sharp, was, in the early part of the last century, the family-mansion of Alexander, Earl of Eglin-

toune. It is a *land* of the best old construction, of considerable height and extent, and is accessible by a broad scale stair. The alley in which it is situated bears great marks of former respectability, and contained till the year 1821 the Stamp-Office,* then removed to the Waterloo Buildings.

The ninth Earl of Eglintounet was one of those Patriarchal Peers, who live to an advanced age,—indefatigable in the frequency of their marriages and the number of their children,—who linger on and on, with an unfailing succession of young Countesses, and die at last leaving a progeny interspersed throughout the whole of Douglas's Peerage, two volumes, folio, re-edited.

* The large self-contained house at the bottom of the alley, in which the Stamp-Office was kept, was purchased by John Balfour, Esq., paper-manufacturer, and is now partly occupied by him as a paper-warehouse, and, as a printing-office, by Messrs James Clark & Co.

† He is said to have been a nobleman of considerable talent, and was a great underhand supporter of the exiled family.—See the Lockhart Papers.—George Lockhart had married his daughter Euphemia, or *Lady Effie*, as she was commonly called.—In the Edinburgh Annual Register, there is preserved a letter from Lord Eglintoun to his son, replete with good sense as well as paternal affection.

ted by Wood. His Lordship, in early life, married a sister of Lady Dundee, who brought him a large family, and died just about that happy period when she could not have greatly increased it. His next wife was a daughter of Chancellor Aberdeen, who only added one daughter to his stock, and then paused, in a fit of ill health, to the great vexation of his Lordship, who, on account of his two sons by the first Countess having died young, was anxious for an heir. This was a consummation to his nuptial happiness, which Countess Anne did not seem at all likely to bring about ; and the chagrin of his Lordship must have been increased, by the longevity which her very ill health seemed to confer upon her ; for her ladyship was one of those valetudinarians, who are too well acquainted with death, being always just at his door, ever to come to closer quarters with him. At this juncture, the blooming Miss Kennedy was brought to Edinburgh by her father Sir Archibald, the rough old Cavalier, who made himself so conspicuous in *the Persecution* and in Dundee's wars. With this young lady, who was then the most beautiful female in Scot-

land, Lord Eglintoune fell immediately in love ; and for her sake, we believe, he would have made little scruple in treating his lady with an act of policy similar to that of Napoleon in the case of his beloved Josephine.

Susanna Kennedy, though the daughter of a lady considerably under the middle size,* was six feet high, extremely handsome, elegant in her carriage, and had a face and complexion of most bewitching loveliness. Her relations and nurses always anticipated that she was to marry the Earl of Eglintoune, in spite of their disparity of age ; for, while walking one day in her father's garden at Culzean, there alighted upon her shoulder a hawk, with his Lordship's name upon its bells, which was considered an infallible omen of her fate. Her appearance in Edinburgh, which took place about the time of the Union, gained her a vast accession of lovers among the nobility and gentry, and set all the rhyming fancies of the period agog. Among her swains, the ingenious

* Her mother, the Honourable Elizabeth Leslie, was one of Lord Newark's three daughters, who were all thin women, of low stature, and lived to great ages.

Sir John Clerk of Pennycuick was the most devoted, and not the least wealthy. He sent her a flute* as a love-gift, Miss Kennedy being fond of music. On her attempting to blow it, something was found to interrupt the sound, which, on unscrewing the instrument, turned out to be a copy of verses in her praise. Considering their not being written by a professed poet, they were not despicable ; and we give them here, on account of their never having formerly been in print.

7

“ Harmonious pipe, I languish for thy bliss,
 When pressed to Silvia’s lips with gentle kiss !
 And when her tender fingers round thee move
 In soft embrace, I listen, and approve
 Those melting notes which soothe my soul in love.
 Embalmed with odours from her breath that flow,
 You yield your music when she’s pleased to blow ;
 And thus at once the charming lovely fair
 Delights with sounds, with sweets perfumes the air.
 Go, happy pipe, and ever mindful be
 To court bewitching Silvia for me ;
 Tell all I feel—you cannot tell too much—
 Repeat my love at each soft melting touch—
 Since I to her my liberty resign,
 Take thou the care to tune her heart to mine.”

* This could not have been the German flute, which was not seen in Scotland till 1726, when Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto brought one to the country.

Unhappily for this accomplished and poetical lover, the last inch of Lord Eglintoune's sickly wife happened just about this time to die, and set his Lordship again at large among the spinsters of Scotland. Admirers of a youthful, impassioned, and sonnet-making cast, might have trembled at his approach to the shrine of their divinity; for his Lordship was one of those titled suitors, who, however old and horrible, are never rejected except in novels and romances. A feeling of delicacy towards both of the families forbids us to enter fully into particulars. But, certain it is that, though Sir John Clerk had made formal proposals to Miss Kennedy's father, Lord Eglintoune succeeded in carrying off the prize.

Even after this attainment of one of the greatest blessing that life has to bestow,* the old Peer's happiness was like to have been destroyed by another untoward circumstance. It was true that he had the handsomest wife in the kingdom, and she brought him as many children as he could

* The anecdote which follows is taken chiefly from "The Tell-Tale," a rare collection published in 1762.

desire. One after another, came no fewer than seven daughters. But then his Lordship wanted a male heir ; and every one knows how poor a consolation a train of daughters, however long, proves in such a case. He was so grieved at the want of a son, that he threatened to divorce his lady. The Countess replied, that he need not do that, for she would readily agree to a separation, provided he would give back what he had with her. His Lordship, supposing she alluded only to pecuniary matters, assured her she should have her fortune to the last penny.—“ Na, na, my Lord,” said she, “ that winna do ; return me my youth, beauty, and virginity, and dismiss me when you please.” His Lordship, not being able to comply with this demand, willingly let the matter drop ; and, before the year was out, her Ladyship brought him a son, who established the affection of his parents more firmly than ever.

Countess Susan’s daughters were all equally remarkable with herself for a good mien ; and *the Eglintoune air* was a common phrase in their time. It was a goodly sight, a century ago, to

see the long procession of sedans, containing Lady Eglintoun and her daughters, devolve from the Close, and proceed to the Assembly Rooms, in the West Bow, where there was usually a considerable crowd of plebeian admirers congregated, to behold their lofty and graceful figures step from the chairs on the pavement. It could not fail to be a remarkable sight,—eight beautiful women, conspicuous for their stature and carriage, all dressed in the splendid though formal fashions of that period, and inspired at once with dignity of birth and consciousness of beauty ! Alas, such visions no longer illuminate the dark tortuosities of Auld Reekie !

Many of the young ladies found good matches, and were the mothers of men more or less distinguished for intellectual attainments. Sir James Macdonald, the Marcellus of the Hebrides, together with his two more fortunate brothers, were the illustrious progeny of Lady Margaret ; and, in various other branches of the family, talent seems to be hereditary.

The Countess was herself a blue-stocking—at that time a sort of prodigy—and gave encour-

agement to the humble literati of her time.* The unfortunate Boyse dedicated a volume of poems to her ; and we need scarcely inform the reader, that the Gentle Shepherd was laid at her Ladyship's feet. The dedication prefixed to that matchless drama is perhaps one of the best that ever was written ; and, though got up in Ramsay's usual style of adulation, we can assure the reader, that the praise which the poet confers upon his patroness was both deserved and sincere. The "penetration, superior wit, and profound judgment," which he attributes to her Ladyship, is of course a flattery to have been expected, exerted as these qualifications were in approbation of his own work ; but Allan certainly never spoke less affectedly, than when he said, "your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect ; for, whilst you are possessed of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the un-

* At that period and long after, people of rank despised authors, and paid them like porters. This idea came down even to Lord Orford's day, and is scarcely yet altogether out among a certain class of the higher orders.

fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion." Hamilton of Bangour's prefatory verses, which are equally laudatory and well-bestowed, contain the following beautiful character of Lady Eglintoune, with a just compliment to her daughters.

" In virtues rich, in goodness unconfined,
 Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
 Sincere, and equal to thy neighbour's fame,
 How swift to praise, how obstinate to blame !
 Bold in thy presence Bashfulness appears,
 And backward Merit loses all its fears.
 Supremely blest by Heaven, Heaven's richest grace
 Confest is thine, an early blooming race ;
 Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,—
 Divine Instruction !—taught of thee to charm,
 What transports shall they to thy soul impart,
 (The conscious transports of a parent's heart,)
 When thou behold'st them of each grace possest,
 And sighing youths imploring to be blest !
 After thy image formed, with charms like thine,
 Or in the visit or the dance* to shine :
 Thrice happy who succeed their mother's praise,
 The lovely Eglintounes of other days ! "

Her Ladyship's thorough-paced Jacobitism, which she had inherited from her father, made

* An old gentleman told our informant, that he never saw so beautiful a figure in his life, as Lady Eglintoune at a Hunter's ball in Holyrood-house, dancing a minuet in a large hoop, and a suit of black velvet, trimmed with gold.

her the especial friend of Ramsay, Hamilton, and other authors of the Cavalier faction. Her hatred of the opposite party was equally intense; and she was by no means a patroness to whig poets.

The Patriarchal Peer who made Susanna so happy a mother, died in 1729, and left her a dowager of forty, with a comfortable jointure. Retiring to the country, she employed her widowhood in the education of her children, and was a perfect example to all mothers in this useful employment. She always kept up a great degree of reserve with her children, and preserved a sort of dignity even in the endearments which she bestowed upon them. They were taught to address her by the phrase of—"Your Ladyship," and she spoke to them in the same ceremonious style. Though her eldest son was a mere boy when he succeeded to the title, she constantly called him Lord Eglintoune; and she enjoined all the rest of the children to address him in the same manner; so that it was sometimes amusing enough, to hear Lady Christian or Lady Grace preferring a formal complaint to my Lady

Countess, against the Earl of Eglintoune, for breaking the noses of their dolls,—or perhaps threatening their noble brother with her Ladyships highest displeasure, if he persisted in pulling the strings of Nurse's mob-cap. When the Earl grew up, they were upon no less ceremonious terms; and every day in the world he took his mother by the hand at the dinner hour, and led her down stairs to her chair at the head of his table, where she sat in state, a perfect specimen of the formal and ostentatious politeness of the last age.

All this ceremony was accompanied with so much affection, that the Countess was never known to refuse her son a request but one,—to walk as a Peeress, at the Coronation of King George the Third. Lord Eglintoune, then a Gentleman of the Bedchamber, was proud of his mother, and wished to display her noble figure on that occasion. But she jestingly excused herself, by saying, that it was not worth while for so old a woman to buy new robes.

The unhappy fate of her eldest and favourite son gave her a dreadful shock in her old age.

The circumstances are so well known, that we need not enter into detail. His Lordship, after receiving Campbell's shot, was brought back to Eglintoune Castle, when her Ladyship was immediately sent for from Auchans ; and what her feelings must have been, when she saw him all covered with blood, can only be imagined. She never altogether recovered her tranquillity.

When Johnson and Boswell returned from their tour to the Hebrides, they visited her Ladyship ; and we have heard, that she was so well pleased with the Doctor, his politics, and his conversation, that she embraced and kissed him at parting—an honour of which the gifted tourist was ever afterwards extremely proud. Boswell's account of the interview is interesting.—“Lady Eglintoune,” says he, “though she was now in her eighty-fifth year, and had lived in the country almost half a century, was still a very agreeable woman. Her figure was majestick—her manners high-bred—her reading extensive—and her conversation elegant. She had been the admiration of the gay circles, and the patroness of poets. Dr Johnson was delighted with his re-

ception here. Her principles in church and state were congenial with his.—In the course of conversation, it came out that Lady Eglintoun was married the year before Dr Johnson was born ; upon which she graciously said to him, that she might have been his mother, and she now adopted him.

This venerable woman amused herself latterly in taming and patronising rats. She kept a vast number of these animals in her pay at Auchans, and they succeeded in her affections to the poets and artists whom she had loved in early life. It does not reflect much credit upon the latter, that her Ladyship used to complain of never having met with gratitude except from four-footed animals ; but perhaps her Ladyship ought to have taken into account, that her literary friends had repaid her patronage in the best way they could, by the flattery of their praise, and were therefore in a great measure out of her debt. She had a panel in the oak wainscot of her dining-room, which she tapped upon and opened at meal-times, when ten or twelve of these odious creatures came tripping forth, and joined her at table.

At the word of command, or a signal from her Ladyship, they retired again obediently to their native obscurity—a trait of good sense in the character and habits of the animals, which patrons do not always find in two-legged protégés.

Her Ladyship lived to the year 1780, when she died at the age of 91, having preserved her stately mien and beautiful complexion to the last. Her complexion was a mystery of fineness to many ladies not the third of her age. Her secret may now be of service to modern beauties, and we will, therefore, in kindness to the sex, divulge it.—*She never used paint, but washed her face periodically with sow's MILK!* We have seen a painting taken in her eighty-first year, in which it is observable, that, even at that advanced age, her skin is of exquisite delicacy and tint. Altogether, the Countess was a woman of ten thousand !

From the proofs in the Douglas Cause, it appears that her Ladyship resided, about the middle of the last century, in *Jack's Land*, Canongate. This was probably her jointure-house.

HOUSE OF MRS SMOLLETT.

WE have mentioned, *passim*, in an early part of this work, the town-residence of the Smollett family, at the head of St John Street,—“the second flat of the tenement facing the Canongate, entered by a common stair behind, immediately within the pend.”* We are induced to make it the head of a separate article, in order to give a few original anecdotes of the family—of Smollett himself—and of the characters in “Humphry Clinker.”

The novelist’s sister passed several years of her widowhood in this house. She was a proud, ill-natured-looking woman; but her temper was in reality much better than her physiognomy bespoke. She was enthusiastically devoted to cards. One of the magistrates of Edinburgh, who was a tallow-chandler, paying her a visit one evening, she saluted him with—“Come awa’, bailie, and tak’ a trick at the cartes.”—“Troth,

* *Traditions*, vol. I. p. 42.

madam," says he, " I ha' na a bawbee i'. my pouch."—" Tut, man, ne'er mind that ; let us play for a pund o' can'le !"—She was a shrewd, intelligent, and what one might call a clever old lady. She had a very high nose.

During his last visit to Edinburgh—the visit which occasioned Humphry Clinker—the Doctor lived in his sister's house. A person who recollects seeing him there, describes him as dressed in black clothes, tall, and extremely handsome,* but quite unlike the portraits foisted upon the public at the fronts of his works, all of which are disclaimed by his relations. The unfortunate truth is, that the world is in possession of no genuine likeness of Smollett !† He was very peevish, on account of the ill health to which he had been so long a martyr, and used to complain much of a severe ulcerous disorder in his arm.

* If he was himself the prototype of Roderick Random, he must be considered guilty of self-praise, in the frequent allusions of his own handsomeness, which he puts into the mouth of that hero.

† He was much in Italy with Fuseli, the painter ; and if any portrait remains of him, it may be a sketch by that celebrated Artist.

His wife,* as we know from the same authority, was a Creole, with a dark complexion, though, upon the whole, rather pretty—a fine

* We take this opportunity of presenting the public with a curious original document, which cannot fail to interest every admirer of Smollett. It is a letter written, nineteen months after his death, by his widow, and addressed to a Mr Hamilton.

" Dear Sir : I intended answering your obliging favour, dated April 9th ; but as you gave me hopes of hearing from Mr Auld in a few days, I for that reason postponed it for a while. In the mean time I was taken ill with a fever, which detained me in bed several days, and made me so very weak, that I was not able to sit up long enough to write. Now I am, thank God, better, and not yet so happy as to receive either letter or bill. I thought it incumbent on me to assure you of my gratitude for your friendly care and attention in accommodating with Mr Telfer so much to my advantage.* I have no reason to complain, as the terms are very easy. But as Mr Telfer must have a very good library of his own, if you think it will not be taken amiss, I would esteem it a very singular mark of his regard to his deceased uncle, to let me have some of the amusing books and a few plays of those which he may himself be already provided with. I have all Mr Smollett's romances, except peregreen Pickle, which I shall be obliged to him for. I have Tom Jones and Joseph Andrews, with a small collection of Don Quixote. These are the whole of the amusing books we brought from England. For the others, that are folios, I intend to send them, with the Universal History, the first good opportunity, and shall follow your direction,

* Mr Telfer (afterwards Smollett,) gave a handsome sum for the Doctor's Library, as a sort of present to the widow; but never received the books, which were allowed to remain in London, where they were lost. The family does not possess a single volume that had ever been the property of their illustrious relative

lady, but a silly woman. It is not true (what has sometimes been said) that she was the *Tabitha*

with the help of Mr Renner, in regard to the Insurance. I would not have taken the liberty to ask any of the books were I in a part of the world that could supply me; but, that is impossible; and I find it very dull for want of something to amuse me. As for buying, I cannot throw so much money away, as there are so many calls elsewhere. Therefore I must entirely depend upon your kind intercession with Mr Telfer in my behalf, not as a demand but as a favour. You may be surprised to find so few sent; but you recollect that Mr Smollett sent you all he brought from Bath, keeping only a small quantity. He even would not permitt me to bring away any plays with me. What was his reason I know not. I remember he changed some of the Annual Register, that were not compleat, with a Gentleman who was going to Rome, for a set of Italian Plays, which I have not sent, as they are in a different language. Likewise I retain Ariosto, as it is part in Italian and of no consequence. There is one circumstance which I must beg you will explain—which is, that I ought to keep apart the last division of the copy not yet finished, and direct it for you. Now, Sir, that I am at a loss to find out, and unless you will be so good as take the trouble to explain it properly, how I may know the first from the last division, I must remain ignorant. However, as there will be no ships setting sail for England for some weeks, there is always time enough to receive any information. I am much obliged to you for the trouble you take about it, which I am fully sensible is only for my advantage. Mr Smollett work'd on the Universal History* three months at Lucca, besides what he did here. But as he would never suffer any one to come near

* "Universal History, Ancient and Modern, 1736, folio, 26 volumes. This useful work, incorporating a great portion of Sacred History, was reprinted in 8vo. in 67 volumes, and again in 60 volumes, with omissions and additions." *Dibdin's Library Companion*. To the last edition Smollett is understood to have contributed the articles FRANCE, ITALY, and GERMANY.

Bramble of the novel, though she certainly was the *Narcissa* of Roderick Random.

his books I never had any opportunity to find out what parts he wrote on. Be so kind as let me have a line without delay; for, without your help, I may perhaps be a looser, which I can really little afford, in the situation I am in. You were so obliging as give me hopes that something may be done in my favour with the other creditors. Whatever advantage I may reap, I must always remain indebted to yours and Mr Auld's kind endeavours for my service. The greatest consolation I have [is] that they are all gentlemen and friends that I have any concern with, who are above taking any advantage to distress an unhappy woman, who merits rather pity than blame. Amidst the many causes of uneasiness, I have the particular one, to reflect that my dear Smollett has never yet had a monument raised up to his memory, which in this country is looked at with astonishment; the more so as his reputation was so well known. I realy think it would be a very trifiling expence to his cousin or nephew to do it for him. God knows I am very little able to spend; but if you think none of them will give that last mark of regard to so worthy a relation, I shall, at all events, do the best in my power; and even then, I have not, among so many friends, any one who has wrote an epitaph to his memory. Let me beg, Sir, as a true friend to the deceased, try what you can do with all speed, for it is the dayly chatt, why has it been so long deferred. The Commissary wrote me he would put up a pile near Leven; but still that does not answer, for where his body lies, there certainly ought to be the chief monument. The expence will be about 40 Guineas, a very poor sum to those who have large estates. From what Mrs Renner wrote me, I find Johnston* is in a bad way. It is very hard on me, however. I think my right as a creditor is as good as the

* The original edition of Humphry Clinker was printed for W. Johnston, in Ludgate Street, London, and B. Collins in Salisbury, 1771.

There can be little doubt that *Matthew Bramble* was intended for the author himself.—*Jerry Melford* was a picture of his sister's son, Major Telfer.—*Liddy* was his own daughter, who was destined by her friends to marry the Major, but died, to the inexpressible grief of her father, be-

others. If there is no other hope left, it galls me to the soul, when I think how much my poor dear man suffered while he wrote that novel, and that all his pains and part of his life was to be expended to serve such an unworthy and dishonoured wretch, who has neither honour nor probity in him. May he only feel the same anxiety and uncertainty as he has given me. What relates to the West Indies—I think, at all events it is better to run the risques of the profits annualy; for, unless some unhappy accident should fall on it, I may hope to have as much as will keep me in a decent manner, for my expenses are not great. If I was once so happy [as] to be able to stop the interest of those bonds, that would give me new life, for I dread the neglect of remittances more than I do the lessening of the value of the estate; because, let it be what it will, I must endeavour to live on it provided it is sent. I wish, Sir, that what money I have from England, could be paid into the hands of Mr Renner's correspondent in London, who would give me the money here. Be so good as let me have an hundred pounds, without delay, for I am in want just now. I beg you will present my best respects to Mrs Hamilton, Miss Sally, and your son and family; and am,

SIR, with due regard,

Your obliged and very humble Servant,

ANN SMOLLETT.

Leghorne, May the
28, 1773.

fore that scheme was accomplished.—The beautiful *Miss R——n*, whom Jerry admired so much in the gay circles of Edinburgh, was Miss Eleonora Renton, daughter of Renton of Lamer-ton and Lady Susan Montgomery, one of the Jacobite Countess of Eglintoune's daughters. The object of Jerry's admiration was therefore a beauty by a sort of a *jus divinum*, or divine right; it being just as much a matter of course for the daughters and grand-daughters of old Lady Eg-lintoune to inherit her personal charms, as for a legitimate male heir to succeed to an estate—a title—or a throne. A sister of Miss E. Renton married Mr Telfer, elder brother of the Major, who afterwards took the name of Smollett, in or-der to succeed to the estate. She herself was wedded to Mr Sharpe of Hoddam, and thus be-came the mother of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., a gentleman whose exertions in the cause of literature, history, and *virtu*, entitle him to the designation of THE SCOTTISH WALPOLE, while his beautiful ballad of “*The Murder of Carlaverock*” places him, in one respect, im-measureably above his celebrated prototype.

Dr Anderson, in his Life of Smollett, speaking of the pillar erected to the novelist's memory at Bonhill, says, at page 137—"Lord Kames himself, Dr Moore informs us, wrote an inscription in English for this pillar, of which the late Lieut. Colonel Smollett showed him a copy; but the Latin one was preferred. Though the fact seems to be indisputable, yet it is remarkable, that Lord Kames, neither at that time, nor any future period, ever mentioned this English inscription to his friend and neighbour, Mr Ramsay of Ochtertyre."—Boswell also mentions, in his "Journal," that Lord Kames *proposed* such an inscription, and that, upon its being spoken of to Johnson, the idea of any thing but a Latin one met with the lexicographer's contempt. No mention is made, however, of Lord Kames having *written* an English inscription; and, indeed, the fact that he did so has never been more than conjectured by the public. We can now bring the truth to light, by producing a copy of the actual inscription, taken *verbatim* from the original in Lord Kames' hand-writing, now in the possession of a relative of the novelist, who is

quite capable of appreciating so curious and valuable a document.

“ No circumstance is trivial in the history of eminent men ! Behold, Passenger ! the birth-place of **TOBIAS SMOLLETT**, who by nature was destined to banish spleen, and promote cheerfulness, sweet balm of life ! His grave, alas ! is in a distant country.

“ How dismally opposite is an Alexander or a Louis, men destined by nature for depressing the spirits of their fellow creatures, and for desolating the earth !

“ This Pillar, erected by **JAMES SMOLLETT** of Bonhill, is not for his cousin, who possesses a more noble monument in his literary productions, but for thee, O traveller ! If literary fame be thy ruling passion, emulation will enliven thy genius : Indulge the hope of a Monumental Pillar, and, by ardent application, thou mayest come to merit the splendid reward.”

When Smollett was confined in the King’s Bench prison for the libel upon Admiral Knowles, he formed an intimacy with the celebrated Tenducci. This melodious singing bird had recently

got his wings clipped by his creditors, and was mewed up in the same cage with the novelist. Smollett's friendship proceeded to such a height, that he paid his debts from his own purse, and procured him his liberty. Tenducci afterwards visited Scotland, and was one night singing in a private circle, when somebody told him that a lady present was a near relation of his benefactor ; upon which the grateful Italian prostrated himself before her—kissed her hands—and acted so many fantastic extravagances, after the foreign fashion, that she was put extremely out of countenance.*

* It is wonderful that no tender-hearted female novelist, of this or the last age, should have thought of writing the *Memoirs of Signor Tenducci*. Is the spirit of Aphra Behn, of Mrs Manley, and of Eliza Heywood, extinct ?—By no means. We have Miss —, Mrs —, and Lady — ; and yet Tenducci's adventures, replete with love and harmony, are suffered to die away in oblivion ! This is certainly wonderful ! Yet, if the present hint should induce any fair authoress to pluck a quill from a Paphian dove, and dip it in some sentimental liquid of her own double-distilling, to indite the work we propose, let us have the honour of suggesting a suitable motto—we need not tell our blue-stocking readers that it is from Juvenal—

“ *Sunt quas eunuchi imbelles, ac mollia semper
Oscula delectent, et desperatio barbæ,*” &c. &c.

QUEENSBERRY HOUSE,

SITUATED near the foot of the Canongate, was built before the Revolution, upon ground purchased from the Lauderdale family, by William, first Duke of Queensberry. It is a stupendous, heavy, and dull-looking mansion ; but its internal decorations were originally very fine. All these were stripped off, sold, and dispersed, along with the furniture, many years ago. The marble jambs and chimney-pieces were bought, at the sale, by the grandfather of the present Earl of Wemyss, and to this day lie in packing-boxes in Gosford House.

It is a fact known to some, though not distinctly, that Queensberry House stands upon ground which forms part of the county of Dumfries. The occasion of this has been thus explained to us.—Duke William, who founded the building, was Lord Lieutenant of Dumfries-shire, and had frequent occasion to be present in that district, in order to be qualified for expediting the business of the office ; while his ministerial duties in

Edinburgh no less imperatively required him to reside in the neighbourhood of the court, especially during the sessions of Parliament. Now, though the Covenanters asserted that he had the *black art*, and could transport himself to any place, however distant, at a wish, his Grace had in reality no faculty of ubiquity, and could neither fly through the air upon a broomstick, nor divide himself in two. However, he had the omnipotence of the Legislature at his command, by means of which he procured the site of the house in the Canongate to be considered a part of the county in question ; and thus he put Mahomet to shame ; for, finding it impossible to go to Dumfries-shire, he had the art to bring Dumfries-shire to him.

Duke William, who also testified his taste in building, by the erection of that splendid mansion **Drumlanrig Castle,*** raised his family from com-

* He grudged the expense of this great work so much that he wrote upon the bundle of accounts, “ The de'il pike out his een, that looks herein.”—He slept only one night at Drumlanrig ; when, having been taken ill, he could make nobody hear him, and had like to have died for want of attendance. So he lived ever after, when in the country, at Sanquhar Castle, a smaller but more convenient mansion.

parative obscurity to distinction by dint of political genius, and to wealth by parsimony. During the reign of Charles II. he held many important offices, which were continued to him upon the accession of James II., and at that time he had more power in the administration than any other man in Scotland. He was High Treasurer of Scotland, Governor of Edinburgh Castle, and Lord Commissioner for his Majesty in Parliament. In 1686, he was appointed President of the Privy Council ; but, not complying with the King's wishes to abolish the penal laws against Popery, he was deprived of all his public employments the same year, and retired to the country. When the Prince of Orange landed, he was struck, not without good reason, with the utmost terror, and apprehended danger even to his personal property. His wealth was nearest to his heart ; and there is a letter still extant, which he wrote to a friend, enquiring after some secluded spot in Cumberland, where he might safely deposit his plate. However, he was not long in recovering his courage, and chusing his course ; for it appears that he was one of those Scotish

noblemen who waited upon the Invader, to request him to undertake the administration of affairs ; and, submitting in every thing to the new government, he even accepted the office of an extraordinary Lord of Session at the hands of King William. His son also entered heartily into the revolutionary schemes,* and got many offices before his father's death in 1695. His Grace died in Queensberry House.

Duke William was a considerable persecutor in his time, and is included as such in a long tissue of absurdities called "God's Judgments," &c. at the end of a book entitled "The Scots Worthies." We are there told that the Duke died at Sanquhar of the *morbus pediculosus*, the flesh being eaten from his bones by vermin,

* In many of his letters, he deeply, and, it is believed, sincerely, regrets the course which his son had taken, but advises his friends to take the oaths, that they might be able to keep "*the hill-men and beggars*" (so he terms his enemies) from usurping the whole of the government in Scotland. He seems to have only gone a little with the tide, for policy's sake, while he remained at heart a sincere Jacobite. His last years were amusingly employed in endeavouring to keep Mr Veitch, *the hill-man*, out of the Kirk of Peebles, which point he had the satisfaction of gaining, in spite of his suspicious politics.

which swarmed so numerously from his body, that it required the constant exertions of two female attendants to sweep them into the fire. This appears utterly false from original letters of the family, which we have perused, in which we find it stated, that his Grace died at Edinburgh of a species of fever. We leave it to the voice of reason to contradict the saintly romance, also to be found among "God's Judgments," respecting the coach and six which a Scottish seaman saw driving to Mount *Aetna*, with the figure of his Grace in it, while a diabolical voice was heard crying—" Make way for the Duke of Drumlanrig!"

The first Duchess frequently resided in Queensberry House, while the Duke was at Sanquhar. Among the family letters alluded to, there is one in which she pathetically complains to a country friend of being left in Queensberry House with a few bottles of wine, one bottle of which, having been drawn, turned out sour, and that it was fearful to think of the rest proving equally undrinkable, as sour wine was prejudicial to her health.

James, the second Duke, lived constantly here, when the duties of his office of High Commissioner called him to Edinburgh;* and to this house the fury of the populace was often directed, in the course of those proceedings by which its owner achieved the Union. His Grace's eldest son James was an idiot of the most unhappy sort, rabid and glutinous, and early grew to an immense height,—which is testified by his coffin in the family vault at Durisdeer, still to be seen, of great length, and unornamented with the herald-

* The following is a curious and gratifying picture of the vice-regal state kept up by this nobleman, and of the long forgotten glories of Scottish independence. It is copied from the Edinburgh Gazette of April 26, 1703.

"His Grace, James Duke of Queensberry, her Majesty's High Commissioner to the Parliament, arrived here yesterday in the Evening attended by a vast Number of Gentlemen and Burghers on Horseback, besides a great Train of Coaches, with all the nobility and principal Gentlemen in and about Town, who had met his Grace upon the Road, some at a greater and others at a lesser Distance. His Grace was saluted by several Guns off a Vessel at Sea, as he passed by the Magdalen Pans; and was received by a Battalion of the Foot-Guards on the Sands, a little after he passed by the said Vessel. As he passed by the King's Park, he was saluted by a Battery of Guns placed there; after which the Guns round the Castle were several Times discharged. A vast Number of Spectators crowded all sides of the Way, for above 2 miles out of Town, to attend his Grace's Incoming."

dric follies which bedizen the violated remains of his relatives. A tale of mystery and horror is preserved by tradition respecting this monstrous and unfortunate being. While the family resided in Edinburgh, he was always kept confined in a ground-apartment, in the western wing of the house, upon the windows of which, till within these few years, the boards still remained, by which the dreadful receptacle was darkened, to prevent the idiot from looking out or being seen. On the day the Union was passed, all Edinburgh crowded to the Parliament Close, to await the issue of the debate, and to mob the chief promoters of the detested measure, on their leaving the house. The whole household of the Commissioner went *en masse*, with perhaps a somewhat different object, and among the rest was the man whose duty it was to watch and attend Lord Drumlanrig. Two members of the family alone were left behind, the madman himself, and a little kitchen-boy who turned the spit. The insane being, hearing every thing unusually still around, the house being completely deserted, and the Canongate like a city of the dead, and

oberving his keeper to be absent, broke loose from his confinement, and roamed wildly through the house. It is supposed that the savoury odour of the preparations for dinner led him to the kitchen, where he found the little turnspit quietly seated by the fire. He seized the boy—killed him—took the meat from the fire, and spitted the body of his victim, which he half roasted, and was found devouring when the Duke, with his domestics, returned from his triumph. The consternation and horror of all concerned may be conceived. The story runs, that the Duke, who had previously regarded his offspring with no eye of affection, immediately ordered him to be smothered. But this is a mistake; for there are authentic documents to show that the idiot survived his father many years, though he did not succeed him upon his death in 1711, when the titles devolved upon Charles, the younger brother. He is known to have died in England. The common people, among whom the dreadful tale soon spread, in spite of the Duke's endeavours to suppress it, said that it was "*a judgment*"

ment" upon him for his odious share in the Union.

Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, who was born in Queensberry House, resided occasionally in it when he visited Scotland ; but, as he was much engaged in attending the court during the earlier part of his life, his stay here was seldom of long continuance. Tradition affirms, that, after his Grace and the Duchess embroiled themselves with the court, on account of the support which they gave to the poet Gay, they came to Scotland, and resided for some time here. It is even said that Gay wrote his celebrated opera while residing in the Canongate under their protection ; and, that circumstances might not be a-wanting to substantiate this imaginary fact, we are told that the play was not written in Queensberry House, but in the attic garret of an old house still pointed out on the opposite side of the street, where it is said, the poet was stowed away by his patrons, for want of accommodation in the family-mansion. This story has even found its way into Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, and other works, though there can be little difficulty in

proving that it is incorrect. The patrons of Gay did not quarrel with the Court till after he had written the Beggar's Opera ; consequently, *they did not bring him to Scotland till long after that drama was before the public.* Moreover, it is apparent, from his own letters, that, while employed upon the Beggar's Opera, he lived in the same house with Pope and Swift, in England.

Perhaps, however, it may be allowed that the story is founded on fact. Gay may have written some other work while residing here ; and, as the Scotch public is but little acquainted with any of his dramas, saving the Beggar's Opera, they may have affixed the name of that well-known production to the tradition which in reality referred to one less famous and important. Certain it is, at least, that Gay did live for some time with his patrons both in Edinburgh and at Drumlanrig. While here, he is said to have frequently visited Allan Ramsay. The shop of that poetical bibliopole was then in the Luckenbooths—the flat above that well-remembered and classical shop so long kept by Mr Creech, from which issued the *Mirror, Lounger, and other deathless works*, and

where, for a long course of years, all the literati of Edinburgh used to assemble every day, like merchants at an Exchange. Here Ramsay used to amuse Mr Gay, by pointing out to him the chief public characters of the city, as they met in the forenoon at the Cross. Here, too, Gay read the Gentle Shepherd, and studied the Scottish language, so that, upon his return to England, he was enabled to make Pope appreciate the beauties of that admirable pastoral. He is said, also, to have spent a good deal of time with the sons of mirth and humour in a twopenny-ale-house, opposite to Queensberry House, kept by one Janet Hall, who was more frequently called *Jenny Ha'*. This we take to have been the lower storey of a wooden or plastered edifice in the situation mentioned, where there is now a huckster's shop, marked No. 61.

While Gay was at Drumlanrig, he employed himself in picking out a great number of the best books from the Library, which were sent to England, whether for his own use or the Duke's our informant does not certify.

The following anecdotes of the Queensberry family, preserved by tradition in the neighbourhood of Drumlanrig, are original, and may be depended upon as authentic. Though somewhat foreign to the nature of this work, we hope that the amusement which they must afford to the public will be a sufficient excuse for their introduction here.

Duchess Catherine,* before her marriage, had been confined in a *strait-jacket*, on account of

* Lady Catherine Hyde, daughter of Henry, Earl of Clarendon and Rochester. The Duke died in 1778, and the Duchess in 1777.*

We can only afford room for one of her Grace's letters, of which there are a considerable number published in various collections. It is the only one that seems to have been written in Scotland, and is highly characteristic of her Grace, while it confirms the traditional information which we are about to give respecting her.

“ Edinburgh, the first of June,
I may say the first of Summer, 1734.

“ My dear, dear Lady Suffolk,

“ The pleasantest thing I have met with a great while was your letter yesterday noon. I devoured that instead of my dinner, and found it better support than all the Scotch beef in the country. *A propos*, you have half your wish: the cook-maid is very dirty about herself; but she says it is her

* She was buried at Durisdeer, where, some years ago, her coffin and that of her idiot brother-in-law were the only relics of the family that continued unviolated by vulgar curiosity. The vault has since then been, very properly, secured.

mental derangement ; and her conduct in married life was frequently such as to entitle her to a repetition of the same treatment. She was, in reality, insane, though the politeness of fashionable society, and the flattery of her poetical

way—she never was otherwise. I ought to be satisfied, for I have known many so in a worse case, and convinced by arguments no better founded, a common excuse for folly, pride, impertinence, and a long etcetera of those pretty vices you mentioned—it is *their way*. God help them out of yours ! for, though disagreeable events give a fillip to nature, the continuance is mighty wearing to the spirit, and by no means to be wished for.

“ O, had I wings like a dove, for then I would fly away to Marble Hill, and be at rest! I mean at rest in my mind. I am tired to death with politics and elections ; they ought in conscience to be but once in an age : and I have not met with any one who doth not eat with a knife, and drink a *dish* of tea. This, added to many other cutting things, makes a dreadful account. My girl* and I have been at an assembly ; mighty happy she, and I much amused by the many very extraordinary fashions. Notwithstanding, I can assure you that my tail makes a very notable appearance. I have not seen the Duke of Argyll ; he has been out of town with his aunt, Lady Mary ; but his brother and I are great as two inkle-weavers. He has made me a visit. * * * If you can, to be sure you will rejoice with me, for the sun has shone to-day,—that I am in hopes it will on Monday, that I may ride out ; for on Sunday no such thing is allowed in this country, though we lie, and swear, and steal, and do every other sort of villainy every other day of the week round.” * * * *

* “ The Hon. Jane Leveson Gower, third daughter of the Duchess's first cousin, Lord Gower.”

friends, seem rather to have attributed her extravagances to an agreeable freedom of carriage and vivacity of mind. What confirms this opinion, is, that her brother was as clever and as mad as herself, and used to amuse himself by hiding a book in his library, and hunting for it after he had forgot where it was deposited.

Her Grace was no admirer of Scotish manners. One of their habits she particularly detested—the custom of eating off the end of a knife, which is still too prevalent in this “Nation of Gentlemen.” When people dined with her at Drumlanrig, and began to lift their food in this manner, she used to scream out, and beseech them not to cut their throats ; and then she would horrify the offending persons, by sending them a silver spoon or fork upon a salver.*

* In a letter from Gay to Swift, dated February 15, 1727-8, we find the subject illustrated as follows :—“ As to any favours from great men, I am in the same state you left me ; but I am a great deal happier, as I have expectations. The Duchess of Queensberry has signalized her friendship to me upon this occasion [the bringing out of the Beggar’s Opera] in such a conspicuous manner, that I hope (for her sake) you will take care to put your fork to all its proper uses, and suffer nobody for the future to put their knives in their mouth.”

When in Scotland, her Grace always dressed herself in the garb of a peasant girl. This she seems to have done, in order to ridicule and put out of countenance the stately dresses and demeanour of the Scottish gentlewomen who visited her. One evening, some country ladies paid her a visit, dressed in their best brocades, as for some state occasion. Her Grace proposed a walk, and they were of course under the disagreeable necessity of trooping off in all the splendour of full dress, to the utter discomfiture of their starched-up frills and flounces. Her Grace, at last, pretending to be tired, sat down upon the dirtiest dunghill she could find, at the end of a farm-house, and saying—" Pray, ladies, be seated," invited the poor draggled fine ladies to seat themselves around her. They stood so much in awe of her, that they durst not refuse ;

In the P. S. to a letter from Gay to Swift, dated Middleton Stoney, November 9, 1729, Gay says :—

" To the lady I live with I owe my life and fortune. Think of her with respect ;—value and esteem her as I do ;—and never more despise a fork with three prongs. I wish, too, you would not eat from the point of your knife. She has so much goodness, virtue, and generosity, that, if you knew her, you would have a pleasure in obeying her as I do. She often wishes she had known you."

and, of course, her Grace had the exquisite satisfaction of spoiling all their silks. Let womankind conceive, as only womankind can, the rage and spite that must have possessed their bosoms, and the battery of female tongues that must have opened upon her Grace, so soon as they were free from the restraint of her presence !

When she went out to an evening-entertainment, and found a tea-equipage, paraded which she thought too fine for the rank of the owner, she would contrive to overset the table, and break the china. The forced politeness of her hosts on such occasions, and the assurances which they made her Grace that no harm was done, &c., delighted her exceedingly.

Her custom of dressing like a *paysanne* once occasioned her Grace a disagreeable adventure at a Review. On her attempting to approach the Duke, the guard, not knowing her rank or relation to him, pushed her rudely back. This put her into such a passion, that she could not be appeased till his Grace assured her that the men had been all soundly flogged for their insolence.

An anecdote scarcely less laughable is told of her Grace, as occurring at court, where she carried to the same extreme her attachment to plain-dealing and plain-dressing. An edict had, it seems, been issued, forbidding the ladies to appear at the drawing-room in aprons. This was disregarded by the Duchess, whose rustic costume would have been by no means complete without that piece of dress. On approaching the door, the lord in waiting stopped the Duchess, and told her that he could not possibly give her Grace admission in that guise, when she, without a moment's hesitation, stripped off her apron, threw it in his lordship's face, and walked on, in her brown gown and petticoat, into the brilliant circle !

Her caprices were endless. At one time, when a ball had been announced at Drumlanrig, after the company were all assembled, her Grace took a head-ache, declared that she could bear no noise, and sat in a chair in the dancing-room, uttering a thousand peevish complaints. Lord Drumlanrig, who understood her humour, said, "Madam, I know how to cure you ;" and, tak-

ing hold of her immense elbow-chair, which moved on castors, rolled her several times backwards and forwards across the saloon, till she began to laugh heartily—after which the festivities were allowed to commence.

The Duchess, certainly, both in her conversation and letters, displayed a great degree of wit and quickness of mind. Yet nobody, perhaps, saving Gay, ever loved her. She seems to have been one of those beings, who are too much feared, admired, or envied, to be loved.

The Duke, on the contrary, who was a man of ordinary mind, had the affection and esteem of all. His temper and dispositions were sweet and amiable in the extreme. His benevolence extended beyond his fellow-creatures, and was exercised even upon his old horses, none of which he would ever permit to be killed or sold. He allowed the veterans of his stud free range in some parks near Drumlanrig, where, retired from active life, they got leave to die decent and natural deaths. Upon his Grace's decease, however, in 1778, these luckless pensioners were all put up to sale by his successor; and we have

heard, that it was a shocking sight to see the feeble and pampered animals forced, by their new masters, to drag carts, &c., till they broke down and died on the roads and in the ditches.

Duke Charles's eldest son, Lord Drumlanrig, was mad. He had contracted himself to one lady when he married another. The lady whom he married was a daughter of the Earl of Hopetoun, and a most amiable woman. He loved her tenderly, as she deserved ; but, owing to the unfortunate contract which he had engaged in, they were never happy. They were often observed in the beautiful pleasure-grounds at Drumlanrig, weeping bitterly together. These hapless circumstances had such a fatal effect upon him, that, during a journey to London, in 1754, he rode on before the coach in which the Duchess travelled, and shot himself with one of his own pistols. It was given out that the pistol had gone off by chance.

We beg to mention just one other tradition of Drumlanrig. That Castle, being a very large and roomy mansion, had of course a ghost, said to be the spirit of a Lady Anne Douglas. This unhappy phantom used to walk about the house,

terrifying every body, with her head in one hand, and her fan in the other—perhaps she fanned her face.

Queensberry House was occasionally visited by the Duke and Duchess about the middle of the last century, as we observe from such memoranda as those noted below.*—The great Earl of Stair died in the house, May 1747.—The mansion was at one period divided, and the different portions were occupied by the families of the Earl of Glasgow and the Duke of Douglas,†

* “ Friday last, their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry arrived, at their lodgings in the Canongate, from Drumlanrig.”—*Edinburgh Evening Courant, Monday, September 3, 1753.*

“ Yesterday, their Graces, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, set out from their house in the Canongate, for Drumlanrig.”—*Ibid. Thursday, September 13, 1753.*

“ Sunday night, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry arrived at his Grace’s house in the Canongate, from Drumlanrig.”—*Ibid. July 23, 1754.*

† The present Lord Douglas remembers having lived with his aunt, the Duchess, in the house. The Duke of Douglas, in 1759, resided in the Marquis of Tweeddale’s House, Netherbow. His chief residence, however, was a self-contained house, described in the Douglas Papers as “at the back of the wall,” but now more easily pointed out as having been situated where the north-east corner of Lothian Street now stands, and immediately without the old Potter-row Port. The Earl of Fife succeeded the Duke in the possession of this

whose servants used to quarrel so violently, on account of their jarring interests and conflicting duties, that the two noble inhabitants were frequently afraid of the house being set on fire about their ears.—The last Duke William, who scarcely ever possessed it himself, gave the use of it gratuitously to Sir James Montgomery, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer,* who lived in it

villa;† after whom, it was successively occupied by Roger Robertson of Ladykirk, Esq., and Mr Ludovick Grant, accountant. In its latter days it was called Duff House.—His Grace also lived occasionally in Holyrood-House, where he occupied the Hamilton apartments. He died at Queensberry House, July 21, 1761. His sister, the celebrated Lady Jane, had lodgings, in 1752, in the *Bishop's Land*. She had also lived for some time at "Cassie's, Hope Park," (an inn,) and "at the Watergate,"—see *Douglas Papers*.—Her Ladyship's death took place, under circumstances of great distress, in the second flat of a humble cottage at Drumheugh, entered by an outside stair.

* This gentleman previously occupied the third flat of the *Bishop's Land*, which had been occupied before his time by Lord President Dundas, and has since been the habitation of a decent tailor. In the year 1773, the *Bishop's Land* was a residence of no little respectability. The first flat above the shops was possessed by Hamilton of Pencaitland; the second by Sir Stewart Threipland, one of the Pretender's Knights; the third by Lord Chief Baron Montgomery; and the fourth by Home Rigg of Morton, Esq.

† It is enumerated amongst the seats of that Noblemen in *Douglas's Baronage*.

for a considerable time. The garden behind the house was for many years, and almost immediately after Duke Charles's death, let to a gardener. People paid sixpence, and were allowed to eat as many gooseberries as they could. The gudewife, who gave admittance, after receiving her fee, always said—" Now, eat as muckle as ye like ; but pouch nane !"—The house was at last sold by the Duke to William Aitchison of Drummore, Esq., for a paltry sum, the greater part of which the purchaser afterwards got for the marble decorations, and other spoils of the mansion, which he brought to public sale. He intended to convert the property into a distillery ; but, changing his mind, afterwards sold it to Government for a greater sum than that which he originally gave for it ; and it was then converted into a barrack. At present (1825) it is partly occupied as a fever hospital, and is advertised for sale.

ANCIENT HOUSE IN PORTSBURGH.

THE extreme western house of the south side of Portsburgh, *vix.* the corner tenement opposite to the house called Main Point, appears to be one of the oldest houses in Edinburgh upon which a date is discernable. It is a strong stone fabric of antique appearance, with the lower storey arched over, in the old fashion. Over the *stair-head* we find an inscription to the following effect, 5, 6. 5. I. (*here a device within a shield,*) L. SOLIEDO. H. G.; and near the upper angle of the door-way, upon the right-hand side, there is a separate inscription, containing the letters, K. H. The whole may be read or interpreted as follows; the figures 5, 6, 5, evidently refer to the date of the building, 1565, the first figure being probably obscured by a transverse wall which springs off from the wall of this house close to the door-way; the letters I, L, which are divided by the device, appear to be the initials of John Lowrie, the proprietor, a residenter in Portsburgh, who feued the ground from John Lawson of Hie-rigs, and erected this tenement upon it.

The rest of the inscription is an abbreviated reading of the common legend *Soli Deo Honor et Gloria*; and the letters K, H, must, we suppose, be the initials of the builder or mason.

This interesting edifice, in a charter from John Lawson of Hie-rigs to the said John Lowrie, dated April 12, 1566, and in the sasine thereon, is described as “That New Tenement of Land, with the Yard and Pertinents, part of the Hie-rigs, lying within the Western Port of the Burgh of Edinburgh, on the south side of the High-way leading thereto.” Hie-rigs (*High-ridges*) was an estate which originally comprised all the land upon which the south side of the street of Portsburgh, Laurieston, Heriot’s Hospital, the Charity-Work-house, Watson’s Hospital, &c. were built. Its southern boundary was the South or Burgh Loch, since known by the name of Hope Park or the Meadows.

The old Tenement, &c. came by progress from Sir William Lawson of Boghall, Sir George Touris of Inverleith,* and the City of Edin-

* The barony of Inverleith was, at a former period, much more extensive than it now is. It included the lands directly

burgh, as superiors of the Barony of Portsburgh, to the family of Bailie Rannie, &c., and now belongs to Mr William Macfarlane, W. S.

HOUSE OF LORD PITFOUR.

BETWEEN the heads of the Advocates' and Don's Closes, in the Luckenbooths, and bearing the number 333, stands a *land* of no great antiquity or peculiar appearance, but remarkable for containing the house of Lord Pitfour, whose two sons, James Fergusson, Esq., M. P. for Aberdeenshire, and George Fergusson, Governor of Grenada, continued to reside in it till their deaths in 1820. The *land* consists of seven flats above

south-west from North Leith, now the property of Heriot's Hospital and others, the lands of Coats, Dalry, Pocketsleeve, High-rigs, Easter and Wester Crofts of Bristo, &c. &c. It is worthy of notice, that the corporation of Bakers of Potterrow and Portsburgh got their first charter from Sir James Towers of Inverleith, with the power to exercise their trade over all his barony, which was then unimpaired. This immense jurisdiction would now be of great value to the corporation, so many suburbs having of late years been built upon the ground; but their rights having never been enforced over more than the original suburbs of Potterrow and Portsburgh, for a long course of years, their claim upon the original limits of Inverleith has fallen into doubt.

the level of the street, of which Lord Pitfour was proprietor of four, namely, the three immediately above the floor of shops, and the garret at the top of all, in which the servants were accommodated. A common stair runs through the whole, at the first landing-place of which we find the lower door of Pitfour's house equivalent to the *area-door* of a New-Town establishment. The door by which company was admitted is at the second landing-place ; and this arrangement was quite in consistency with the internal order of the apartments, for the lower flat was appropriated to menial purposes, while the second contained the dining-room and drawing-room, and the upper floor comprised a parlour and a few bed-rooms. All these three flats were connected, as one establishment, by an inner stair, distinct from the common *turnpike* out of doors.

This is remarkable for having been the last house in the Old Town occupied by a gentleman of fortune and figure. Governor Fergusson usually resided three or four months of the year in it ; and his elder brother sometimes made a stay of a fortnight, in the course of his journeys be-

tween London and Aberdeenshire. Both of these gentlemen were eccentric in their manners ; but we believe none of their humours were so strange as their pertinacity in clinging to this old-fashioned mansion. It had been built and fitted up by their respected father ; and it would have been a change as bitter as death to have parted with it. They despised the prevailing rage of emigration, and continued to hold out against every temptation that the New Town could offer. The shivering Laplander never hugged himself more heartily among his snows, or more thoroughly contemned the accounts of warmer skies and richer soils, than did these old gentlemen felicitate themselves upon the comforts of the Luckenbooths, and laugh at the prospects of newer and more airy mansions.

Though they agreed with each other in their tastes as to a house, and, we believe, in many other particulars, there never existed a greater difference between two brothers, in respect of personal appearance, than between James and George Fergusson. James was a remarkably fat and easy-looking old man, with a good-humoured gentlemanly face ; while George, on the contrary,

was tall, slim, erect, and nimble, with a face expressive of a sharp and lively temperament. James was “the justice, in fair round belly with good capon lined.” George, though a younger man, seemed to have attained an *age* further, and was “the lean and slipp'd pantaloons.” A portrait of James was published in 1818.

Governor Fergusson was supposed, and we believe justly, to be the “W——” of that agreeable book—“Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,” which was published in 1819, the year before he died. Their love of an Old-Town residence is the same, and no less, if we mistake not, their hatred of Whigs. Moreover, there was no gentleman whatever, besides the Governor, residing at that time in the Old Town; wherefore, if W—— was not an archetype of him, he must be a merely ideal personage. There is, however, another trait which completely identifies them, namely, their taste in wines. Governor Fergusson kept a most extensive choice of wines, and had a printed catalogue of them, of which a copy was given to each of his guests, at dinner, in order that they might chuse what they pleased. He always

drank port himself, in which he was very *curious* but was not the less indulgent to his friends, in placing every variety of his stock at their disposal. He was a very kind and liberal landlord, and, on account of his transcendent wines, all his entertainments were popular.* He sometimes gave what he called *luncheon-parties*, which generally surpassed the *dinners* of other people. He also, now and then, gave *parties*, which were usually very gay, and attended by all the *beau monde*. The last party he gave was in 1819, when nearly the whole neighbourhood turned out to behold the splendid scene. He had not given any for some years before ; and as this was expected to be the last he would ever give, and consequently the last that would ever be given in the Old Town, a vast degree of interest was excited on the occasion. It was certainly a won-

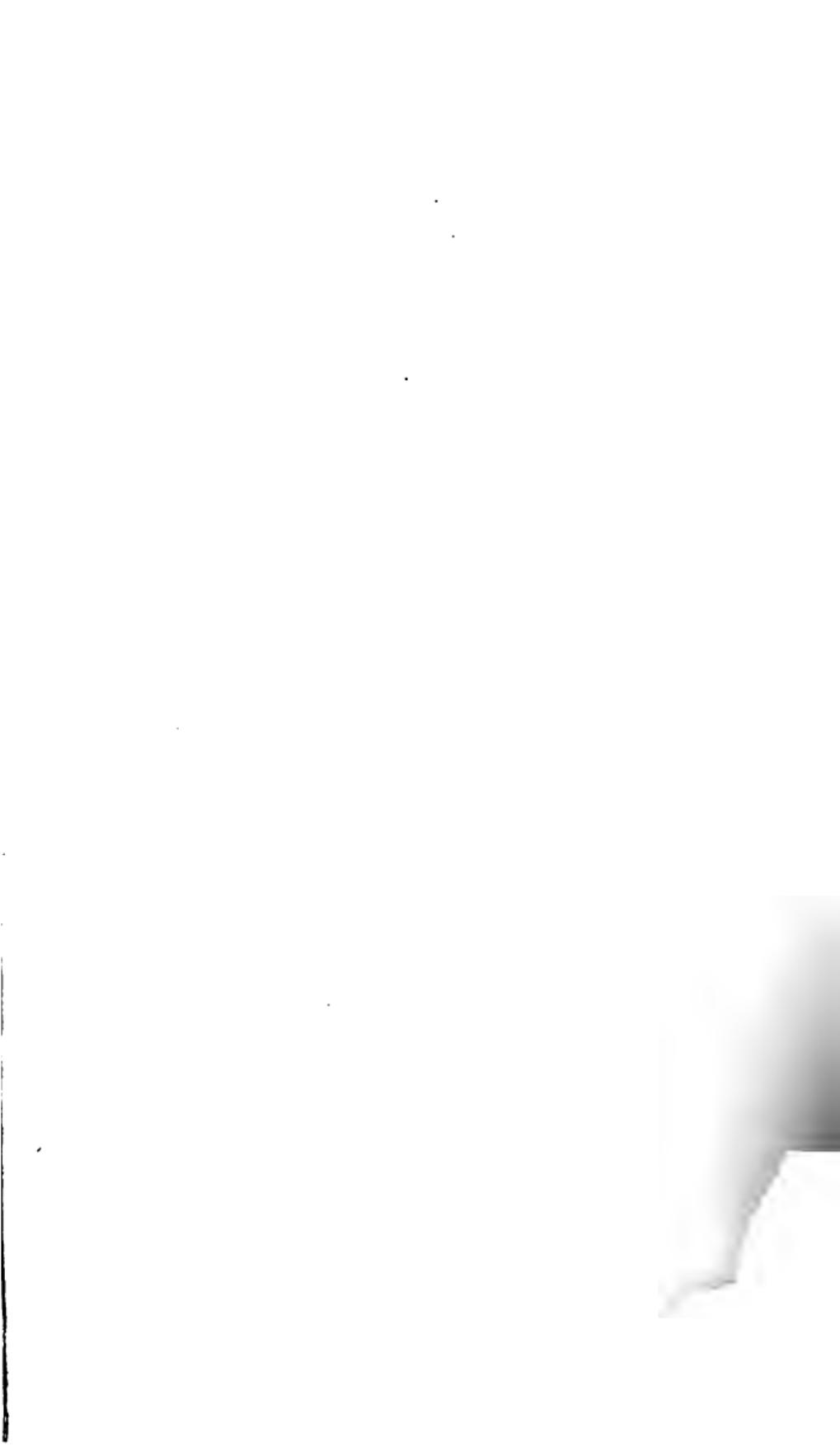
* His stock of wines, which were put up to public sale in the Exchange Coffee-room, brought upwards of £6000. One parcel, marked "MY MOTHER'S WINE," brought a great price, on account of its supposed age, Mrs Fergusson being known to have died forty years before the sale ; but, after all, it turned out to be nothing better than a manufacture of the good lady's own, distilled from the humble Scottish Gooseberry !—He had a series of admirable cellars, constructed according to his own taste, in Warriston's Close.

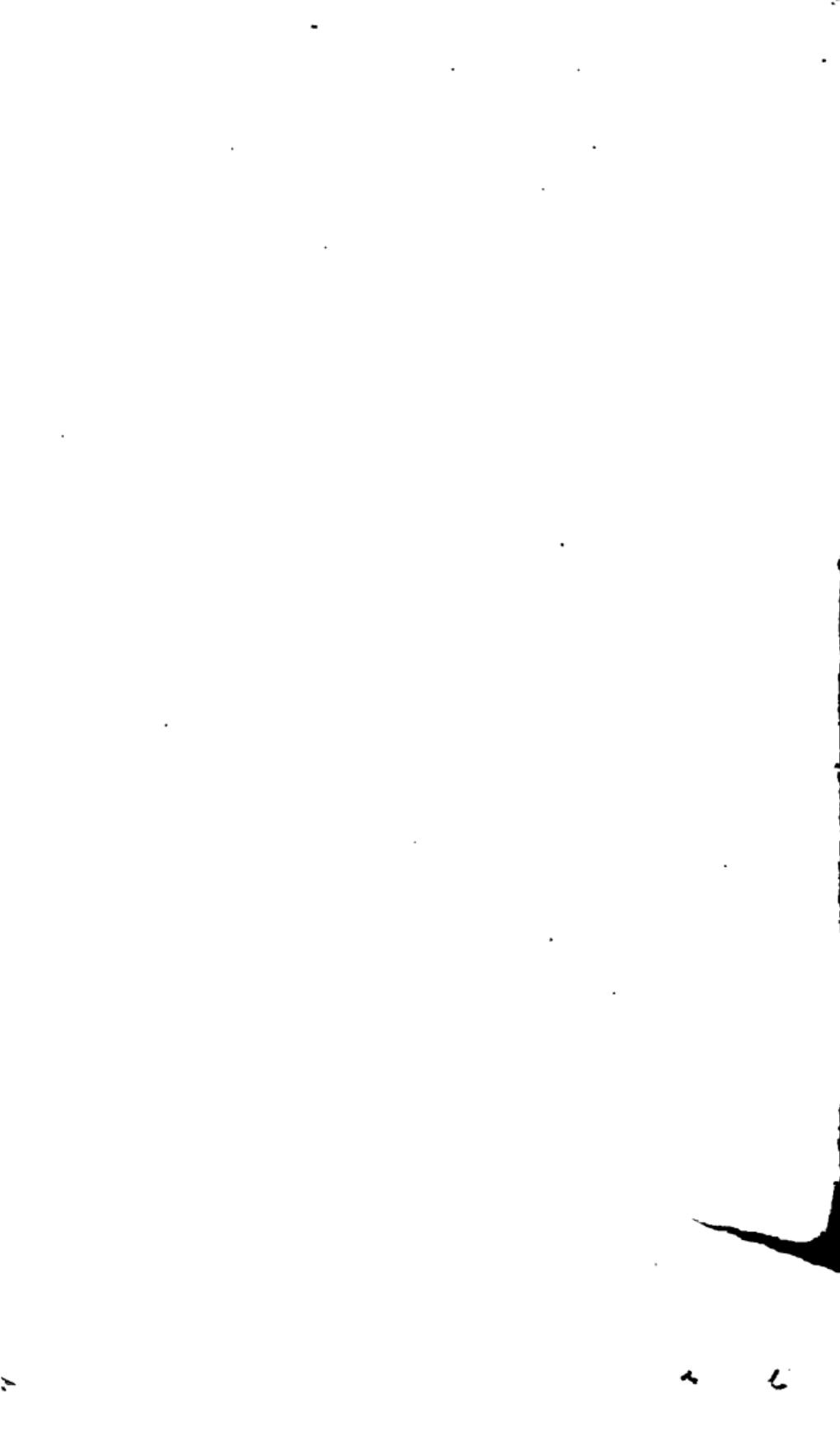
derful sight, to see this long-neglected and plebeian street thronged with the vehicles of fashion, and full-dressed ladies from the west end of the Town, alighting among the druggets and huckabucks of the Luckenbooths ! It was most laughable to observe what embarrassments occurred among the company in ascending the narrow common stair, and how unmanageable some of the ladies' trains were, in that strait and dark defile. This was the last assemblage of fashionables that the Old Town ever saw, after which it bade an eternal farewell to all its greatness ! Never shall it again witness so glorious and so romantic a scene, nor boast of an inhabitant like Governor Fergusson !

We have appropriately chosen to conclude this portion of the "Traditions of Edinburgh" with the history of the last house in the Old Town inhabited by *a gentleman*. Much was the Old Town beholden to him ; for he clung to it while life permitted him, and postponed the date of its ruin thirty years ! No person of his rank now remains within its precincts. The commercial and the working classes have over-run all its

stately *lands*, and the fading and melancholy traces of its former population are fast hurrying to oblivion.—Alas! how quick is the march of time! Some ancient persons now exist who remember since—to use their own phrase—the New Town was all corn-fields, and the High Street, Cowgate, and Canongate, were the sole resort of dignity and birth, as well as the refuge of poverty and vice. In a few years, these must have all followed the objects of their venerable recollection, and no living witness will be found to attest the tales we have told. Then may the youth of a new generation, after perhaps conning this humble record, sally forth over the scenes described, and wonder to find the ruined abodes of rank and magnificence become the dens

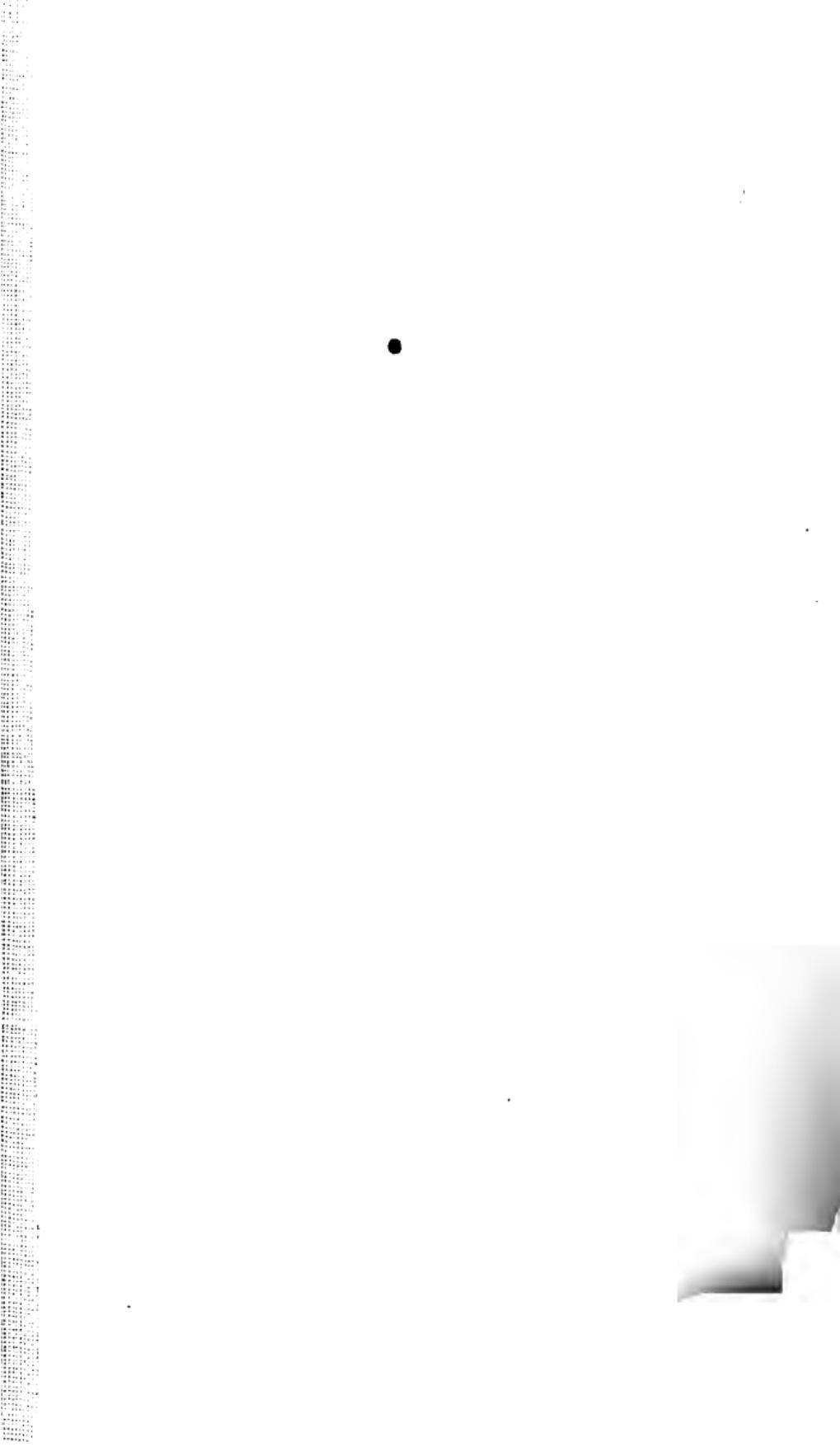
“ Where misery pours his hopeless groan,
“ And lonely want retires to die.”

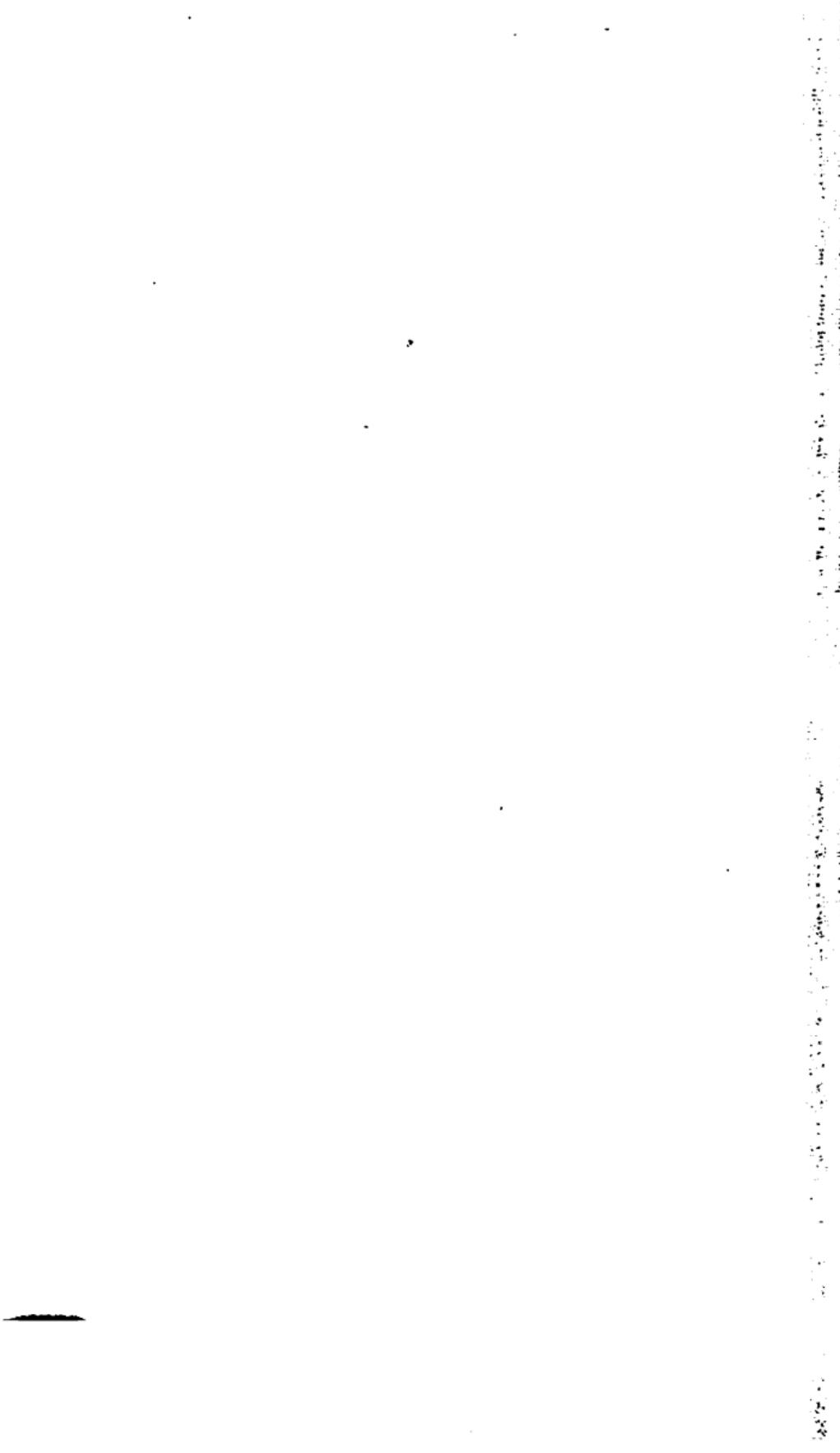












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